April 11, 1983

# THE NEW YORKER

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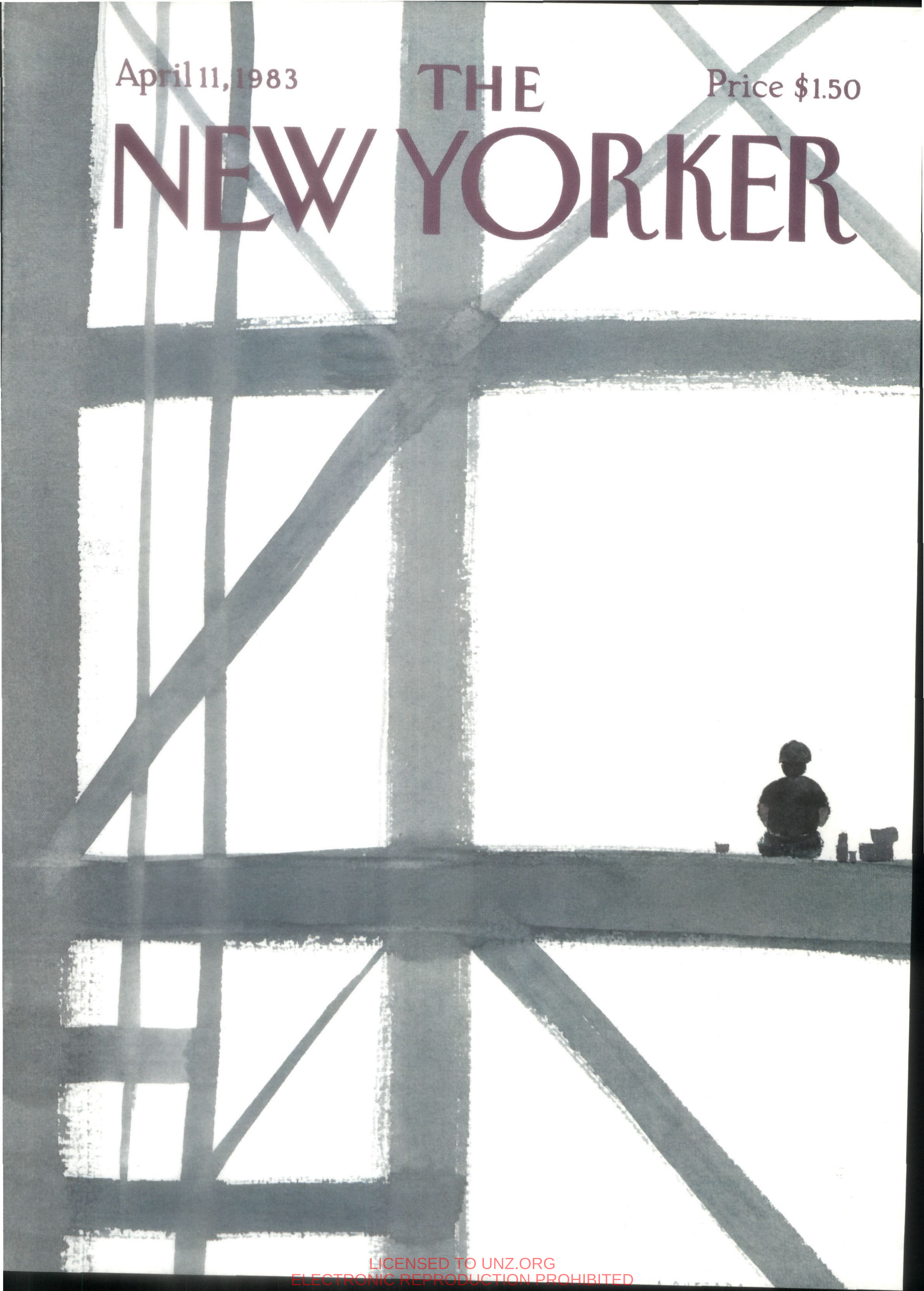

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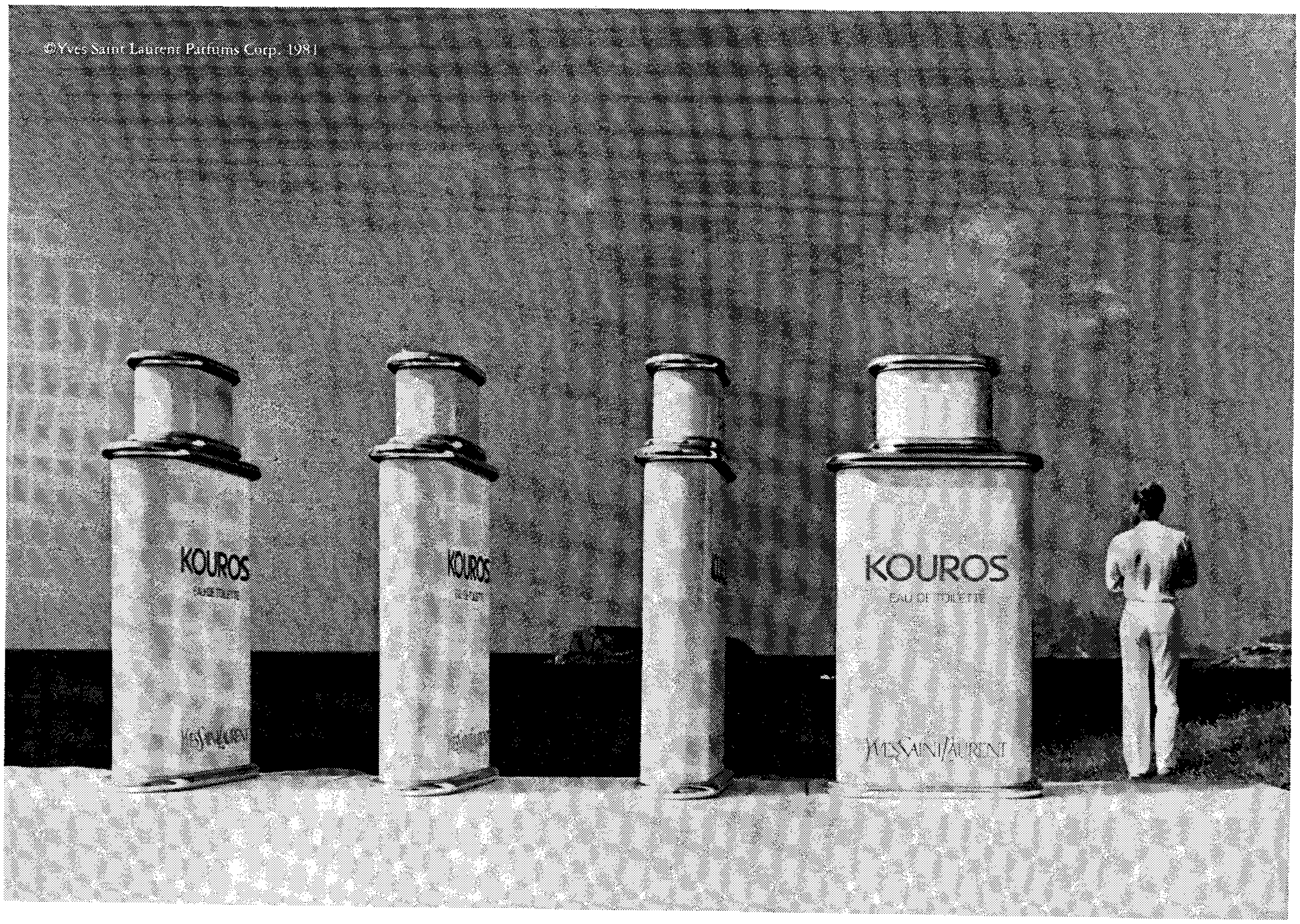
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**All's Well That Ends Well**—The Royal Shakespeare Company production, directed by Trevor Nunn. Previews through Tuesday, April 12. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 13. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, April 14, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except April 13, and Saturdays at 2.)

**Barnum's Last Life**—Harris Yulin in a play by Richard Ploetz. Previews through Thursday, April 7. Opens officially on Friday, April 8. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 7:30.)

**Brighton Beach Memoirs**—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Matthew Broderick is sensationally effective as the wisecracking, adolescent Neil. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**A Bundle of Nerves**—A revue with music by Brian Lasser and lyrics by Geoff Leon and Edward Dunn. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Cats**—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier (Reviewed in our issue of 10/18/82.) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Champeeen!**—A musical about Bessie Smith by Melvin Van Peebles. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

**Cold Harbor**—Ulysses S. Grant is the subject of this play by Dale Worsley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

**Extremities**—Karen Allen in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Foxfire**—In the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia, an elderly widow and the exceptionally lively ghost of her husband talk about their life together, their children, and the fate of the farm to which they came in the promise of youth. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are splendid as the widow and ghost. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**From Brooks with Love**—A musical comedy, with a book and lyrics by Wayne Sheriden, and music by Russ Taylor and George Koch. Opens Wednesday, April 6. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Greater Tuna**—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of agile, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tues-

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days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The House of Ramon Iglesia**—A play by José Rivera. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

**K2**—Two skilled mountain climbers find themselves trapped on a ledge high up on the face of the second-highest mountain on earth. With Jeffrey De Munn and Jay Patterson. The author is Patrick Meyers, who has managed to write a thriller consisting largely of talk. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, April 17: Gilbert and Sullivan's THE MIKADO. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Little Shop of Horrors**—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Man Who Had Three Arms**—Robert Drivas stars in a new play by Edward Albee. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Marcel Marceau**—Yeats speaks of speech after long silence; Marceau entertains us by long silence alone. Most of his mimed skits are familiar to us by now, but no harm in that. (3/28/83) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.

**Merlin**—Doug Henning, a superb magician, has

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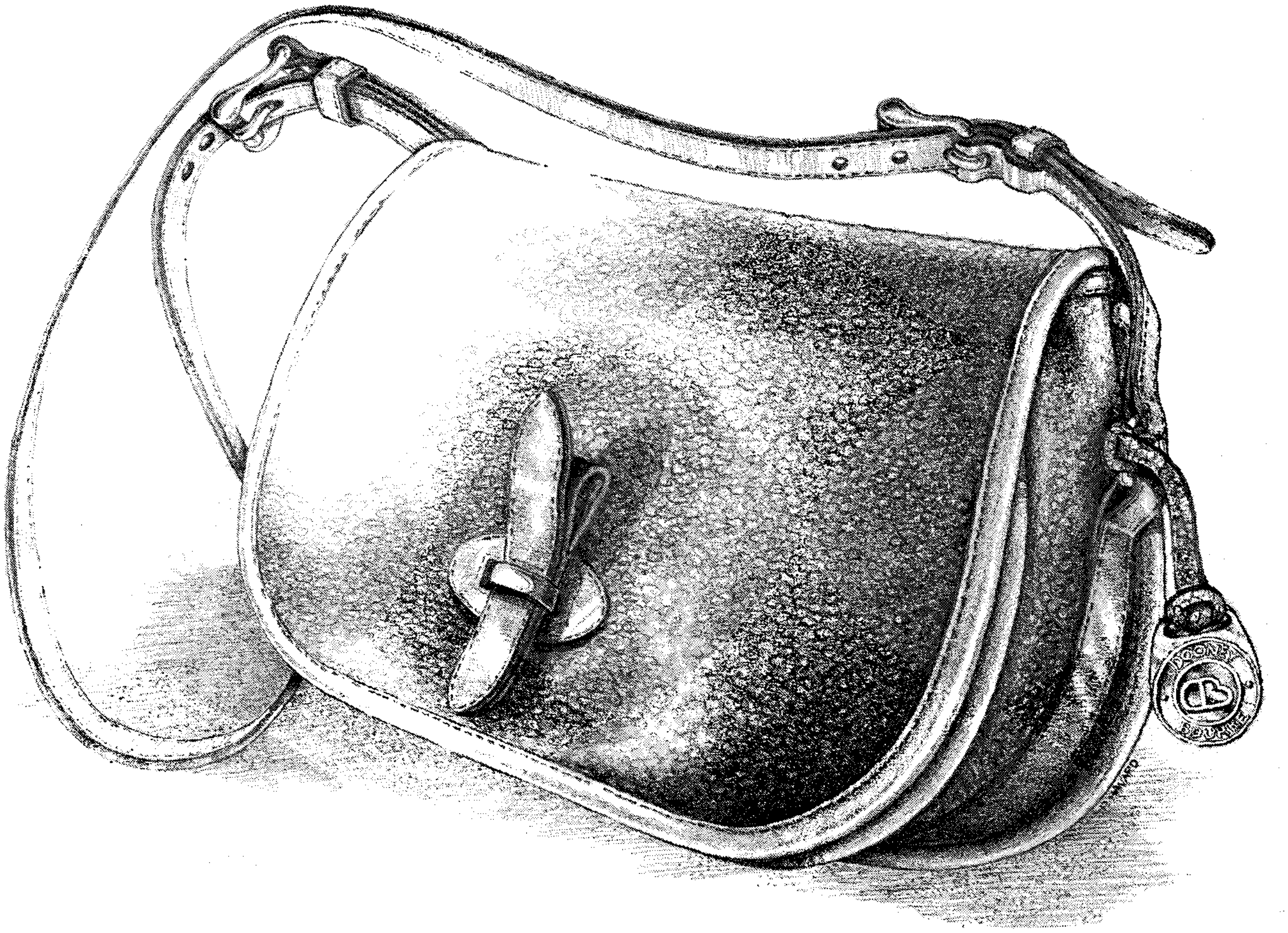

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wandered as if by chance into a musical comedy totally unsuited to his nature. One of the members of the cast plays a unicorn, unconvincingly. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays, except April 12, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Middle Ages**—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play is set in (and is, in a sense, about) the trophy room in an exclusive club, probably in Boston, and it tells the bittersweet love story of a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor, over a span of forty years, as it reflects the changing circumstances of the times. Jack Gilpin and Ann McDonough are Barney and Eleanor to the life, and Jo Henderson is very good, too, as Eleanor's mother. David Trainer was the deft director. (4/4/83) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Mother of Us All**—The Gertrude Stein–Virgil Thomson musical. (Reviewed in this issue under Musical Events.) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 582-1978. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, April 9.)

**'Night, Mother**—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director is Tom Moore. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**On Your Toes**—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Other Side of the Swamp**—A play by Royce Ryton, imported from London. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Poppie Nongena**—A demonstration—narrative, song, dance—of South Africa's brutality to its nonwhite citizens. The action covers forty years in the life of one woman. The performance of the South African company is very good indeed. Sophie Mgcina composed most of the beautiful music. (1/31/83) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Porgy and Bess**—A limited engagement of George Gershwin's opera. Directed by Jack O'Brien. Preview Wednesday, April 6. Opens officially on Thursday, April 7. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Quartermaine's Terms**—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Remak Ramsay gives a fine performance in the leading role, and Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey are good, too. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Red Rover Red Rover**—Helen Gallagher and Phyllis Newman in a play by Oliver Hailey. (Park Royal, 23 W. 73rd St. 736-9099. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Slab Boys**—A comedy about some young Scottish roughnecks who work at breaking up pigment for the design studio of a carpet factory near Paisley. Plainly, the author, John Byrne, is getting something off his chest. The director, Robert Allan Ackerman, has unluckily encouraged members of the cast to shout their heads off. (3/14/83) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 586-7670. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Anne Burgess

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**Snoopy**—A musical based on Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Teaneck Tanzi: The Venus Flytrap**—Deborah Harry and Caitlin Clarke will alternate in the title role, and Andy Kaufman will also star in this British comedy, with music and wrestling. Claire Luckham is the playwright and Chris Bond directed. Previews Friday through Wednesday, April 8-13. Opens officially on Thursday, April 14, at both 1:45 and 6:45. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Top Girls**—A spirited revival, after a brief hiatus, with a fresh company. The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. Linda Hunt, Valerie Mahaffey, Lise Hilboldt, Kathryn Grody, Freda Foh Shen, Donna Bullock, and Sara Botsford are the splendid actresses. Caryl Churchill is the adventurous playwright. Max Stafford-Clark is the director. (1/10/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie**—Benno, an enormously fat man who is literally eating himself to death, reviews the events of his life. This revival, with Peter Evans in the title role, is worthy of Albert Innaurato's strong, fantastic, tragic comedy. Mr. Innaurato directed. (4/4/83) (Playwrights Horizons Studio Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Triple Feature**—Three one-acters of varying quality by new (or comparatively new) playwrights. They are Harry Kondoleon, Stephen Metcalfe, and Mark Stein. Sasha von Scherler, Amy Wright, J. T. Walsh, and James Rebhorn are a few of the accomplished actors assembled. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

**True West**—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

**Vieux Carré**—A revised version of Tennessee Williams' play about a young writer who spends some time in a shabby New Orleans rooming house, where the lodgers and the landlady are all in very poor shape. The show has been well mounted (as is always the case at WPA), and it is well acted by the good company. Mark Soper is the writer, Jacqueline Brookes is the landlady. (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 691-2274. Wednesdays, except April 6, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

**A View from the Bridge**—From the Long Wharf, in New Haven, comes this admirable production of the Arthur Miller thriller. Tony Lo Bianco and Rose Gregorio make the most of their opportunities as an Italian husband and wife in the gray depths of Brooklyn. (2/14/83) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Whodunnit**—A disastrous mock-thriller by Anthony Shaffer, who wrote the classic "Sleuth" and has here unaccountably lost his way. (1/10/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**You Can't Take It with You**—Jason Robards, James Coco, Elizabeth Wilson, and Colleen Dewhurst in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. Staged by Ellis Rabb. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**AGNES OF GOD:** A flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the child's father, and her Mother Superior is inclined to agree, but a court-appointed psychiatrist has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Carrie Fisher. The author is John Pielmeier. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Dukes, John Pankow, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Tradi-

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tional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Scott Holmes, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,544 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Raul Julia plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Donald Corren substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

## MISCELLANY

**The Circus**—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their hundred-and-thirteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, April 6-8, at 10:30 and 2:30; Saturday, April 9, at 10:30 and 3; Sunday, April 10, at 1 and 5:30; Wednesday, April 13, at 1:30; Thursday, April 14, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, April 15, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, April 16, at 10:30, 3, and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

**Forbidden Broadway**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

**Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'**—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8 and 10:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7, 9:30, and midnight.)

**New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players**—Presenting "The Gondoliers." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, April 7-8, at 8; Saturday, April 9, at 3 and 8; Sunday, April 10, at 2; Saturday, April 16, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, April 17, at 2 and 7.)

## DANCE

**Paul Taylor Dance Company**—Wednesday, April 6, and Friday, April 8, at 8: "Airs," "House of Cards," and "Sunset" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday, April 7, at 8, and Sunday, April 10, at 3: "Book of Beasts," "Polaris," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Esplanade," "Lost, Found and Lost," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 12, at 7: "Images" (with guest dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov), "Esplanade," and "Arden Court." (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 966-6959.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 13, and Friday, April 15, at 8: "Diggity," "Duet from 'Lento,' " "Snow White" (première), and "Arden Court." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8: "Images," "Dust," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: "Esplanade," "Lost, Found and Lost," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, May 1.)

**Los Angeles Ballet**—Wednesday, April 6, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "The Young Apollo," "St. Paul's Suite," "Fantasies," and "The Red Back Book." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 7, at 8: "Ebony Concerto," "Afternoon of a Faun," "The Young Apollo," "Fantasies," and "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Capriccio," "Valse Scherzo," "This Ae Nighte," and "Charleston." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

**Feld Ballet**—Opening performances of a six week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 22—Tuesday, April 12, at 7:30: "Play Bach," "Circa," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 13, at 8: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8: "The Real McCoy," "Over the Pavement," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Friday, April 15, at 8: "The Real McCoy," "Circa," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: "The Real McCoy," "Summer's Lease" (première), and "The Consort." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

**Rachel Harms Dance Company**—New and repertory works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 211 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 6-9, at 8. For tickets, call 691-5591.)

**Pilar Rioja**—Program I: Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 8; Sunday, April 10, at 3; Friday, April 15, at 8; and Saturday, April 16, at 3 and 8. . . . ¶ Program II: Wednesday, April 6, at 2 and 8; Thursday, April 7, at 8; Sunday, April 10, and Tuesday, April 12, at 7; and Wednesday, April 13, at 2 and 8. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Through Sunday, April 17.)

**Riverside Dance Festival**—Performances by two companies. **DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS:** Thursday, April 7, and Saturday, April 9, at 8, and Sunday, April 10, at 2. . . . **DANCEMOVES/IRENE FEIGENHEIMER:** Wednesday, April 13, and Friday, April 15, at 8, and Sunday, April 17, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

**Rosalind Newman and Dancers**—Performances of "4: Stories," a new full-length work combining dance, narration, and music. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, April 7-9, at 8; Sunday, April 10, at 3; and Monday, April 11, at 8.)

**Kei Takei's Moving Earth**—A two-week engagement. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesday through Sunday, April 6-10, and Wednesday through Sunday, April 13-17, all at 8.)

**Nanette Bearden Contemporary Dance Theatre**—A single performance. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, April 14, at 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

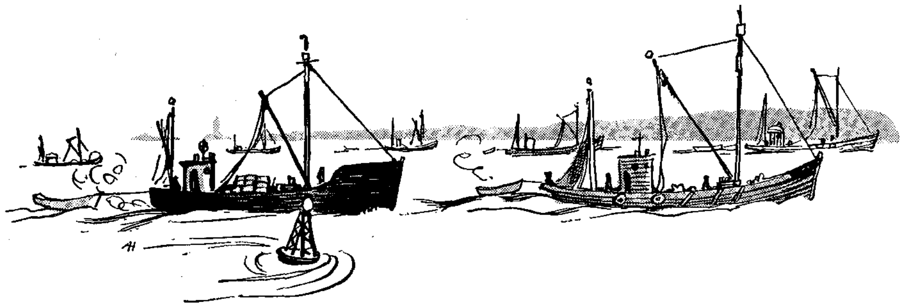
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, **RONNIE MATHEWS** works at the piano with a supporting bassist and drummer, and on Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will lead a trio that will back up singer Juanita Fleming. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **ASTRUD GILBERTO** sings Brazilian-jazz standards and an occasional funky number in her unmistakable soft, low, nondramatic voice through Sunday, April 10; Monday, April 11, will belong to Lillian Garrett and Ken Eanes; and on Tuesday, April 12, wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** will arrive with his latest rhythmic, blues-tinged quintet. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, April 6-7, trumpeter **DONALD BYRD** & the 125th NYC Band; Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, **STEPS AHEAD,** featuring **MICHAEL BRECKER, PETER ERSKINE, EDDIE GOMEZ, MIKE MAINIERI,** and **ELAINI ELIAS;** Sunday, April 10, Robert Kraft, Patti LuPone, and Ken Page; Thursday, April 14, the Rockats. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **JOHN HICKS**



provides the music through Saturday, April 9; on Sunday, April 10, **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** will drop by with a bassist; and on Monday, April 11, a real fine duo—**HANK JONES** and **RED MITCHELL**—will take charge. Music from nine-forty-five.

**BROADWAY JOE'S,** 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine to two, **BOB DOROUGH** claims the keyboard and furnishes vocals in his easy, salty Arkansas voice. Dining.

**CAFÉ PIERRE,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

**CARLYLE HOTEL,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BARBARA COOK,** who sings in a satisfyingly clear, ringing soprano, performs in the Café Carlyle until Thursday, April 14. Friday, April 15, will be the season opener for **BOBBY SHORT,** once the prized fixture of the C. C. and, nowadays, a prized visitor. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays the piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, April 6, Richard X-Heyman, Code-X, Extravaganza, and Leap of Faith; Thursday, April 7, Ned Sublette, Poor Boys, and Naux; Friday, April 8, Burning, the Breakfast Club, and **FINN & THE SHARKS,** a fine rockabilly band from Nyack, N. Y.; Saturday, April 9, the Sic F*cks, Eddie Dixon, and the Kingpins; and Tuesday, April 12, Contraband, the Takers, Peggy Healy, and Newton. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

**COOKERY,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ADELAIDE HALL,** who starred in "Blackbirds of 1928" on Broadway, sings here with pianist **RONNY WHYTE** and bassist **FRANK TATE** backing her up Tuesdays through Saturdays. Shows begin at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

**EAGLE TAVERN,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Thursday, April 7, Debbie Fish and Diane Sanabria; Saturday, April 9, the Hotfoot Quintet; Thursday, April 14, Dick and Polo Staber; and Saturday, April 16, the Double Decker String Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays.

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, April 10, trumpeter **WAYMON REED** will lead a quintet from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** and his outfit, the Bechet Legacy, work from eight-thirty, and on Wednesdays Bill and George Simon's quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

**FAT TUESDAY'S,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Two fine Latin-jazz bands are on the current roster: **MONGO SANTAMARIA'S** septet through Sunday, April 10, and **TITO PUENTE'S LATIN PERCUSSION JAZZ ENSEMBLE** beginning Tuesday, April 12. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**FOLK CITY,** 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, April 6, V-Effect, Oh-Ok, and Lemmy Caution; Thursday, April 7, Edwina Lee Tyler and A Piece of the World; Friday, April 8, poet and, lately, political folk-rocker **ALLEN GINSBERG;** Saturday, April 9, **ERIC ANDERSEN** and Bill Morrissey; Sunday, April 10, Jane Brucker; Tuesday, April 12, Eastside Heat; Wednesday, April 13, the Replacements and the Del Fuegos; Thursday, April 14, Ferron and Ilene Weiss; Friday, April 15, **QUEEN IDA & THE BON TEMPS ZYDECO BAND,** a bayou-blues-and-Cajun outfit; and Saturday, April 16, Ronee Blakley and Claudia Schmidt. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

**GREENE STREET,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Through Thursday, April 7, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and pianist **MICKEY TUCKER;** Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, singer Tina Fabrik; Sunday through Wednesday, April 10-13, pianist **HILTON RUIZ;** and Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, singer Carmen Lundy. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER'S** trio is present through Sunday, April 10, and Wednesday through Sunday, April 13-17, **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, and, therefore, a bluesy and swinging one, will lead a trio. Mondays are claimed by singer Janet Lawson and her trio, and Tuesdays by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, Ellingtonia expert and singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** lays claim to the piano bench, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

**HANRATTY'S,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—Neville Dickie has taken over the traditional-piano duties, performing Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

**JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**KNICKERBOCKER SALOON,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes undulating and romantic, at other times clipped and percussive, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, performs with bassist **REGGIE JOHNSON** through Saturday, April 9; on Tuesday, April 12, pianist and composer **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **RON MC CLURE** will move in for a week. Sundays and Mondays are, as usual, given over to **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, April 6, blues-rock guitarist **ELVIN BISHOP** and B. Willie Smith; Thursday, April 7, **STEVE FORBERT;** Monday, April 11, the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL;** Tuesday, April 12, Roomful of Blues and Sugar Ray & the Bluetones; Wednesday, April 13, Livingston Taylor and David Roche; and Thursday, April 14, Johnny Paycheck and Eddie Condon. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

**LUSH LIFE,** 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Singer and lyricist **JON HENDRICKS** and his singing family are on hand through Sunday, April 10; Tuesday, April 12, will belong to saxophonist **RENE MC LEAN;** and on Wednesday, April 13, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** will bring in his band. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**MARTY'S,** 1265 Third Ave. at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singer's room has a view of **JOE WILLIAMS,** a wonderful singer and entertainer, for three weeks. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, April 6, Thom Rotella; Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, **Dave Valentin,** a fiery but nonetheless lyrical Latin-jazz flutist. Music from about ten until two.

**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: the **Persuasions,** the sublime street-corner a-cappella soul quintet; through Saturday, April 9; Wednesday, April 13, Last Licks and No Laughing; Thursday, April 14, Maura & the Mysticals and Art Halperin; and Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, **Kenny Rankin,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie. Shows start at nine-thirty and midnight. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

**Peacock Alley,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**Jimmy Lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

**Red Blazer Too,** 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

**Ritz,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, April 6, pert and witty British popsters **Nick Lowe** and **Paul Carrack;** Thursday, April 7, Robert Hazard; Friday, April 8, Telephone and the Grownups; Saturday, April 9, In Deep and Caravan; Sunday, April 10, Musical Youth; Monday, April 11, Urban Blight; Tuesday, April 12, the Zorros; Friday, April 15, A. P. B.; and Saturday, April 16, Jon Butcher Axis. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

**Seventh Avenue South,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, April 6, Nitespryte; Thursday through Sunday, April 7-10, pianist **McCoy Tyner;** Monday, April 11, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday, April 12, Tiger's Baku; Wednesday, April 13, Laurie Altman; and Thursday through Sunday, April 14-17, saxophonist **Joe Henderson.** Music from nine-thirty.

**Sounds of Brazil,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule: Wednesday, April 6, guitarist **Toninho Horta;** Thursday, April 7, Clive Stevens; Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, **Loremil Machado & the Sarava Bahai Band;** Tuesday, April 12, Clarice Taylor; Wednesday and Thursday, April 13-14, **Toninho Horta;** and Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, **Pé-de-Boi.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Star and Garter,** 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan** leads his quartet on Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, and on Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, Val Eley will sing here. Music from ten. Dining.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Blues and jazz singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** makes a rare New York appearance through Saturday, April 9, and on Tuesday, April 12, **Memphis Slim,** the pride of Paris, will arrive to lovingly wallop the piano and sing blues songs in his pleasantly piercing baritone. Sunday is Brazil night with **Thiago de Mello & Amazon,** and Monday is **Gil Evans** night. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**Tramps,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**Charles Brown,** the personable as all get out, sophisticated R. & B. singer and red-hot pianist, is back at this simple blues room Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty.

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**Trax,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Thursday, April 7, Dee Archer & the Rage; Friday, April 8, the Waves and Diamond Dupree; Saturday, April 9, Tony Frye; Tuesday, April 12, School Boys and the Sharks; and Thursday, April 14, the Burns Sisters. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room; on April 11, El Gran Combo and **Jorge Dalto's** Inter-American Group will trade sets, and alto saxophonist **Paquito D'Rivera** will be the guest soloist. On Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, **Herbie Mann's** quartet will perform at nine and eleven. And meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** leads a trio on Tuesdays. Music from nine or so.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Singer and pianist **Shirley Horn** jumps with her trio through Sunday, April 10; on Monday, April 11, **Frank Foster's** stirring big band will show up; and on Tuesday, April 12, thunderbolt drummer **Elvin Jones** will descend the stairs with his quintet. Music from ten.

**Village West,** 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. **Maxine Sullivan** sings here through Sunday, April 10; on Tuesday, April 12, alto-saxophone hang glider **Lee Konitz** will come in with bassist **Harvie Swartz** and a string ensemble. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tom Charlap has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

**West End,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The lineup: saxophonist Haywood Henry through Saturday, April 9; the Shelbo Jump Band on Monday and Tuesday, April 11-12; and starting Wednesday, April 13, tenor saxophonist **Willis (Gator Tail) Jackson.** Sunday nights belong to altoist **Lee Konitz.** Music from about nine.

**Zinno,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. **Ray Bryant** and **Jimmy Rowser** play piano-bass duets in the jazz chamber Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and guitarist **Joe Beck** and bassist **Jay Leonhart** are in evidence on Sundays from eight-thirty.

## JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Cleo Laine and John Dankworth**—With the Dankworth Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

**Dave Holland Quintet**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 11:30.

**George Winston**—With William Ackerman, Michael Hedges, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

**Hank Doughty–Ray Abrams Band**—A program of Duke Ellington's music, with Pat Spann. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, April 10, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 722-8223.)

**Lionel Hampton**—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, April 10, at 8.

**Heavenly Jazz Concert Series**—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Milt Hinton, Major Holley, Rufus Reid, Brian Torff, and others. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 10, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

**Holly Near and Ronnie Gilbert**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, April 13, at 8. (Note: A sign-language interpreter will be present.)

**Alan Stivell**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, April 14, at 8.

**Big Joe Turner**—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 15, at 6. For information about tickets, call 741-5620.

**Roberta Flack**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 15, at 8.

**Mario Rivera**—With the Salsa Refugees. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, April 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950.)

**Earth Music**—With David Friedman, Mike Richmond, Joe Passaro, and others. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, April 16, at 8.)

**Jazz Forum**—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, April 7, at 10, 11:30, and 1: John Stubblefield, Harry Whitaker, and J. T. Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 10, 11:30, and 1: George Coleman octet. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 10, at 10 and midnight: Loren Schoenberg big band, with Barbara Lea. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 13, at 10 and midnight: Sam Burtis band, with Jane Blackstone. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Kenneth Garrett quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Tiny Grimes sextet, with Earl Swanson. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

**Jazzmania Society**—Sundays at 8: Jam session. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 8:30: Claudio Roditi & Brazil Express. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, at 8:30: Raul De Sousa. (Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. 532-7666.)

**Benefit Concert**—Tom Chapin, Tom Paxton, and the Hudson River Sloop Singers performing on behalf of the St. Bartholomew's Outreach Program for the Poor. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Friday, April 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 751-1616.)

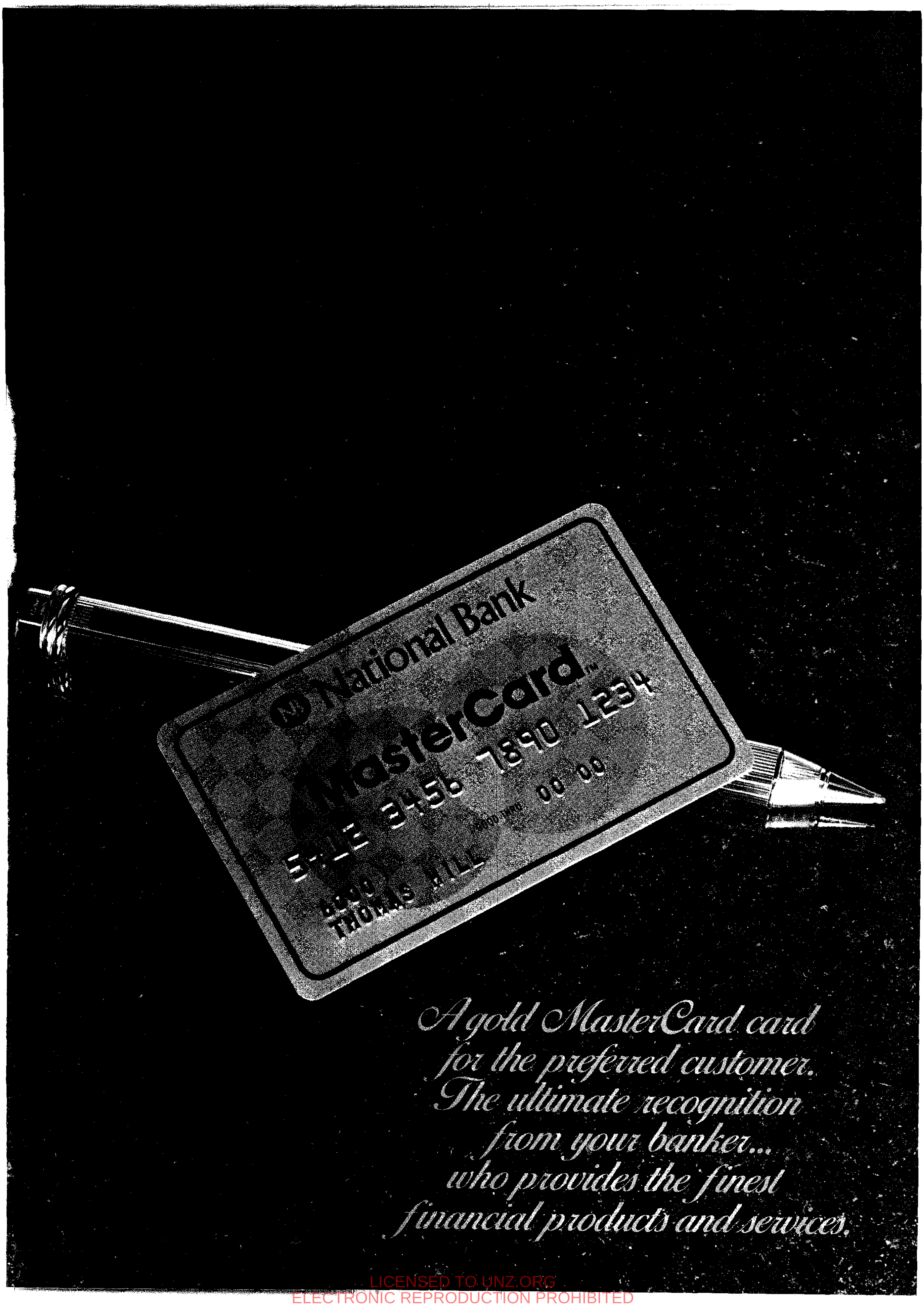
## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Eduardo Arroyo**—Small busts of Swiss chimney sweeps in their traditional top hats, and large paintings spoofing some of the Surrealist classics. Through May 26. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

**Georg Baselitz**—Paintings spanning twenty years plus—six from 1962-69 and four from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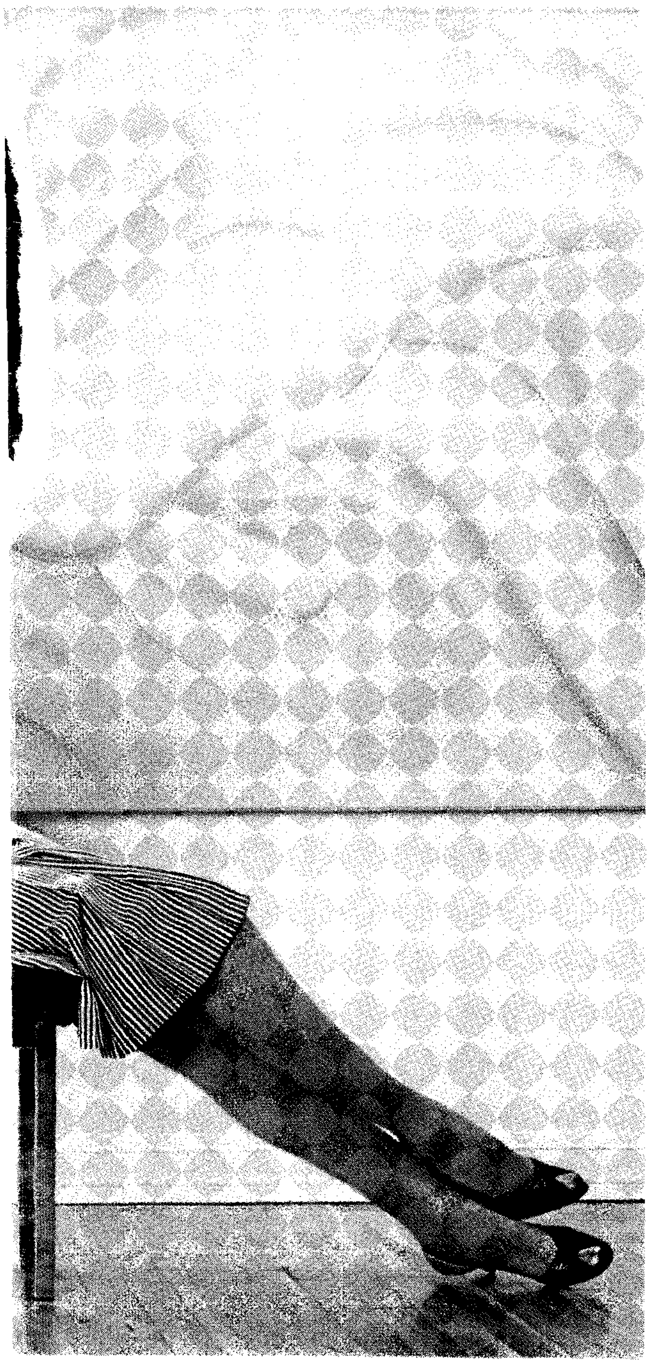

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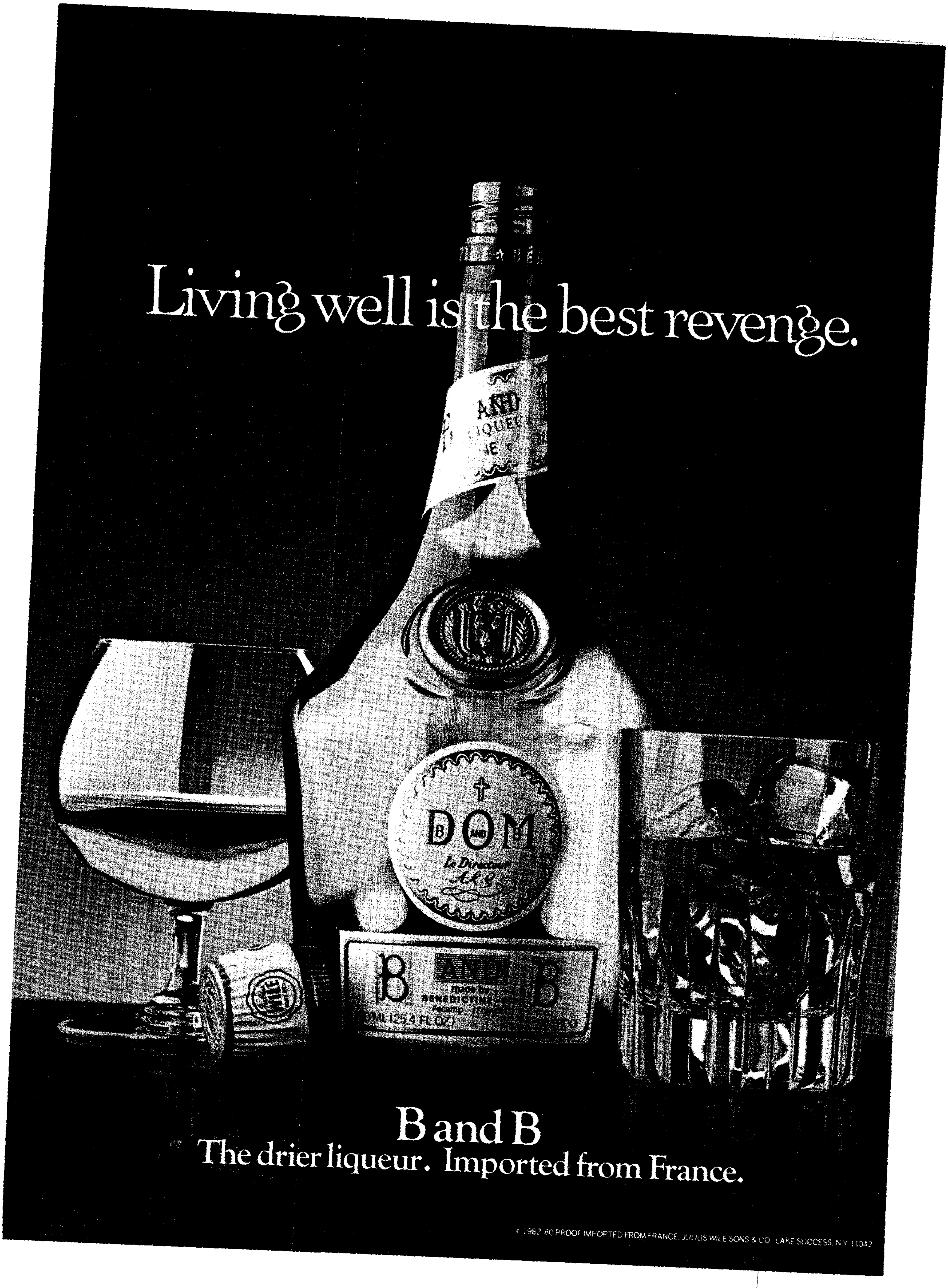

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the past two years. Through May 7. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**Leland Bell**—Solidly painted oils, several of them devoted to one of the artist's favorite groupings—a man, a woman, a cat, and a bird. Through April 20. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**George Bellows** (1882-1925)—The series of oils, drawings, and prints, including the famous "Edith Cavell," about First World War atrocities, seen together in public for the first time. Through Wednesday, April 13. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

**Richard Estes**—Examples of the artist's Photo-Realist paintings of urban scenes which cover his output in the past decade. Through May 5. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

**Garth Evans**—Abstract wall sculptures made of birch plywood by an English artist; first one-man show in New York. Through April 20. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Thomas George**—Abstractions—mountains, the sea, the universe—done in oil on canvas. Through April 23. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

**Grace Graupe-Pillard**—Portraits by an artist who intends them as social commentary. Through April 23. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

**William Gropper** (1897-1977)—A group of his social-realist paintings, political cartoons, and drawings from the twenties, thirties, and forties. Through April 23. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

**Marilyn Lenkowsky / Mark A. Kloth**—Small paintings in which blocks of intense color are fitted together, usually on a flat picture plane. / A dimly lit installation in which an altar of cobblestones is set up on a tile floor that has shadowy figures painted on it. Through April 23. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

**Gunnar Norrman**—A joint exhibition of works by a contemporary Swedish artist who takes his themes from nature, often from trees. Drawings in pencil and charcoal. Through Saturday, April 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Drypoints. Through April 30. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

**Susan Rothenberg**—Sailboats and the human figure are among the more readily identifiable subjects in these new oils by a semi-abstract artist who once painted only horses. Through April 20. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**David Shapiro**—Paintings in keeping with his style of arranging a succession of symbols and geometric forms. Through April 30. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

**Aaron Shikler**—Small studies of landscapes, still-lifes, and figures in oils, pastels, charcoal, and colored pencils. Through April 30. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**John Walker**—Recent paintings. Through April 21. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

**Jack Zajac**—A new series of bronzes representing the sacrificial goat. Through April 23. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Group Shows**—At **la boetie,** 9 E. 82nd St.: Small works, mostly on paper, by twentieth-century artists, such as Klee, Balthus, Feininger, Moholy-Nagy. Through May 27. . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Figure paintings and portraits by such American stalwarts as Gilbert Stuart, Guy Pène du Bois, Eastman Johnson, and Thomas Anshutz. Through May 27. . . . **coe kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Twenty-five paintings make up "American Realism," including a Photo-Realist treatment, by Robert Cottingham, of a storefront, and a representational work on paper, by Jamie Wyeth, in which a rooster peers out from a battered carton. Through Friday, April 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . **kouros,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: *Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by* contemporary Greek artists Tom Boutis, Marina Karella, Theodoros Stamos, and others. Through Tuesday, April 12. . . . **salander-o'reilly,** 22 E. 80th St.: Thirty paintings by as many major twentieth-century artists, among them Bonnard, Stuart Davis, Willem de Kooning, and Kline. A loan from the Rose Art Museum at Brandeis University. Through April 30. . . **schlesinger-boisanté,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Abstract, surrealist, and expressionist paintings of the thirties and forties by twenty-one Americans, including Walter Quirt, John Ferren, Jack Tworkov, and Charmion von Wiegand. Through April 30. (Open Mondays.)

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## GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

**Hyman Bloom**—Oils, including a set of still-lifes in which nineteenth-century amphorae are a central motif. Through April 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Richard Bosman**—An automobile crash, a capsized boat, and a panic-stricken crowd are depicted in these large paintings of not-quite-everyday events. Through Saturday, April 16. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Cynthia Carlson**—Called "Insects: A Guide," this series of paintings mocks conventional exhibitions in natural-history museums. Through April 23. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

**Vija Celmins**—Graphite drawings of the starry skies and bronze castings of Rio Grande riverbed rocks, painted in their exact colors. Through Saturday, April 9. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

**James Coignard**—Sketchy abstractions and architectural doodles done on heavy handmade paper by this veteran artist who works in Paris. Through April 23. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Nassos Daphnis**—Paintings from the fifties not previously shown. Through Saturday, April 16. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Jedd Garet**—Spiral forms, jagged trees, spectral figures, and stormy weather can be discerned in these colorful, semi-abstract paintings. Through April 23. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**John Hartell**—Studio interiors, upstate landscapes, and a glimpse of the Aegean, all done in low-key colors. Through Saturday, April 16. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Jene Highstein**—Sculptures in bronze, wood, and clay. Through April 30. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

**Bryan Hunt**—A two-gallery show of massive cast-bronze sculptures, inspired by and somewhat resembling waterfalls. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Through April 30. . . . ¶ 112 Greene Street. Through May 14.)

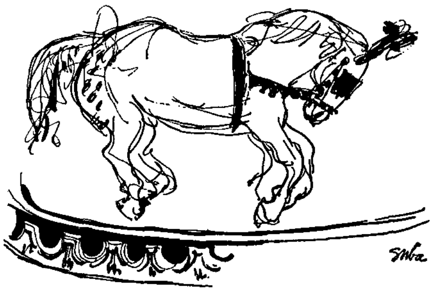
**Patricia Johanson**—Drawings of flowers and butterflies by a landscape architect who copies the contours of such things (vastly enlarged, of course) in laying out parks and gardens. Through Saturday, April 9. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Oliver Johnson**—Still-lifes in oil. Through Saturday, April 16. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays.)

**E. L. Kirchner** (1880-1938)—Paintings, drawings, and prints by the ground-floor German Expressionist. Through April 30. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Paul Klee** (1879-1940)—Oils and gouaches and drawings in pen, pencil, and pastel. Through April 30. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Alfred Kubin** (1877-1959)—A retrospective of works on paper by an Austrian graphic artist noted for his phantasmagorical imagery. Through May 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)



**Ellery Kurtz / Charles Seliger**—Layers of fragmented billboards and posters seem incorporated into these trompe l'oeil paintings. / Small, richly colored abstractions. Through April 23. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Alfred Leslie**—Paintings—all depicting a single figure—characterized by a lighter palette (the artist worked in daylight) and a smaller canvas size than previously. Through April 28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**Alexander Liberman / Michael Steiner**—Collage paintings. Starts Thursday, April 7. / Paintings on paper by the sculptor. Through April 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Stephen Pace**—Summertime activities on Deer Isle in loosely painted oils. Through April 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Matt Phillips**—Paintings, monotypes, and etchings finished with watercolor; their subjects include figures in interiors and Moroccan marketplaces. Through Thursday, April 14. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Reginald Pollack**—Bright paintings of forests. Through April 30. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

**Milton Resnick**—Abstract oils from the past twenty years. Through Saturday, April 9. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Mark Rothko** (1903-70)—Paintings from 1948 and after. Through April 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Jan Sawka**—A telephone booth is part of an installation based on the notion of conversation. Through April 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

**T. L. Solien**—New Image paintings by an artist who incorporates autobiographical incidents (a toothache, for instance) into his works. Through Saturday, April 9. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

**William Thon**—Autumn foliage in Maine and fishing boats on Nova Scotian waterfronts are seen in these new paintings. Through April 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **associated american artists,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: A century (1850-1950) of etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by a total of thirty Americans—Cassatt, Hassam, Lozowick, Avery, John Taylor Arms. Through April 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **hamilton,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures in which automatic writing and biomorphism are given contemporary treatment by seven young artists: Austé, Carroll Dunham, Richard Hennessy, Mel Kendrick, Jonathan Lasker, John Newman, and David Storey. Through April 30. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century American realists—Prendergast's "Summer Afternoon," Niles Spencer's "Sheridan Square," Edward Hopper's "Vermont Sugar House," Colleen Browning's "Picnic," and Leonard Baskin's "Head of Young Woman" are but a few. Through May 7. . . . **sumers,** 50 W. 57th St.: A reunion of German Expressionist prints by Richard Janthur, Ludwig Meidner, and Jakob Steinhardt, first shown in Berlin in 1912. Through April 30.

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Shusaku Arakawa**—Heavy philosophical concepts spelled out in charts and stencilled aphorisms on huge canvases that look like weather maps and city plats. Through April 23. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

**Frances Barth**—Abstract paintings, screens, and works on paper. Through April 23. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**Bernd and Hilla Becher**—Photographic works. Through Saturday, April 9. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Erica Bogin / Brian Gallagan**—Collages using handmade paper with postcards, maps, flower petals. / Box constructions that contain sheets of handmade paper, leaves, feathers, and such, and that fold up, triptych style. Through April 21. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

**François Boisrond**—Everyday events (like moving to a new studio, watching TV, going to a movie) are set down in bright colors on unstretched canvas by a French artist whose hieroglyphic style has been labelled "free figuration." Through Saturday, April 16. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**Francesco Clemente**—Two shows. New figurative paintings. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Figurative paintings, small sculptures, and frescoes on metal and concrete. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.) Both through April 30.

**Michael Goldberg**—Abstract paintings in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, April 9. (Sonnabend, in a new showroom at 121 Spring St.)

**Mel Kendrick**—Abstract carved-wood sculptures. Through April 23. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

**Nancy Ketchman / Phyllis Gaughran**—Mostly landscapes and cityscapes and mirror images of them. / Collages made up of thick cardboard, and paintings of interiors. Through April 17. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

**Steve Linn / Michael Gallagher**—Bronze, glass, and wood sculptures; a saxophone player and a circus are two of the artist's subjects. / Abstract paintings. Through April 23. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**Elizabeth Murray**—Abstract oils. Through April 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**Dennis Oppenheim / Peter Grass**—Big, complicated, nonsensical machines, one of them called an Evil Thought Accelerator. / Sketchy paintings in white on a dark ground, all of them focussed on outer space and astronauts. Through Saturday, April 16. (Serra di Felice, a new gallery at 295 Lafayette St., corner of Houston St.)

**Izhar Patkin / Alexis Smith**—Pictures of a wedding (from reception to smashed wineglass) done in mixed mediums on varied surfaces, including bridal veiling. / Collages that comment on American life in the early forties and on movie posters, among other things. Through Wednesday, April 13. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

**Robert Ryman**—Solid-white paintings, some done on linen and others on fibre glass. Through Saturday, April 9. (Bonnier, a new gallery at 420 West Broadway.)

**Edith Schloss**—Sunny paintings of the seaside, birds, and some odd animals. Through Saturday, April 9. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

**Julian Schnabel**—Paintings and sculptures, all recent work. Through April 23. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

**Rosalind Shaffer / B. K. Scharbach**—Tableaux made of painted-plywood cutouts—a bedroom scene, a crowded beach, a sundeck. / Watercolor portraits, in many of which only the head is in color, the rest of the figure simply pencilled in. Through Wednesday, April 13. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

**Martin Silverman**—Polychrome bronze figures in heroic poses—Eve confronting the Serpent, for one. Through Saturday, April 9. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

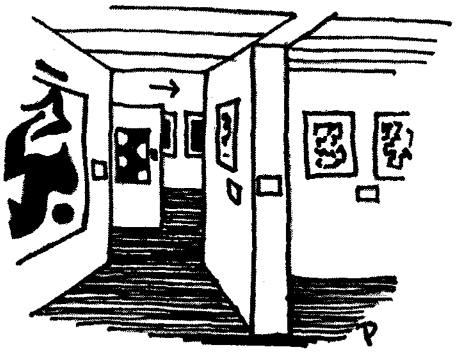
**Nancy Spero**—Two series completed more than ten years ago—one on canvas, the other on paper. Through April 23. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

**Robert Stackhouse**—Watercolors and drawings envisioning sculpture projects, and a sculpture as well. Through May 7. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**Alan Vega**—Cruciform wall hangings made up of salvaged scraps of wood, blinking lights, religious curios, pictures of movie stars (mainly Marilyn Monroe), plastic skulls, and so on, by an artist also known as a musician. Through Saturday, April 16. (Gladstone, at a new address at 152 Wooster St.)

**Margaret Wharton**—This artist saws chairs up into cross-sections, decorates the pieces with fake pearls and glitter, and reassembles them in somewhat different guises—as a ballerina *en pointe*, for example. Through April 23. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

**Frank Young / Ricardo Regazzoni**—Encaustic on canvas in heavy relief. / Nine-foot-high gold-leafed, facetted columns. Through April 30.



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(Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts. Opens at noon.)

**Group Show**—A bronze tree by Nancy Graves and a shaped canvas by Ellsworth Kelly are among the seven art forms represented in a show organized by the sculptor R. M. Fischer. One whole wall is given over to relief sculpture by Tom Otterness depicting the war between the sexes. Through April 23. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

### OTHER GALLERIES

**Bruno Ceccobelli**—Paintings in a symbolist vein by an Italian artist who works with tar, sulfur, clay, wax, and found elements. First one-man show in New York. Through April 30. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

**Mark di Suvero**—A massive construction incorporating a dismantled steam shovel is among these recent metal sculptures, all of which either rotate under their own power or can be moved manually. Through May 7. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

**Jack Goldstein**—Two thirty-minute reels of brief movies (one of the artist driving a nail into a board and pulling it back out with his teeth) and a large painting with lightning bolts at either end. Through Friday, April 8. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**Robert Motherwell**—Recent works on paper. Through Thursday, April 14. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

**Elfi Schuselka**—New paintings and drawings. Through April 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

**Group Shows**—At **the clocktower**, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Artist-architects and just plain artists (Frank Gehry, Mary Miss, and Patsy Norvell among them) showing models, paintings, sculptures, and other objects whose point of departure—habitats—is also the title for the exhibit. Through Saturday, April 9. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **delahunty**, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.: Italo Scanga, James Surls, and Suzan Pitt are among the eleven artists showing, variously, sculptures, paintings, and photographs. Richard Fishman has a drawing. Through Saturday, April 16. . . . **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Eight Seattle artists showing diverse works, among them four installation pieces. Through June 1. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**James Abbe** (1883-1973)—Photographic portraits used in *Vanity Fair* between 1917 and 1934—Laurette Taylor, Theda Bara, John Barrymore, the Dolly Sisters, Jack Dempsey, and so on. Through April 30. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

**Jan Dibbets**—Abstract compositions combining color photographs, watercolors, and drawings. Through April 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**David Finn**—Photographs of Henry Moore's bronze "Large Two Forms." Through April 28. (Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Opens at 9, Mondays through Fridays.)

**John Gossage**—Large-scale silver prints of urban landscapes here and abroad. Through April 23. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

**Jan Groover**—Palladium-platinum contact prints. Through April 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Gilles Larrain**—Studio portraits, some of such art-world figures as Norman Mailer, Leo Castelli, and David Byrne. Through May 20. (French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

**Scott MacLeay**—Fresson prints. Through Friday, April 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Jack Manning**—Prints of the San Juan slum called "La Perla," by a *Times* photographer. Through Tuesday, April 12. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

**Paul Strand** (1890-1975)—Platinum prints first shown at Alfred Stieglitz's Gallery 291 in 1916, together with later photographs of artists in the Stieglitz circle. Through April 23. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Vatican Collections. Through June 12. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italian drawings by such masters as Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. All the works, which number close to a hundred, are from the museum's collections. Through April 17. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 18 W. 54th St.—"Prints from Blocks: Gauguin to Now," a survey of woodcuts and linoleum cuts as represented in the museum's print reservoir. The artists also include Nolde, Matisse, Carol Summers, and Georg Baselitz. Through May 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish artist who was in the vanguard of sculptors working in welded metal. Through May 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art**, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1983. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—A diverse show honoring the centenary of the Brooklyn Bridge includes engineering drawings by the Roeblings; a wood engraving from *Harpers Weekly* showing President Arthur at the opening of the bridge, on May 24, 1883; and numerous expressions of admiration for the bridge in works of art, among them a drawing by Saul Steinberg, two photographs by Walker Evans, and a construction by Red Grooms. Through June 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Among the highlights of three separate but related exhibits—on deep-sea diving, on underwater photography, and on animal life in the sea—are a seven-foot model of a deep-sea diver's suit and a model of a sixteenth-century diving bell. Through May 15. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and

Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

**China Institute,** 125 E. 65th St.—Bamboo carvings—flutes, brush holders, perfume containers, and the like, as well as monks and mythical beasts carved in the round or incised on the skin of the bamboo. Through May 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of about a hundred and fifty fanciful modifications of the south façade of the Carnegie Mansion (otherwise known as the Cooper-Hewitt Museum). Each work had the same line drawing of the façade as its starting point; some of the embellishers include Eugène Mihaesco, Pierre Le-Tan, Edward Koren, Charles Addams, and Mamie Eisenhower—who on hers drew an American flag on the building's rooftop. Through May 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of six very large constructions in mixed mediums by Frank Stella, who took his inspiration from a collection of photographs of Polish wooden synagogues. Through May 1. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—The variety and abundance of symbolic animal imagery in ancient and medieval art provide the basis for a show of cylinder seals and illuminated manuscripts, drawn primarily from the library's collections. Through Sunday, April 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About two hundred artist-members of the National Academy are represented in this year's annual show by their paintings, sculptures, and prints. Among those singled out for prizes are Alice Neel, Richard Yarde, Sidney Simon, and Antonio Frasconi. Through April 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection show of letters, manuscripts, and first editions centers on famous literary figures who found inspiration in travel and includes an incunabulum, printed in 1491, of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales;" a diary excerpt, dated 1804, in which Washington Irving describes his first morning in Paris; and a first edition (1939) of "Journey to a War," W.H. Auden's account of a junket to China. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—Nearly forty abstract paintings by Alma Thomas (1891-1978). Starts Friday, April 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

### EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

**Franklin Furnace,** 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—A two-day performance program called "Live Irish Art," Friday, April 8, at 8 and 9, and Saturday, April 9, at 2, 4:30, 8, and 9. . . . ¶ A collection of eight audiotapes by Jerri Allyn; headphones provided. Through Saturday, April 9. . . . ¶ Posters, books, pamphlets, and other publications by fifty resourceful Latin-American artists, who produced them with processes such as photocopy and mimeograph. Through June 25.

**The Kitchen,** 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Susan Salinger (dance), Thursday through Saturday, April 7-9, at 8:30; programs of avant-garde films, Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, at 8:30.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 6, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Viorica Cortez, Ermanno Mauro, and Matteo Manuguerra; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 7, at 7: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Gerd Brenneis, Simon Estes, and Hans Tschammer; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 8, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Leona Mitchell, Ariel Bybee, Guiliano Ciannela, and David Holloway; Eugene Kohn. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Pablo Elvira, Rockwell Blake, and Sesto Bruscantini; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Adelaide Negri, Viorica Cortez, Ermanno Mauro, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, April 11, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Leona Mitchell, Ariel Bybee, Giuliano Ciannella, and David Holloway; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 12, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Viorica Cortez, Ermanno Mauro, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 13, at 7: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Manfred Jung, Simon Estes, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Leona Mitchell, Ariel Bybee, Giuliano Ciannella, and David Holloway; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Friday, April 15, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Viorica Cortez, Ermanno Mauro, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 12:30: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Manfred Jung, Simon Estes, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Emily Hastings, Vernon Hartman, Rockwell Blake, and Sesto Bruscantini; Emil Tchakarov. (A nonsubscription performance.)

**Broque Opera**—A double bill: William Shield's "Rosina" and "The Music Master," attributed to Pergolesi. Staged by Marie King, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Dominic Meiman. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 8, and Sunday, April 10, at 2. For tickets, call 535-6069.)

**"The False Messiah"**—The première of an opera by Bruce Adolphe and Mel Gordon, conducted by Amy Kaiser and staged by Mr. Gordon. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 9, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 10, at 2:30.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday through Saturday, April 7-9, at 8, and Tuesday, April 12, at 7:30: A Schönberg-Liszt-Debussy program, with Krystian Zimerman, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, and Saturday, April 16, at 8: A Mozart-Bruckner program, with Gidon Kremer, violin, and Kim Kashkashian, viola. . . . ¶ Friday, April 15, at 2: A Debussy-Ravel-Brahms program, with Mr. Kremer. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30: A Wagner-Debussy-Brahms program, with Mr. Kremer.

**American Symphony Orchestra**—Gilbert Kaplan directing a twentieth-anniversary benefit concert, featuring a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Benita Valente, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and the Westminster Symphonic Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 7, at 8.)

**Boston Symphony**—Seiji Ozawa conducting the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 13-14, at 8, a Mozart–Richard Strauss program, with Hildegard Behrens, soprano. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 15, at 8, a Beethoven-Tchaikovsky program; no soloists.)

**Toronto Symphony Orchestra**—Andrew Davis conducting a Prokofieff-Sibelius program, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 8.)

**Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra**—The second of two concerts by this Canadian ensemble. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 7, at 8.)

**New York Pops**—Skitch Henderson conducting the orchestra's inaugural concert in a program of American music. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 8, at 8.)

**Manhattan Philharmonia**—Vladimir Kin conducting, with Anne Saint-Cyr, violin. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday, April 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Mannes Chamber Ensemble**—Per Brevig conducting, with Lois Steinberg, bassoon. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, April 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Handel Festival Orchestra**—Stephen Simon conducting, with Jody Gatwood, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonic**—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Schubert program, with Israela Margalit, piano, and Elaine Malbin, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, at 8, and Sunday, April 17, at 3.)

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**—Charles Wuorinen conducting a program that includes the New York première of his "Archaeopteryx," with David Taylor, bass trombone. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

**Canby Singers**—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, April 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**New York Motet Choir**—A benefit concert entitled "Gertrude Stein: Words and Music," with Virgil Thomson, speaker. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Wednesday, April 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 289-2748.)

**Beethoven Society**—Clayton Westerman directing the Manhattanville College Chorus and the Beethoven Festival Orchestra in an all-Beethoven program that includes the New York première of "Vestas Feuer," an unfinished opera. With Jacob Lateiner, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 3.)

**Gregg Smith Singers**—Gregg Smith directing a performance of Monteverdi's "Vespro della Beata Vergine." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call 490-0892.)

### RECITALS

**Byron Janis**—Piano, in a benefit concert for The Lighthouse. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

**Guarneri Quartet**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 6-7, at 8.)

**Concord String Quartet**—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

**Ronald Kmieć**—Piano, in the first three in a series of four concerts presenting the Brahms cycle. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 8, at 8; Sunday, April 10, at 8:30; and Friday, April 15, at 8.)

**Sonja Prunnbauer**—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, April 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

**Sylvan Wind Quintet**—Chamber music. (St.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, April 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

**Chamber Music**—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; James Buswell, violin; and Heiichiro Ohyama, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 8, at 8.) . . . ¶ Masuko Ushioda, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; Seymour Lipkin and Gary Ledet, piano; and Marvis Martin, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 9, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 10, at 2.)

**Ken Noda**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 9, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—Maurice Bourgue, oboe; Richard Goode, piano; James Buswell, violin; Paula Robison, flute; and others. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, April 9, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ Same program at Alice Tully Hall on Sunday, April 10, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, April 11-12, at 7:30.)

**Waverly Consort**—A program of music written for the Valois kings of France. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

**Calliope: A Renaissance Band**—In addition to the period pieces, the band will première Peter Schickele's "Bestiary!" (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 9, at 8:30.)

**Muir String Quartet**—With Luis Batlle, piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, April 10, at 2.)

**Simon Preston**—Organ. (Park Avenue Christian Church, Park Ave. at 85th St. Sunday, April 10, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**Charles Rosen**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 10, at 3.)

**Music Before 1800**—The fifth in a series of seven recitals will be a program of early English music, performed by the Hilliard Ensemble from England. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, April 10, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**For the Love of Music**—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music by C.P.E. Bach, Chopin, and Brahms. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 10, at 3.)

**Boehm Quintette**—The second in a series of three concerts of American music. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 860-1357. Sunday, April 10, at 3.)

**Rosemary Glyde and Mary Kathleen Ernst**—Viola and piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, April 10, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

**Giora Feidman**—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 10, at 7 and 9:30.)

**Joseph Fuchs**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 10, at 8.)

**Juilliard String Quartet**—With Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Sunday, April 10, at 8.)

**Seta Karakashian**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 11, at 8.)

**Timothy Eddy**—Cello, in an all-Bach program, with Carol Wincenc, flute; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and David Britton, tenor. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, April 11, at 8.)

**Musical Elements**—Robert Beaser and Daniel Asia conducting the last in a series of concerts of new music. With William Moersch, zimbalon. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, April 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Gregory Allen**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 12, at 8.)

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**Musica Camerit**—The second in a series of three concerts by this new chamber ensemble. With Lucy Shelton, soprano, and a chorus. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, April 12, at 8.)

**Bowery Ensemble**—The last in a series of concerts. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, April 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Eliot Fisk**—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

**Yaron Ross**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

**Rip Keller**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

**National Chorale Soloists**—Martin Josman directing the third in a series of four concerts of vocal and instrumental chamber music, this one a program of English baroque music, with Lynn Beckstrom, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Yuval Waldman, violin; Edward Brewer, harpsichord; and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday, April 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 869-0970.)

**Benita Valente and Cynthia Raim**—Soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 14, at 8.)

**Elizabeth Wolff**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 14, at 8.)

**New Music Consort**—A program that includes the premières of Charles Wuorinen's "Trio for Brass Instruments" and Erik Lundborg's "Ghost Sonatine." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 14, at 8.)

**Nicholas Mann**—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 16, at 2:30.)

**Pyry Mikkola**—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 5:30.)

**Ridge String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 16, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

**Suk Trio**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 16, at 8.)

**New York Renaissance Band**—The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 8.)

### MISCELLANY

**Erik Satie Retrospective**—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, a group including Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Mimi Lerner, mezzo-soprano; Marilyn Dubow, violin; and Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

**Tribute to Paul Robeson**—Martina Arroyo, Harry Belafonte, Ellen Burstyn, Rosalind Cash, Simon Estes, Pete Seeger, and Maureen Stapleton will be among those taking part in this benefit. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 12, at 8.)

**Opera Interview**—Elisabeth Söderström being interviewed by Speight Jenkins. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, April 13, at 6. Tickets at the box office one hour before the interview.)

## SPORTS

(The box office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

**Baseball**—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, April 7, at 1:35. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday, April 8, at 8:05; Saturday, April 9, at 1:35; and Sunday, April 10, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit (first American League games here), Tuesday through Thursday, April 12-14, at 8. . . . ¶ Toronto, Friday, April 15, at 8, and Saturday, April 16, at 2.

**Professional Basketball**—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. San Antonio, Friday, April 8, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Monday, April 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Wednesday, April 13, at 8:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, April 6. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Saturday, April 9. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Tuesday, April 12. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, April 15. (Games begin at 7:35.)

**Crew**—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 16.)

**Hockey**—National Hockey League preliminary playoffs—Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Madison Square Garden. The third game Saturday, April 9, at 9:05, and, if necessary, the fourth game Sunday, April 10, at 7:35.) . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. The first and second games Wednesday and Thursday, April 6-7, at 8:05, and, if necessary, the fifth game Tuesday, April 12, at 8:05.)

**Racing**—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Saturday, April 9, and the Excelsior Handicap, Sunday, April 10.

**Trotting**—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, June 16. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

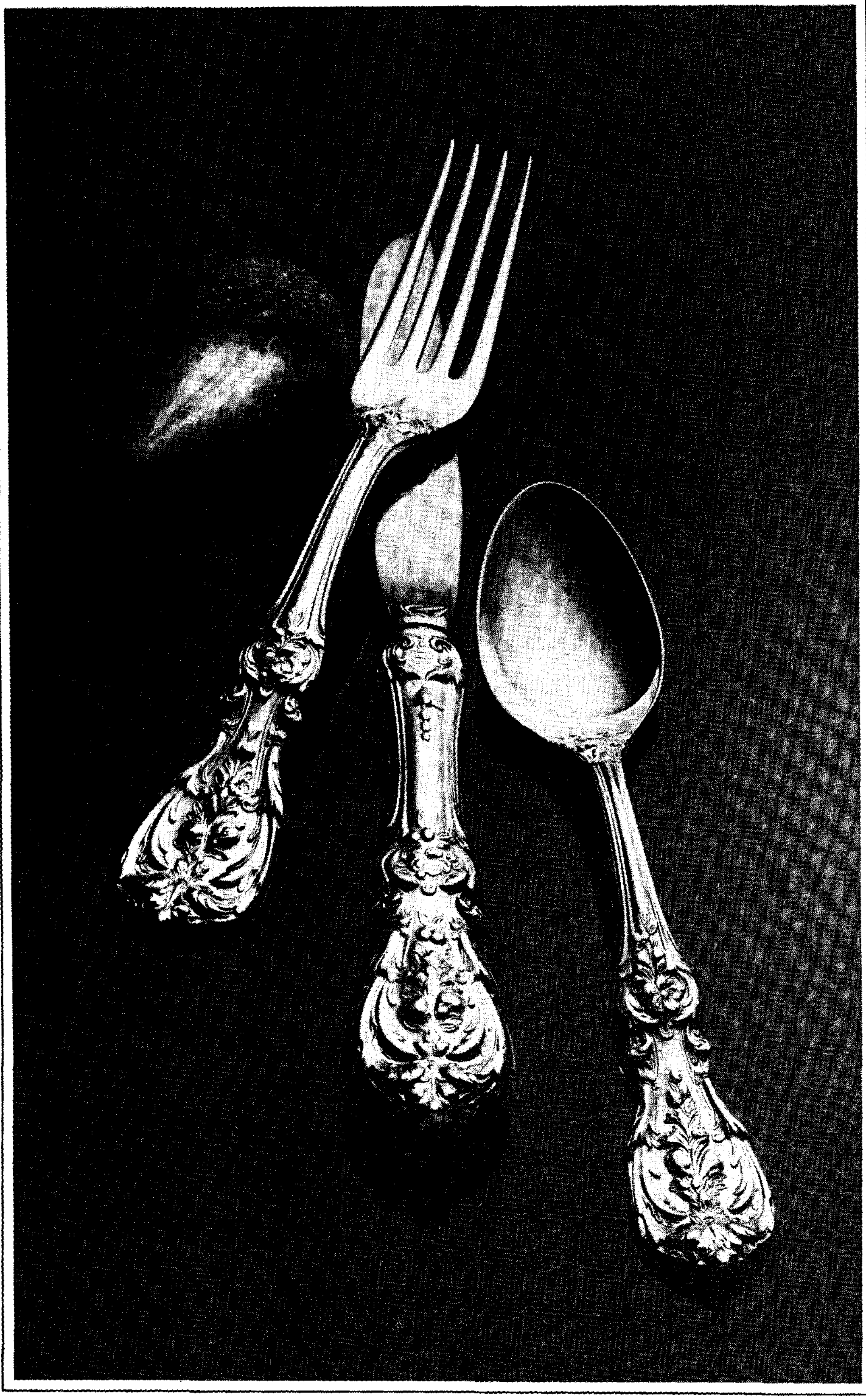
## ET ALIA

**Poetry and Prose Readings**—John Frederick Nims and Heather McHugh reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ Lynne Tillman and Edmund White reading from their own prose. (St. Mark's-In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, April 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Kathy Callaway, Sherod Santos, and Stephen Tapscott reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, April 14, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

**Flower Show**—This year's Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden features tulips, hyacinths, hydrangeas, lilies, and the like in a semi-formal English garden setting. (1000 Washington Ave. Wednesday through Friday, April 6-8, from 10 to 4; Saturday and Sunday, April 9-10, from 11 to 4; and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 12-13, from 10 to 4.)

**Auctions**—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, April 10, from 1 to 5.) Wednesday, April 6, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8: Furniture, decorations, paintings, jewelry, and other items donated for the benefit of the Museum of American Folk Art. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 581-2424. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 9. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 4.) Tuesday, April 12, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, April 8. . . . **phillips,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, April 7, at 11: Furniture and decorations.

FRANCIS · FIRST



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

VARIETY
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**FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.**

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (*598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.*)
A festival of films from Greece.

**R.K.O. Century Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Tootsie" (†).

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 7: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†); and "Swamp Thing" (directed by Wes Craven), with Louis Jourdan and Adrienne Barbeau.
From April 8: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Verdict" (†).

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 7: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.
April 8-14: "Curtains."
From April 15: "Lone Wolf McQuade" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Bad Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The King of Comedy" (†).

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 7: "Starstruck" (Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy.
April 8-9: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.
From April 10: "Anna Karenina" (Alexander Zarkhi; in Russian).

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 7: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.
From April 8: "The Flight of the Eagle" (Jan Troell; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Britannia Hospital" (Lindsay Anderson), with Leonard Rossiter and Graham Crowden.

**Manhattan I and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 13: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From April 14: "Duel" (1971; Steven Spielberg), with Dennis Weaver.
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The King of Comedy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Local Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

**Gemini I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: Through April 7: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno. From April 8: "Soldier of Orange" (†).

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

**Loews New York Twin I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bad Boys" (†).

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Man, Woman and Child" (Dick Richards), with Martin Sheen and Blythe Danner.

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"The Verdict" (†).

**U. A. 85th St. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**Loews Orpheum I and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through April 7: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From April 8: "Losin' It" (Curtis Hanson), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 2: "Spring Break" (Sean S. Cunningham), with David Knell.

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Bad Boys" (†).

**R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through April 7: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong. From April 8: "Curtains."
Theatre 2: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum I and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Great Chess Movie" (directed by Gilles Carle and Camille Coudari), a documentary of the game of chess.
Theatre 2: "The Wizard of Babylon" (Dieter Schidor; in German), a documentary on Rainer Werner Fassbinder's filming of "Querelle."

**Waverly I and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage."
Theatre 2: Through April 7: "The Personals" (Peter Markle), with Bill Schoppert. From April 8: "Out of the Blue" (Dennis Hopper), with Linda Marz and Hopper.

**Greenwich Playhouse I and 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.
Theatre 3: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 4: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life."
**Note:** Starting Monday, April 11, at 9 A.M., and continuing for twenty-four hours, all four theatres will be showing, free, eight past winners of the Academy Award for Foreign Language Film. Call theatre for titles and performance schedule.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Man, Woman and Child" (Dick Richards), with Martin Sheen and Blythe Danner.

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Gift" (Michel Lang; in French), with Clio Goldsmith and Pierre Mondy.

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Next Year If All Goes Well" (Jean-Loup Hubert; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

**Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 7: "Success" (1982; William Richert), with Jeff Bridges, Bianca Jagger, and Ned Beatty. From April 8: "Privileged" (Michael Hoffman).

**Cinema Studio I and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 7: "The Exterminating Angel" (†) and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (†). April 8-14: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (†) and "Simon of the Desert" (†). From April 15: "Nazarin" (†) and "Los Olvidados" (†).

**Embassy 72nd St. I and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through April 14: "Choice of Arms" (Alain Corneau; in French), with Yves Montand and Gérard Depardieu. From April 15: "Waiting for Gavrilov" (Pyotr Todorovsky; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 14: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong. From April 15: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 14: "Bad Boys" (†). From April 15: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through April 14: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From April 15: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through April 7: "Tootsie" (†). From April 8: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

**New Yorker I and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through April 7: "The Verdict" (†). From April 8: "Out of the Blue" (Dennis Hopper), with Linda Marz and Hopper.
Theatre 2: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life."
Theatre 3: Through April 7: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno. From April 8: "Curtains."
Theatre 4: Through April 7: "The Sword in the Stone" (1963), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon. From April 8: "The Verdict" (†).

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Max Dugan Returns" (directed by Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.
Theatre 2: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.
Theatre 3: "The Entity" (Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver.
Theatre 4: "The Verdict" (†).
Theatre 5: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 6: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

**Embassy I,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (†).

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Eagle's Shadow."
Theatre 3: "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster.
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). The theatre

will be closed on Tuesday, April 12, and Thursday, April 14.

**LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through April 7: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky. From April 8: "Losin' It" (Curtis Hanson), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 2: "Spring Break" (Sean S. Cunningham), with David Knell.

**MOVIELAND,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through April 7: "Joy Sticks" (Greydon Clark), with Joe Don Baker.
From April 8: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky.

**RIVOLI 1 AND 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through April 7: "The Sword in the Stone" (1963), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon. April 8-14: "One-Armed Executioner." From April 15: "Evil Dead."
Theatre 2: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).

**R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA TWIN,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through April 7: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno. From April 8: "Curtains."
Theatre 2: "The King of Comedy" (†).

**R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Bad Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**AGEE ROOM,** 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 7: "Let It Be" (1970; directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles.
April 8-14: A program of Chuck Jones cartoons.
From April 15: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons from 1947-58, many of them Bugs Bunny.

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through April 7: "Urgh! A Music War" (1981; Derek Burbidge).
April 8: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (1976; Alain Tanner; in French), with Jean-Luc Bideau; and "Messidor" (1979; Alain Tanner; in French).
April 9: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000;" and "La Salamandre" (1971; Alain Tanner; in French), with Bulle Ogier, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Jacques Denis.
April 10: "La Salamandre;" and "The Middle of the World" (†).
April 11: "The Middle of the World" (†) and "Charles Dead or Alive" (†).
April 12: "Charles Dead or Alive" (†) and "Le Retour d'Afrique" (†).
April 13: "Le Retour d'Afrique" (†); and "A City at Chandigarh" (1966; Alain Tanner).
April 14: "A City at Chandigarh" and "Messidor."
From April 15: "Light Years Away" (1981; Alain Tanner), with Trevor Howard.

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through April 14: "Private Life" (1983; Yuli Raisman; in Russian).
From April 15: To be announced.

**CINEMA VILLAGE,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 7: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971.
April 8-9: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman and Terry Gilliam; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."
April 10-12: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.
April 13-14: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair; and "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.
April 15-16: "Taxi Driver" (†) and "The Deer Hunter" (†).

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Bad Boys" (†).

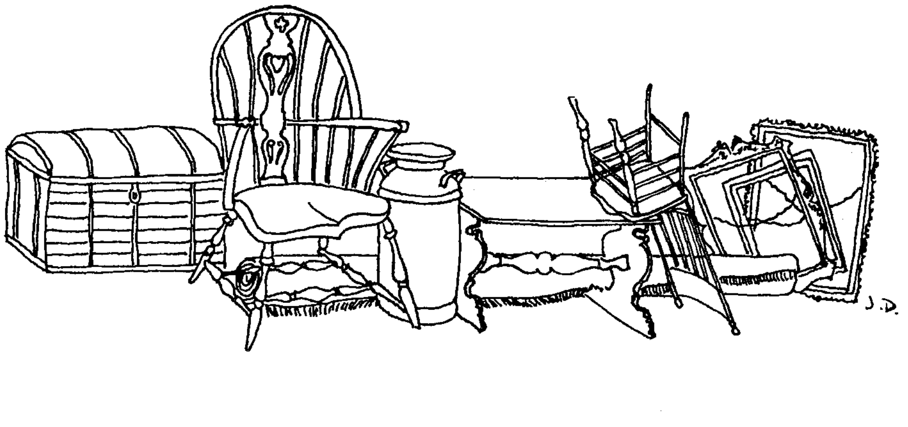
**HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
April 6: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
April 7: "Loose Ends" (1976; David Burton Morris and Victoria Wozniak), with Chris Mulkey; and two short films.
April 8-9: "Love and Death" (1975) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
April 10-11: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.
April 12-13: "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman; and "Catch-22" (†).
April 14-16: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

**HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through April 7: "A Man Called Horse" (1970; Elliot Silverstein), with Richard Harris and Judith Anderson; and "The Return of a Man Called Horse" (1976; Irvin Kershner), with Richard Harris.
April 8-9: "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst; and "The Panic in Needle Park" (1971; Jerry Schatzberg), with Al Pacino and Kitty Winn.
April 10: "The Great Escape" (†).
April 11-12: "Pink Flamingos" (1974) and "Female Trouble" (1975), both films directed by John Waters, with Divine.
April 13-14: "Alice's Restaurant" (1969; Arthur Penn), with Arlo Guthrie; and "Bound for Glory" (†).
April 15-16: "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree; and "The Thing" (1982; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

**METRO CINEMA,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
April 6: "Peppermint Soda" (1979; Diane Kurys; in French), with Eleanore Klarwein; and "Heart to Heart" (1978; Pascal Thomas; in French), with Anne Caudry.
April 7: "High and Low" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
April 8: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "From the Life of the Marionettes" (1980; Ingmar Bergman; in German), with Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath.
April 9: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
April 10: "King Kong" (1932; Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack), with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; and "Planet of the Apes" (†).
April 11: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta; and "Earth Entranced" (1970; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
April 12: "The Emigrants" (†) and "My Darling Clementine" (†).
April 13: "Edvard Munch" (†).
April 14: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
April 15: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" (1970; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese).
April 16: "It Happened One Night" (†); and "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

**REGENCY,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 6: "One Night of Love" (1934; Victor Schertzinger), with Grace Moore; and "Music in the Air" (1934; Joe May), with Gloria Swanson and John Boles.
April 7-9: "Interrupted Melody" (1955; Curtis Bernhardt), with Eleanor Parker, Glenn Ford, and Roger Moore; and "Rhapsody" (1954; Charles Vidor), with Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman, John Ericson, and Louis Calhern.
April 10-12: "Carnegie Hall" (1947; Edgar G. Ulmer), an all-star musical cast, with such performers as Leopold Stokowski, Jascha Heifitz, and Arthur Rubenstein; and "Metropolitan" (1937; Richard Boleslavsky), with Lawrence Tibbett and Virginia Bruce.
April 13-16: "Of Men and Music" (1951; Irving Reis), a musical documentary; and "Arthur Rubenstein—Love of Life" (1969; François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris), a documentary.

**THALIA,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
April 6: "Alias Nick Beal" (1949; John Farrow), with Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell, and Audrey Totter; "Berlin Express" (1948; Jacques Tourneur), with Merle Oberon and Robert Ryan; and "Try and Get Me" (1951; Cyril Endfield), with Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Kathleen Ryan, and Lloyd Bridges.
April 7: "Murder in the Cathedral" (1952; George Hoellering), with Father John Groser and Niall Mac Ginnis; and "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Pierre Chenal; in French), with Harry Baur.
April 8-9: "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton.
April 10: "French-Cancan" (†); and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
April 11: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession" (1980; Nicolas Roeg), with Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.
April 12: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim



Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.

April 13: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945; John M. Stahl), with Gene Tierney and Cornell Wilde; "When Strangers Marry" (1944; William Castle), with Dean Jagger and Kim Hunter; and "Strangers in the Night" (1944; Anthony Mann), with William Terry and Virginia Grey.

April 14: "Nibelungen Saga" (1924; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).

April 15-16: "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash; and "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam).

**THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 6: "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974; Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot; and "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Poirot.

April 7: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray.

April 8: "The Heiress" (1949; William Wyler), with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson; and "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.

April 9: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keys, and Sonny Tufts; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

April 10: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, and Pierre Brasseur.

April 11: "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (†).

April 12: "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French).

April 13: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (†).

April 14: "Lost Horizon" (†) and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (†).

April 15: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

From April 16: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—April 7 at 2:30: "Gardiens de Phare" (1929; directed by Jean Grémillon; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Fromet, Genica Athanasiou, and Gabrielle Fontan. . . . ¶ April 7 at 6: "Le Mystère Picasso" (1956; Henri-Georges Clouzot), a documentary of Picasso at work. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2:30: "La Merveilleuse Vie de Jeanne d'Arc" (1928; Marc de Gastyne; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Simone Genevois, Philippe Hériat, and Gaston Modot. . . . ¶ April 8 at 6: "Gardiens de Phare." . . . ¶ April 9 at noon: "Way Out West" (1937; James W. Horne), with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. . . . ¶ April 9 at 2:30: "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant. . . . ¶ April 9 at 5: "La Petite Lise" (1930; Jean Grémillon; in French, with no subtitles), with Pierre Alcover and Nadia Sibirskaia. . . . ¶ April 10 at noon: "Way Out West." . . . ¶ April 10 at 2:30: "Mon Gosse de Père" (1930; Jean de Limur; in French, with no subtitles), with Adolphe Menjou and Alice Cocéa. . . . ¶ April 10 at 5: "Sous les Toits de Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French, with no subtitles), with Albert Préjean, Pola Illéry, Gaston Modot, and Edmond Gréville. . . . ¶ April 11 at noon: "La Naissance du Parlant: 1927-29" (Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 11 at 2:30: "La Petite Lise." . . . ¶ April 12 at noon: "La Naissance du Parlant, 1927-29." . . . ¶ April 12 at 2:30: "Mon Gosse de Père." . . . ¶ April 12 at 6: A program of films by Jørgen Roos. . . . ¶ April 14 at 11:15: "Les Vampires" (1915-17; Louis Feuillade; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Jean Aymé, Musidora, and Edouard Mathé. A ten-episode film, with two intermissions. . . . ¶ April 15 at noon: "La Naissance du Parlant, 1927-29." . . . ¶ April 15 at 2:30: "Sous les Toits de Paris." . . . ¶ April 15 at 6: "La Chienne" (in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 16 at noon: "What! No Beer?" (1933; Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. . . . ¶ April 16 at 2:30: "Marius" (1931; Alexander Korda and Marcel Pagnol; in French, with no subtitles), with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, Orane Demazis, and Charpin. . . . ¶ April 16 at 5: "Fanny" (1932; Marc Allégret; in French, with English subtitles), with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, Orane Demazis, and Charpin. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**BAD BOYS**—At twenty-two, Sean Penn is probably the best actor in American movies who is still young enough to play adolescents. He gets so far inside a role that he can make even a sociological confection such as the sixteen-year-old hero, Mick—a proud, tough juvenile delinquent who commits crude, reckless crimes—someone an audience can care about. Penn is given so little to work with here that it's practically a pantomime performance: he holds us by the depth of Mick's grief over the way things have worked out in his life. He sits in his cell at the reformatory—hypersensitive, intelligent, and bitter. He's worth watching, even though the picture is singularly unimaginative. Directed by Rick Rosenthal, from a script by Richard DiLello, it has been made in a brutal, realistic, neo-Warners style, with shock cuts, a pungent visual surface (using Chicago locations and Illinois correctional institutions), and Bill Conti's snazzy, aren't-you-lucky-I'm-here music, which gets anxious and excited for us, whipping itself into snits and furies. Even when episodes are powerful, they're banal. With Eric Gurry, Esai Morales, Ally Sheedy, Reni Santoni, and Jim Moody. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/83.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, 86th St. East, R.K.O. Century National Twin, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 14.)

**THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN** (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance, the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most sensuously atmospheric (and least cloying) of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express" (1932). With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, Richard Loo, and Lucien Littlefield. The screenplay, by Edward Paramore, was adapted from a story by Grace Zaring Stone. Cinematography by Joseph Walker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14.)

**BOUND FOR GLORY** (1976)—As the singer-composer-writer Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives this Hal Ashby film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). The film has a feeling for detail—the matching profiles of two young Baez-like sisters in a squatters' camp, Carradine's lived-in, seat-sprung pants. There's real love in Ashby's staging of the incidents, and a unifying romanticism. Though the story doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar and it bogs down in backward and forward movement and it's filled in with woozy generalities—this is an absorbing and impressive piece of work. With Melinda Dillon as Mary Guthrie and also as Memphis Sue, and Lee McLaughlin as the fat man who has newsreels going in his head. Ashby deploys huge numbers of extras—nine hundred were used in the camp sequences, and nobody looks anachronistic—yet two of the principals stick out every time they turn up. As a singer-organizer who recruits Guthrie to work for the union, Ronnie Cox beams with a Scoutmaster's fervor, and as an all too symbolic member of the working masses, Randy Quaid is like a stock-company peasant. It's also regrettable that the tautness of Carradine's singing voice is betrayed by the Leonard Rosenman score, which uses conventional instrumentation on Woody Guthrie themes. The script, based on Guthrie's (highly readable) autobiography, is by Robert Getchell; however, Ashby and his editor, Robert C. Jones, wrote the explicit, messagey material of the latter part. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 13-14.)

**CATCH-22** (1970)—Mike Nichols' third picture was this hugely ambitious failure. He gave Joseph Heller's Second World War novel—a black comedy about the insanity of military life—a grandiloquent staging, with Terry Southern-style caricatures out of "Dr. Strangelove" and Fellini-style episodes set in Rome, and the picture got so heavy and full of message that the ironies were buried. There's a beautiful flight-tower sequence early on, and there are startling effects and good revue touches here and there, but the picture goes on and on, as if it were determined to impress us. It goes on so long that it cancels itself out, even out of people's memories; it was long awaited and then forgotten almost instantly. With Alan Arkin as Yossarian, Jon Voight, Richard Benjamin, Art Garfunkel, Buck Henry (who also wrote the script), Martin Balsam, Orson Welles, Robert Balaban, Paula Prentiss, Martin Sheen, Jack Gilford, Peter Bonerz, Charles Grodin, Tony Perkins, Bob Newhart, and, in a particularly offensive scene, Marcel Dalio. The acting of some of the high-ranking officers is so gross that at times one thinks the moral must be that as soon as your rank reaches major you're a monster. Cinematography by David Watkin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 12-13.)

**CHARLES DEAD OR ALIVE** (1969)—A film by the Swiss director Alain Tanner, made before his "La Salamandre." The hero is a fifty-year-old third-generation watchmaker who suddenly starts, on his firm's hundredth anniversary, to undo his soul as if he were taking a watch apart to see the works. There are moments in this politically complex, spirited black-and-white movie when he seems to feel that the mainspring has broken. Michel Simon's son, François, plays the hero very finely. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 11-12.)

**THE DEER HUNTER** (1978)—A romantic adolescent boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Four Feathers"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship. Without sharing the film's implicit God-and-country, flag-on-the-door political assumptions, one can see that, even with its pulp components and its superman hero (Robert De Niro, as a Pennsylvania steelworker), it is not merely trying to move people by pandering to their prejudices. It is also caught in its own obsessions. And because the director, Michael Cimino, plays them out on such a vast canvas, the film has an inchoate, stirring quality. It has no more moral intelligence

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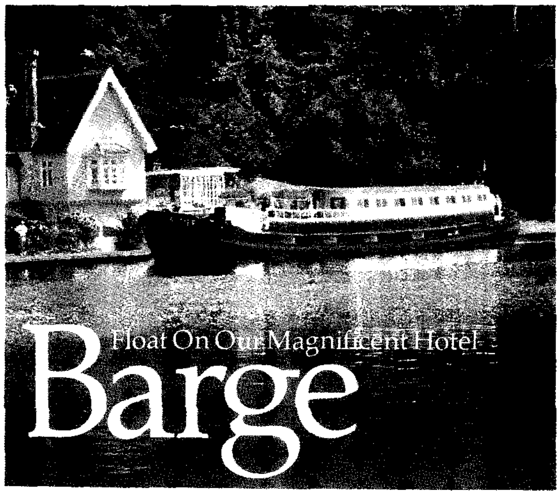

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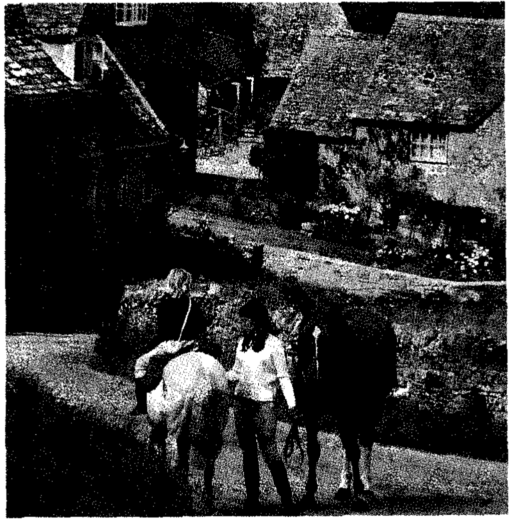

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than the Clint Eastwood action pictures, yet it's an astonishing piece of work, an uneasy mixture of violent pulp and grandiosity, with an enraptured view of common life—poetry of the commonplace. With Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, John Savage, George Dzundza, Chuck Aspegren, Shirley Stoler, Rutanya Alda, and Amy Wright. Screenplay by Deric Washburn; story by Cimino, Washburn, and others; music by Stanley Myers; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Director, Supporting Actor (Walken), Sound, Editing (Peter Zinner). (Cinema Village; April 15-16.)

**The Diary of a Chambermaid** (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid required to read Huysmans to her old, persnickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Cinema Studio; through April 7).

**Diva**—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Cinema Studio.)

**Edvard Munch** (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (Metro Cinema; April 13.)

**The Emigrants** (1971)—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant work, it covers the grim farm life, under a hierarchy of masters, that drove a group to emigrate, the brutal sea voyage, and then the landing of the survivors and their trip by train, by Mississippi paddle-boat, and on foot until they staked out a claim in Minnesota. Troell's achievement is prodigious. (He is his own cinematographer and editor, and he collaborated on the writing.) The story is concluded in a second film, "The New Land." Both with Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. Adapted from the novels of Vilhelm Moberg. "The Emigrants" ran 190 minutes in Sweden; Troell had to cut it to 150 minutes for the American distributors, Warners. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; April 12.)

**E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial**—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (U. A. 85th St. East, and Movieland. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through April 7.)

**The Exterminating Angel** (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio; through April 7.)

**Le Fantôme de la Liberté** (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great spare, tonic style, but the domesticated surrealism of this picture has no sting and no aftereffect. The film drifts out of your head before it's over. The actors come on in relays: the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (Cinema Studio; April 8-14.)

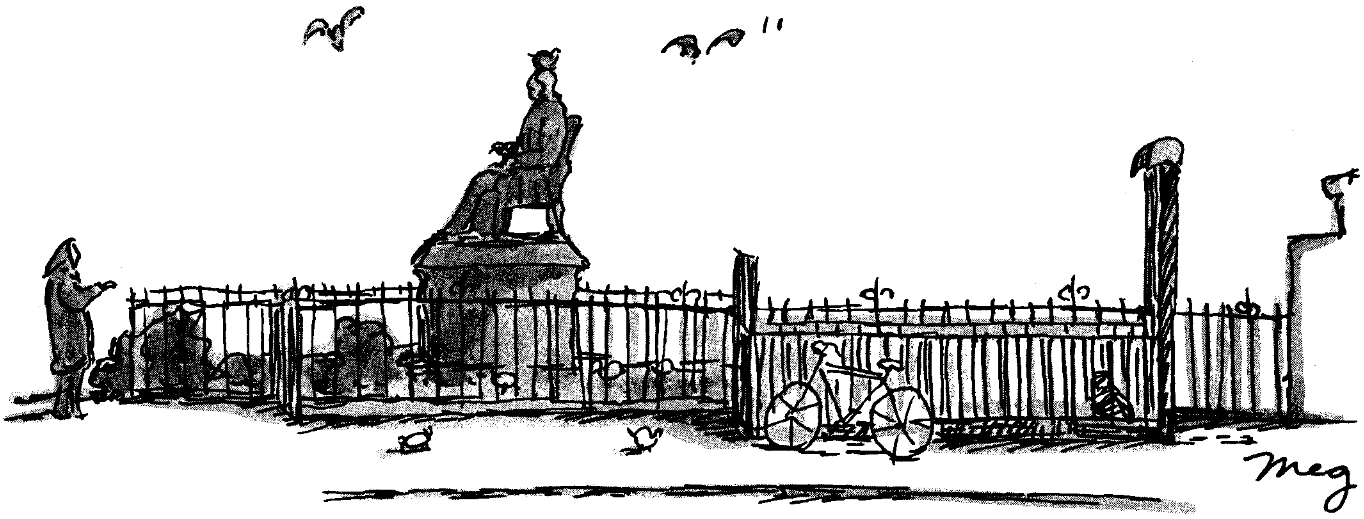
**48 Hrs.**—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Embassy 1.)

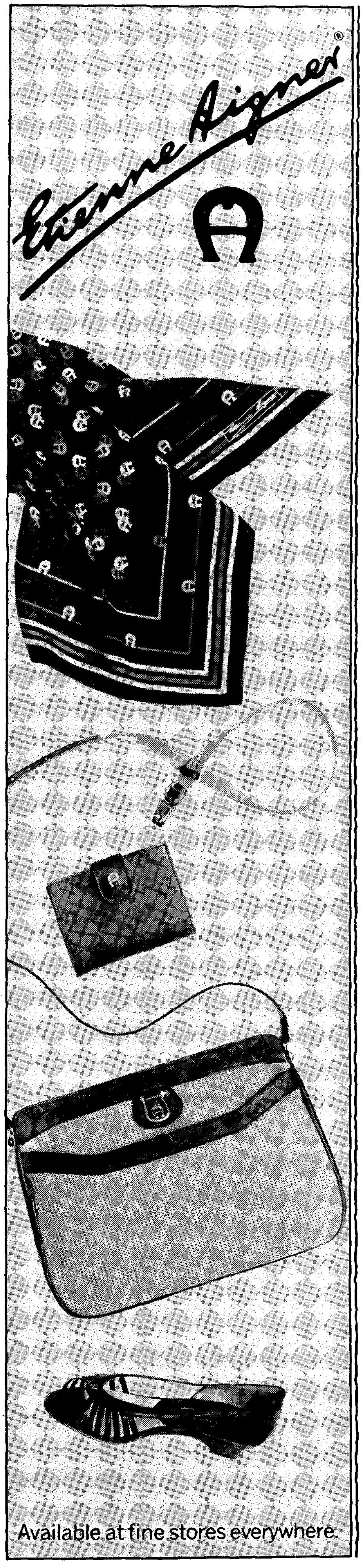
**French-Cancan** (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (Thalia; April 10.)

**Gandhi**—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

**The Great Escape** (1963)—John Sturges directed this, one of the eternally riveting escape-from-prison-camp stories (American and British airmen getting out of a German camp in the Second World War). Good, boisterous performances by Steve McQueen and James Garner, who must have been cutting their baby teeth when the real events were happening, which gives the whole business a curious and rather touching wrong-end-of-the-telescope effect. Fairly entertaining, no pain. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 10.)

**It Happened One Night** (1934)—No one has ever fully explained what gives this basically slight romantic comedy its particular—and enormous—charm. It's no more than the story of a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a fired newspaperman (Clark Gable) who meet on a long-distance night bus and fall in love. Yet the film (which neither of its stars wanted to appear in) caught on with the public and made audiences happy in a way that only a few films in each era do; in the mid-thirties, the Colbert and the Gable of this film became Americans' idealized view of themselves—breezy, likable, sexy, gallant, and maybe just a little harebrained. (It was the "Annie Hall" of its day—before the invention of anxiety.) It has a special American Depression-era, on-the-road humor and an open, episodic form, with oddball mashers and crooks turning up. There's a classic singing sequence (the passengers on the bus join together for "The Man on the Flying Trapeze") and a classic demonstration of hitchhikers' techniques for stopping cars—Gable's thumb versus Colbert's legs. The two stars interact with easy, on-the-button timing; Gable has a gift for seeming virile even at his most foolish, and when things go wrong Colbert manages to look starry-eyed and blankly depressed at the same time. Frank Capra directed, from Robert Riskin's script, based on





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Samuel Hopkins Adams' short story "Night Bus." With Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Alan Hale, Ward Bond, Arthur Hoyt, and, as the jilted bridegroom, Jameson Thomas. Five Academy Awards: Picture, Director, Actor, Actress, Script. (Remade in 1956 as "You Can't Run Away from It.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; April 16.)

**The King of Comedy**—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, cold-hearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, must have decided to give us the cold creeps; the shots are held so long that we look for more in them than is there. Scorsese designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. With Sandra Bernhard as the hysterical Masha, who helps Pupkin kidnap Langford. (Pupkin's ransom demand is a ten-minute guest appearance on Langford's late-night talk show.) Also with Diahnne Abbott and Shelley Hack. From a script by Paul Zimmerman. (3/7/83) (34th St. East, Baronet, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin.)

**Local Hero**—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny, Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her, Fulton MacKay as the hermit, Chris Rozycki as the Russian, and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Cinema I.)

**Lost Horizon** (1937)—The original version of the James Hilton novel, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown, cracker-barrel sentimentality. The early trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, and Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. Score by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14.)

**The Man Who Came to Dinner** (1942)—In the thirties, the unctuous, sentimental Alexander Woollcott was loved by millions of radio listeners; Woollcott the outrageous master of euphonious insults was loved and hated by a small circle. Two members of this circle, George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, made him the hero and the target of their 1939 Broadway hit—a cheerful spoof on celebrity in that period. In this film version, the devastatingly adroit Monty Woolley (a former professor of drama at Yale) plays the arrogant, infantile Sheridan Whiteside, who goes on a lecture tour and breaks his hip while attending a dinner in his honor at the home of solid, boring fans. Stuck in that home until his hip mends, he takes it over and orders the adoring residents around. Woolley has a wonderful way of looking at these hick fans with compassionate contempt—he feels sorry for them because they're too obtuse to appreciate how brilliant he is. The play, however, was built on topical jokes and a series of vaudeville turns, and in this version the jokes are flat and the turns seemed forced and not very funny. With Bette Davis as Whiteside's secretary, Reginald Gardiner impersonating Noël Coward, Jimmy Durante in the role based on Harpo Marx, Ann Sheridan as the sexpot actress, and Billie Burke, Richard Travis, George Barbier, and Grant Mitchell. Directed by William Keighley; the script, by the Epstein brothers, changed only a few lines. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 11.)

**The Middle of the World** (1975)—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. Directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 10-11.)

**My Darling Clementine** (1946)—John Ford's poetic Western with Henry Fonda as Wyatt Earp, Walter Brennan as hateful Old Man Clanton, and Victor Mature coaxed into a surprisingly good performance as a mutinous doctor. (Metro Cinema; April 12.)

**Nazarin** (1958)—The hero, Nazarin, is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel, which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. A woman offers Nazarin a pineapple and her blessing. Nazarin is so stubbornly proud that it's a struggle for him to accept, and Buñuel himself is so proud that he will hardly allow the scene to have any weight. Humility is very difficult for him; he just tosses in the pineapple. He's determined not to give in to the folly of tenderness, but it's there. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio; starting April 15.)

**The Night of the Shooting Stars**—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**La Nuit de Varennes**—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by the director, Ettore Scola, and Sergio Amidei. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**An Officer and a Gentleman**—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

**LOS OLVIDADOS** (1950; "The Young and the Damned")—Set in Mexico, Luis Buñuel's ruthless—almost surgical—examination of how the poor prey on one another is the most horrifying of all films about juvenile crime. The one masterwork on this subject, it stands apart from the genre by its pitilessness, its controlled passion. Buñuel doesn't treat his characters as ideas but as morally responsible human beings; there is little of the familiar American-movie cant that makes everyone responsible for juvenile crimes except the juveniles. There's no pathos in this film; it's a squalid tragedy that causes the viewer to feel a moral terror. Buñuel, whose early work fascinated Freud, creates scenes that shock one psychologically. Among them here is the celebrated dream sequence—perhaps the greatest of all movie dream sequences; it is disturbing long after the lacerations of the more realistic material have healed. Buñuel had intended much more in this surreal vein, but he did not have a completely free hand. For example, in the scene in which one of the boys goes to beat up and kill another boy, the camera reveals in the distance a huge eleven-story building under construction; Buñuel had wanted to put an orchestra of a hundred musicians in the building. The cast includes Estela Inda and Roberto Cobo; cinematography by Gabriel Figueroa. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio; starting April 15.)

**PLANET OF THE APES** (1968)—This is a slick commercial picture, with its elements carefully engineered—pretty girl (who unfortunately doesn't seem to have had acting training), comic relief, thrills, chases—but when expensive Hollywood engineering works, the results can be impressive. This is one of the liveliest science-fiction fantasies ever to come out of Hollywood. The writing, by Michael Wilson and Rod Serling, who adapted Pierre Boulle's novel "Monkey Planet," is often fancy-ironic in the old school of poetic disillusion, but the construction is first-rate. An American astronaut finds himself in the future, on a planet run by apes; the audience is rushed along with this hero, who keeps going as fast as possible to avoid being castrated or lobotomized. All this wouldn't be so forceful or so funny if it weren't for the use of Charlton Heston in the role. With his perfect, lean-hipped, powerful body, Heston is a godlike hero; built for strength, he's an archetype of what makes Americans win. He doesn't play a nice guy; he's harsh and hostile, self-centered and hot-tempered. Yet we don't hate him, because he's so magnetically strong; he represents American power—and he has the profile of an eagle. He is the perfect American Adam for this black-comedy entertainment. The director, Franklin Schaffner, has thought out the action in terms of the wide screen, and he uses space and distance dramatically. The makeup (there is said to be a million dollars' worth) and the costuming of the actors playing the apes are rather witty, and the apes have a wonderful nervous, hopping walk. The best little hopper is Kim Hunter, as an ape lady doctor; she somehow manages to give a distinctive, charming performance in this makeup. With Roddy McDowall, Maurice Evans, James Whitmore, James Daly, and Linda Harrison. The movie spun off four sequels and a TV series. (Metro Cinema; April 10.)

**RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK** (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess

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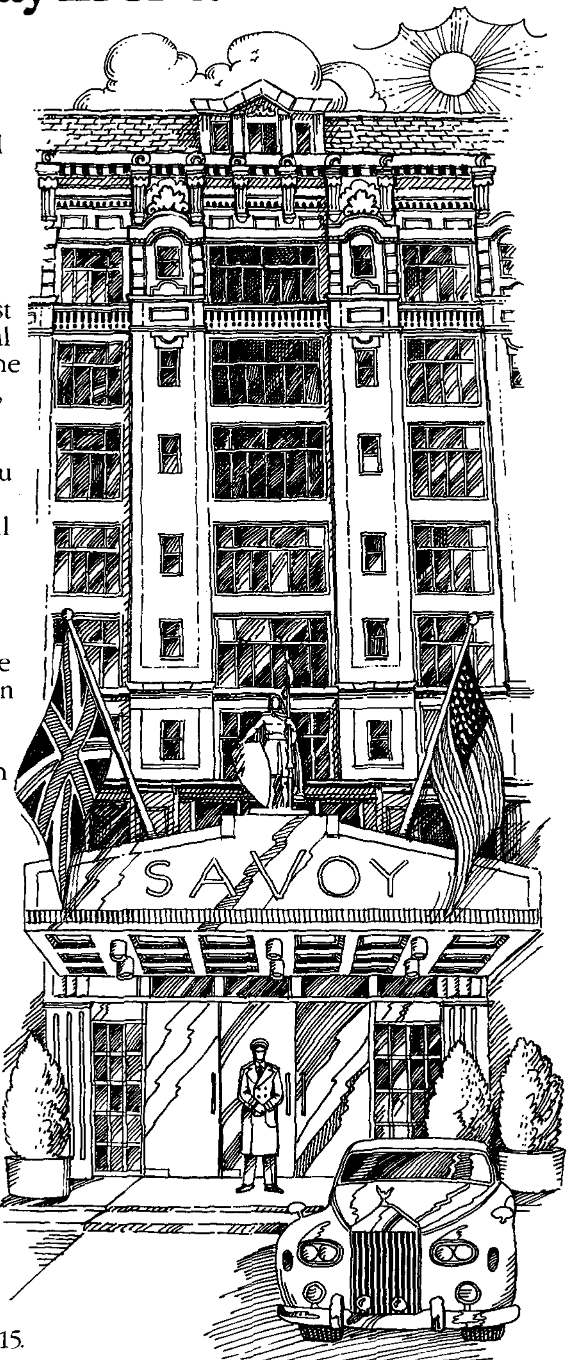

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Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews Astor Plaza. The theatre will be closed on Tuesday, April 12, and Thursday, April 14. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through April 7.)

**Le Retour d'Afrique** (1973)—A gaunt, droll story, set in Geneva, about a couple starting out on a journey to Algeria that is never actually taken, though it changes the two of them politically. The picture has a subdued gaiety and a firm intellect rare in films. Produced, directed, and written by Alain Tanner, who directed "Charles Dead or Alive" and "La Salamandre." In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 12-13.)

**Say Amen, Somebody**—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the late twenties and the early thirties—the Depression years—when he fused their profane and their sacred music and called the result gospel. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith, the matriarch of gospel, has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters—dramatic, physically striking women with ample figures in shiny, clinging blue gowns—sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. Talented as he is, Nierenberg may be too genteel for his subject. The movie doesn't acknowledge that for a lot of people the rhythmic excitement and spiritual uplift of gospel make it an overpoweringly pleasurable combination that leads to the convulsive writhing and muttering of religious possession. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Simon of the Desert** (1965)—Luis Buñuel made this short satirical feature (forty-five minutes) in Mexico, just before he did "Belle de Jour." It's a jovial comedy about the temptations of St. Simeon Stylites, the fifth-century desert anchorite who spent thirty-seven years preaching to pilgrims from his perch on top of a column; in both a literal and figurative sense it's a shaggy-saint story. Simon (Claudio Brook) performs his miracles, and the crowds evaluate them like a bunch of New York cabdrivers discussing a parade: whatever it was, it wasn't much. He restores hands to a thief whose hands have been chopped off; the crowds rate the miracle "not bad," and the thief's first act with his new hands is to slap his own child. The Devil, in the female form of Silvia Pinal (much more amusing as the Devil than she is in her guises in other Buñuel films), tempts Simon and at one point frames him in front of the local priests, who are more than willing to believe the worst of him. He falls, of course, because of the animal instincts he has tried to deny. Buñuel couldn't raise the money to finish the film, and he resorted to a bummer of a jokey ending in which the foolish saint is transported to the modern world and left, a lost soul, in a Greenwich Village discothèque full of dancing teen-agers. Up to then, this little film ranks with Buñuel's finest; his technique here is so simple and direct that the movie is an aesthetic assault on bourgeois taste. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio; April 8-14.)

**Soldier of Orange** (1979)—A true-blue Second World War film from Dutch director Paul Verhoeven, with a fine, thoughtful actor, Rutger Hauer, playing the aristocratic Erik Hazelhoff Roelfzema (a real-life Resistance figure on whose memoirs the film is based). There is great sorrow here, as a band of prewar Dutch university students is gradually decimated, but also some humor—Hauer's tango with a turncoat at a Third Reich party in the midst of a clandestine mission is incongruous but carried off with great éclat. In Dutch and English. (Gemini; starting April 8.)

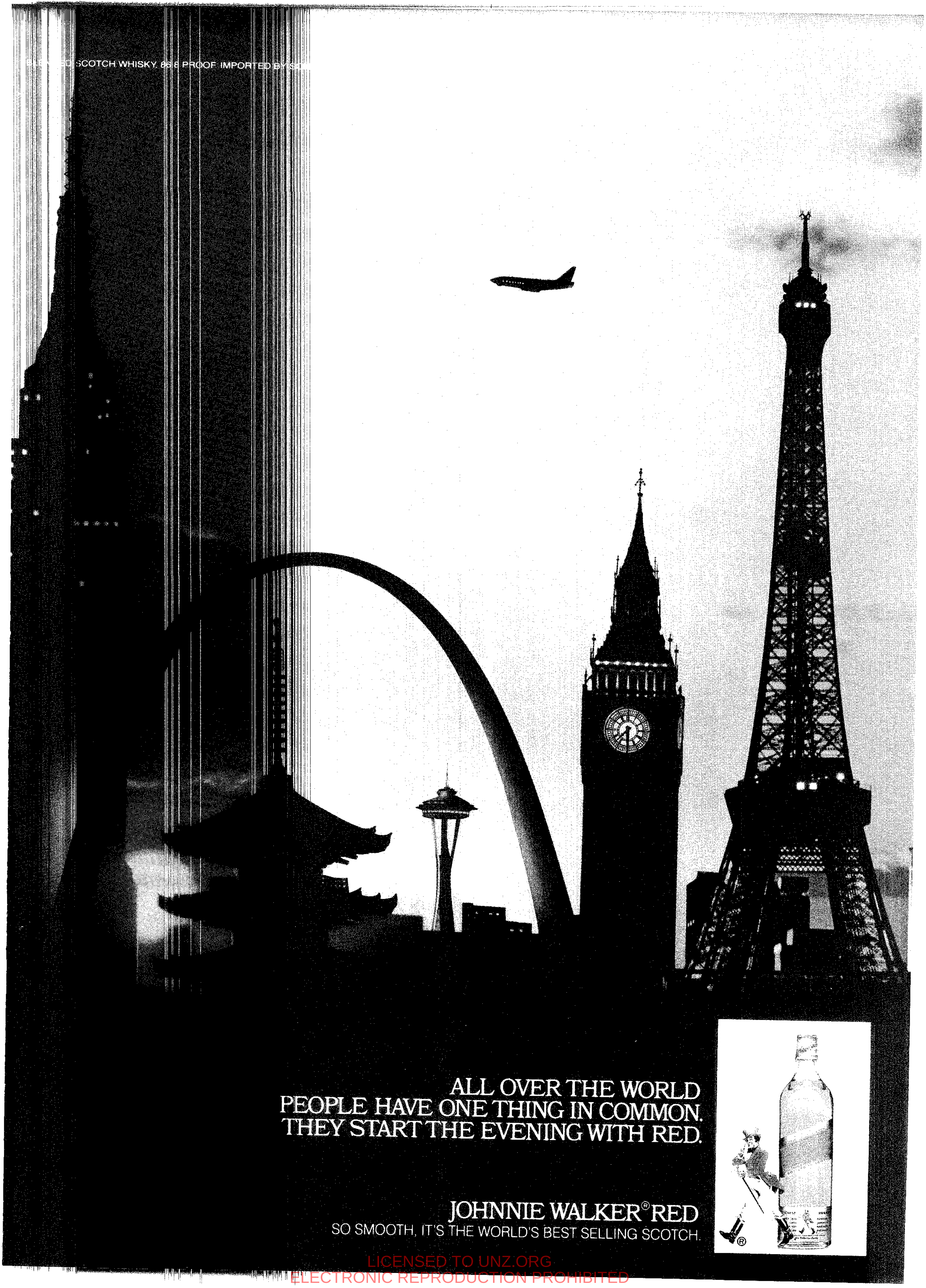
**Sophie's Choice**—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Manhattan, and Greenwich Playhouse.)

**Taxi Driver** (1976)—Robert De Niro is in almost every frame of Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. De Niro's inflamed, brimming eyes are the focal point of the compositions. He's Travis Bickle, an outsider who can't find any point of entry into human society. He drives nights because he can't sleep anyway; surrounded by the night world of the uprooted—whores, pimps, transients—he hates New York with a Biblical fury, and its filth and smut obsess him. This ferociously powerful film is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Scorsese achieves the quality of trance in some scenes, and the whole movie has a sense of vertigo. The cinematographer, Michael Chapman, gives the street life a seamy, rich pulpiness. From Paul Schrader's script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, Albert Brooks, Leonard Harris, Harry Northup, Joe Spinnell, Diahnne Abbott, and Scorsese himself. (Cinema Village; April 15-16.)

**Tootsie**—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art. Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 7.)

**The Verdict**—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. Newman plays his role for all it has got, but it's a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through April 7. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting April 8.)

**The Year of Living Dangerously**—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Quad Cinema. No performances on Monday, April 11. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through April 13. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 14.)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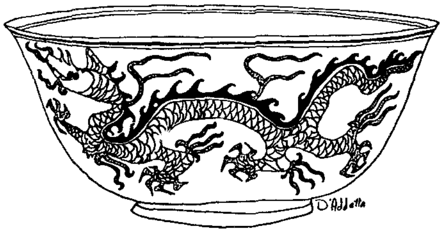
THE
NEW YORKER

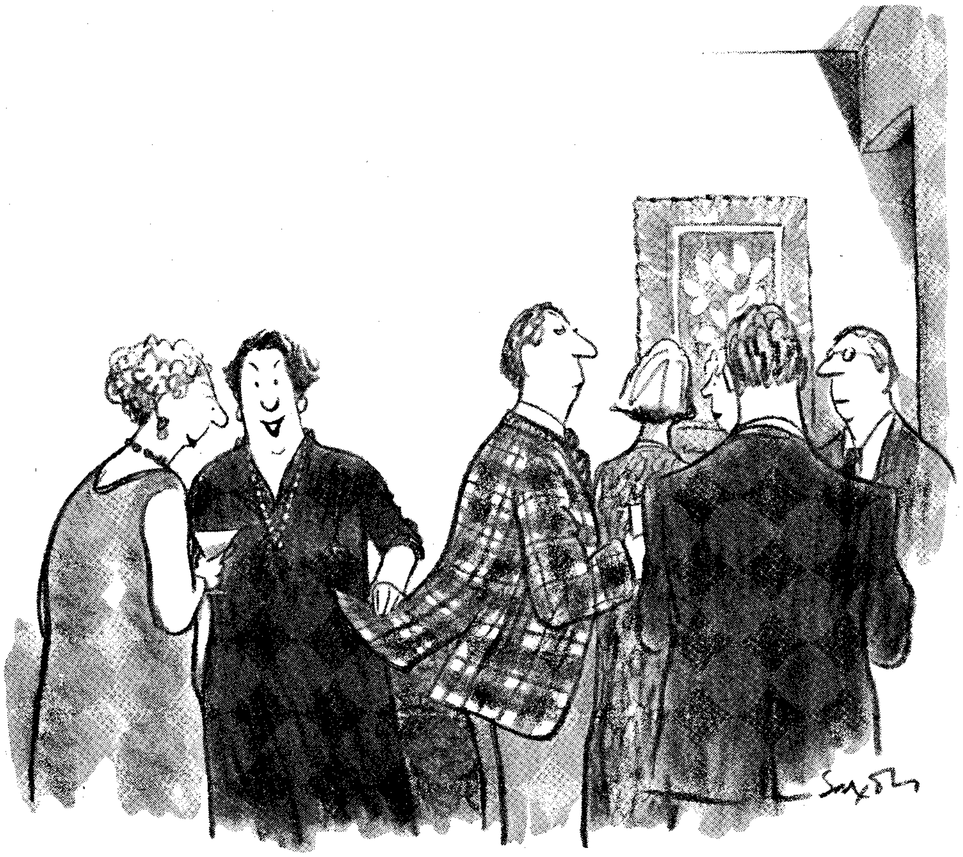
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

ALMOST immediately after President Reagan proposed to change "the course of human history" by shielding the nation from nuclear attack with a system of defense that would become operative in the twenty-first century, a host of objections—most of them convincing, we thought—were raised. A considerable part of the scientific community, to whom the President had appealed for support, denounced the scheme as unworkable. The scientists pointed out, among other things, that to provide a real defense against missiles the system would have to attain the impossible goal of being virtually one-hundred-per-cent efficient (for if only a few per cent of either side's warheads got through they could destroy hundreds of cities); that defensive weapons in space, which is where many of them would be positioned, could not neutralize missiles and planes flying low in the atmosphere; and that even if the proposed system worked perfectly it could not prevent advancing armies from making use of some kinds of nuclear weapons—for example, in Europe. They also pointed out—and this objection seemed decisive—that the defensive weapons, wherever they were positioned, would be vulnerable to attack, including attack by nuclear weapons. The likelihood is, therefore, that such defensive weaponry, far from ultimately protecting people on earth, would merely set the stage for a preliminary war in space, after which the missiles would fly just as they would if war broke out today. And no sooner had the scientists been heard from than the nuclear strategists began to speak up, pointing out that construction of a defensive system would be highly "destabilizing," since the side that lacked the system, or had fallen behind in building one, would grow fearful that the other side, now protected by its defensive shield, might start entertaining the thought of launching a preëmptive strike. In the peculiar, inverted logic of present-day policy, everyone's safety depends on everyone's remaining endangered. To put it briefly, defense undermines deterrence, and deterrence is the policy that the world now seeks to rely on for its survival. In this circumstance, the unworkability of the system which the scientists talked of actually emerges as a virtue. In other words, if the system should be installed it would increase our peril, but we don't have to worry, because it won't work and so will probably never be built.

Taken together, these objections are almost certainly sufficient to relegate the President's plan to whatever graveyard is reserved for notions that never get any further than the peroration of some politician's speech. Be that as it may, we found the proposal useful as an aid to thought. The President began by expressing his dismay that the two great nuclear powers have found no better way of coping with the nuclear predicament than to threaten one another's populations with retaliatory annihilation, and called this state of affairs "a sad commentary on the human condition," as indeed it is. And it was to escape this horrific situation that the President proposed his defensive plan. Though we were fully persuaded by the scientists and the strategists, we nevertheless permitted ourself the luxury of imagining for a moment that some such scheme as the President's would actually work—that defensive weapons *would* render nuclear weapons and their delivery systems useless and "obsolete" (as Secretary of Defense Weinberger put it). As the President pointed out in later remarks, once the nuclear weapons on both sides had been neutralized both sides would be free to dismantle their useless nuclear arsenals, and so achieve the dream of full nuclear disarmament. The President also suggested that in the interest of attaining this dream the United States, having built a defensive system for itself, might offer the technology to the Soviets, and he even left open the possibility that this country might develop the system jointly with them. If that occurred, the United States and the Soviet Union would in effect have established a joint command to protect the earth from nuclear destruction. But then a further question comes to mind: If the neutralization of all nuclear weapons became a goal to which both nuclear powers subscribed, what need would there be to create an immense, expensive technical edifice to achieve it? Why should nations join together to spend tens, or even hundreds, of billions of dollars in order to counter a threat that is posed by no one but themselves—as though one were to point a gun at one's head and then search for an invulnerable helmet to protect one's head from the bullet? After all, the missiles and the bombs are in our collective hands right now. Given the political will, we can take hold of them right here on earth, in their silos and submarines and planes, and dismantle them, without bothering first to fire them at one another and then intercept them with, say, laser beams in outer space. We don't need to go to outer space or wait for the





*"Isn't it amazing? Donald and I were just strolling through the sidewalk sale and this was hanging on the rack for sixty-five dollars!"*

• •

twenty-first century to change the course of human history and save mankind from annihilation by nuclear arms. We can do it here and now.

• •

## *Seminar*

SCIENTIFIC meetings, like most get-togethers where people sit and listen to other people talk for hours on end, are marked by a high per-capita consumption of coffee. The recent all-day seminar entitled "Frontiers of Research in the Neurosciences" (organized by the Society for Neuroscience and held at the Cornell University Medical College) was no exception. Not only were there two large urns of black coffee (and one urn of hot water for tea) on tables flanking the rostrum but the printed program specified time out for "COFFEE" halfway through the morning and afternoon sessions, and the seminar chairman, Barry H. Smith, who is a neurosurgeon with the National Institutes of Health, announced the first intermission with these words: "We're going to break for coffee now."

None of this would have been surprising if it hadn't been for the fact that in recent months coffee—that much praised, much damned beverage—has once again been getting a bad press in scientific circles. A government report not long ago urged pregnant women to limit their coffee drinking; in large doses the acid content of coffee is known to irritate the stomach; there have been studies linking caffeine, which has always been thought to be the main "active" ingredient of coffee, to cancer in human beings. And a recent article in the British journal *Nature* reported the discovery in coffee of a previously unsuspected "psychoactive" substance that might (or might not) have powerful effects on the human nervous system.

This substance, which hasn't even been named yet, is found in regular and decaffeinated coffee alike. There is evidence that it may interfere with a pathway in the nervous system which controls our sensations of pain and pleasure. This pathway is normally switched on by chemicals that are produced in the body and closely resemble morphine and other opiate drugs. The discovery a decade ago of these chemicals, called "endogenous opioids," and of special "opiate receptors" in the nervous system raised all sorts of questions about the biochemical regulation of mood. One speculation particularly interested researchers: Are the endogenous opioids at work all the time, dulling and masking the tensions and apprehensions of daily life? If so, then any substance that interferes with their normal operation can be expected to raise anxiety—a side effect that has often been noted in people who drink large amounts of coffee. Tests have established that caffeine alone does *not* interact with the endogenous-opioid pathway; just how it produces its stimulating effect is still a mystery. It remains to be seen whether the newly discovered substance in coffee behaves in the human nervous system as it does in laboratory preparations. (Some substances that interfere with the endogenous-opioid pathway have turned out to have few, if any, detectable effects on mood in normal subjects.) At any rate, scientists seem almost embarrassed by having found in the common cup of coffee a hitherto unnoticed chemical of such potential importance. As one commentator in *Nature* put it, "the possibility that coffee drinkers regularly imbibe an opiate receptor antagonist reminds us of how little we understand the normal functioning of the endogenous opioid mechanisms."

It was to find out more about these mechanisms—and to see how scientists react personally to their own discoveries—that we attended the neurosciences seminar. Because all the endogenous opioids are peptides, which are subunits of proteins, we were especially drawn to the part of the program, following the morning coffee break, entitled "Peptides: Linking Body, Brain, and Behavior." Dorothy T. Krieger, the director of the Division of Endocrinology of the Mt. Sinai School of Medicine, who was the first speaker, offered a dizzying survey of the peptide studies that have become something of a boom industry in biological laboratories over the last ten years. There is apparently no aspect of human behavior and no corner of the animal kingdom in which peptides haven't been discovered doing something interesting. They act as hormonal and neuronal messengers in multicelled organisms ranging from man and woman to the lowly lamprey, and similar substances may perform useful tasks in one-celled protozoa and bacteria. The brain-peptide vasopressin—which gets its name because it constricts blood vessels—has been shown to enhance memory in rats. Another brain peptide, oxytocin, which is used clinically to induce labor, seems to have a depressant effect on memory. The trouble is, Dr. Krieger said, that, with many different peptides having many interrelated effects on many bodily functions, it will probably require the creation of specifically targeted peptides or a carefully balanced *package* of peptides to produce the new therapeutic substances that so many drug companies are looking for—an anti-senility "memory pill," for instance, and a nonaddictive pain reliever.

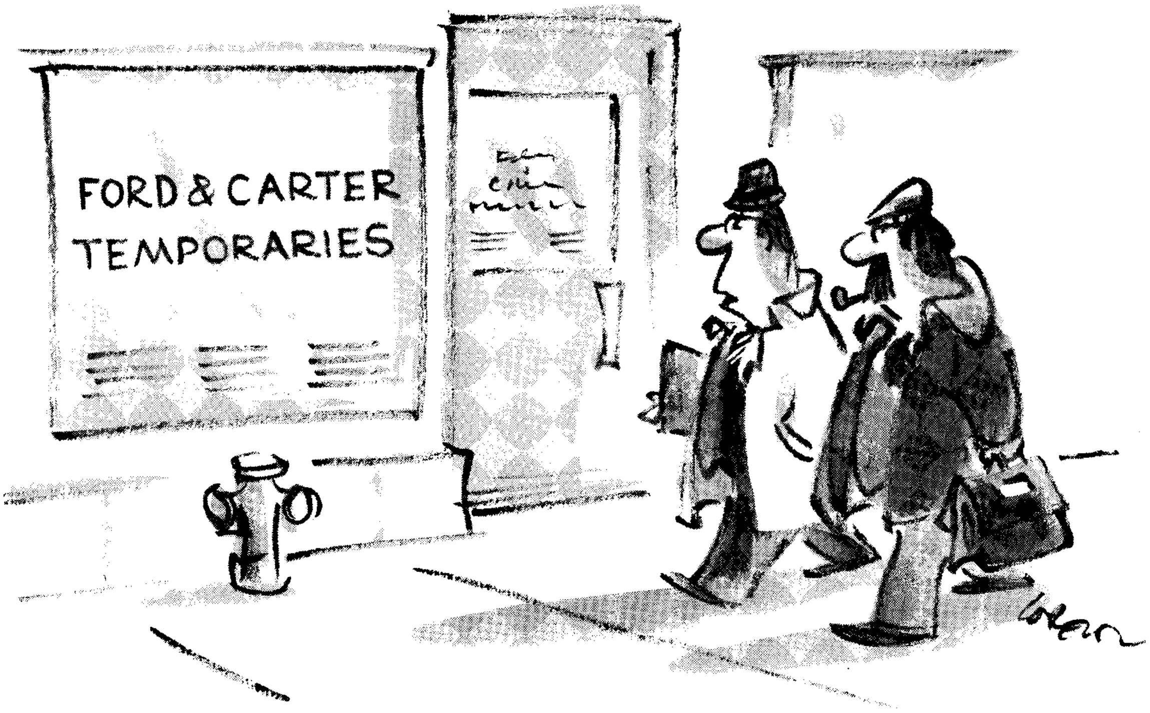
George F. Koob, a staff scientist at the Salk Institute, in La Jolla, California, was a bit more hopeful about the current pace of peptide research. The discovery last year of a brain peptide called CRF (short for "corticotropin-releasing factor") supplied the missing link in our understanding of the body's reaction to stress. CRF initiates the whole chain of events. When Dr. Koob injected small quantities of CRF into the brains of rats, the animals showed a severe stress reaction, refusing even to explore a large open cage in which they were placed. As Dr. Koob described it, CRF acts like an "anti-Valium." Presumably, there is no market for a drug that *increases* anxiety. But Dr. Koob thinks that an analysis of the properties of CRF could perhaps lead to the creation of an "anti-CRF" that would alleviate anxiety even more effectively than Valium—which is one of the most widely prescribed drugs in the world.

Since none of the speakers saw fit to mention the recent development on the coffee-research frontier, we decided to ask them privately what they thought about the report in *Nature*. We found Dr. Koob, after his talk, drinking a cup of coffee. He said that nothing he had heard about the new psychoactive substance had persuaded him to cut down on his coffee intake; he usually drinks three cups a day. Dr. Krieger, who was hurrying to catch a plane, said that she was aware of the *Nature* article but had no intention of giving up her two or three cups a day. Another speaker—John G. Hildebrand, professor of biological sciences at Columbia University—told us that he *had* cut down, from eight or ten cups a day to two or three, because he was worried about his "weak gut." But he said that he enjoyed coffee too much to give it up entirely on the basis of present evidence.

The only person we spoke to who had real reservations about coffee drinking was Dr. Smith, the brain surgeon. He told us that he drank very little coffee. "Generally, I don't feel very good after it," he said. He added that, like many of his colleagues, he *never* drank coffee before surgery. He extended his right hand and held it steady in midair. "I get a slight tremor from even one cup."

## *Expensive*

A RECEPTION announcing the most expensive apartments ever built in New York City was held recently in the sales office of 500 Park Avenue, above which the expensive apartments rise. There was a man from one of the firms that participated in the apartments' design pointing to a model of one of the larger apartments (seven rooms, 2,666 square feet) and confidently telling an attentive dark-haired woman, "Nowadays, people are more involved with color. The color here is a series of tints—not an aggressive attitude toward color. A background attitude toward color—yet color," and there was the same man a moment later looking sheepish after a man came up to him, directed his attention to a certain part of the model, and said, "Shouldn't these be French doors?" There was a man whose company had helped finance the apartments telling a reporter from a magazine concerned with art and architecture that of a total of fifty-six apartments available fourteen had been spoken for, and saying, when the reporter asked if any had gone to famous people, "Not that I know of. Most of the people are total mysteries." There was an architect explaining the significance of the apartment models to a guest by saying, "This building is being sold on an international level—there's a lot of offshore interest—and these models give us the ability to suggest a finished unit. Say a guy in England sends a representative. He can come and see what we are trying to do with the window zone. Otherwise, it's very difficult to talk three-dimensional design on the phone with a person who's not three-dimension-



*"Just a coincidence, surely."*

al.” There was a designer pointing to the model and telling a companion, “Furniture is from the period of 1904. Hoffmann and the Austrian designers. Mackintosh chairs.” There was a tall, portly man with a paunch like a feed sack wandering around by himself and announcing his next move: “I think I’ll go into the other room now. . . . I think I’ll look at the models some more. . . . I think I’ll have another shrimp. . . . I think I’ll have some more champagne.” There was a special slide presentation, projected on three walls at once, showing attractive scenes of New York, showing pleasing views of the building, showing orchids (the ones in the sales office) close up, the way Georgia O’Keeffe might have painted them, while a narrator said, “Perfection: it speaks many languages; it knows no nationality,” said, “Park Avenue is not a location; it’s a state of mind,” said, “The attentive doorman meets your limousine as it arrives,” and there was a woman in a beige suit who sat in a plush chair watching the slide presentation and, when it was over, turned to a man next to her and said without conviction, “Yes. Well. That was interesting.” There was a handsome woman with a white barrette who surveyed the room from a corner as if it were a featureless plain she had to cross. There was a young man with long hair who looked like Ron Duguay, the New York Rangers star, but wasn’t. There was a pretty, brown-haired woman in a maroon dress, with a blue scarf and a rope of pearls, who held a glass of champagne and leaned slightly forward, in confidence, toward a sympathetic man she had just met, and told him, “I’m thinking of moving where the political tides are safe.” There was a young man from one of the firms overseeing the interior design who explained his working philosophy to a woman, saying, “The ceiling molding and the window lights, that’s critical. Most people overlook it. Most people think you plan a room horizontally. You don’t. You plan vertically. Then it’s very easy,” and there was the woman, pursing her lips and saying, “*You* think it’s easy.” There was a woman in a fur hat, with two diamond rings and splendid red nails, who sat at a table for a long time with her chin in her palm and her fingers holding a cigarette to her mouth, as if she were stifling a yawn. There was a young man from the company superintending the sale of the apartments who explained to the guests the steps taken to market the apartments thus far, saying, “We went to St. Moritz and we went to Monte Carlo to meet the jet set. We went eyeball to eyeball with them. They know New York, they know Park Avenue, and they all said they were coming to look within three months. I told them three months may be too late.” And there was a short man with a mustache—a guest—and a tall man from one of the firms involved who had a laugh together, because the short man asked “How come the apartments are so expensive?” and the tall man said “I don’t know—that’s a vexed question.”

## *Hasty Pudding*

ROLLICKING—yessir, they are! And merry—their grins prove it! Enthusiastic—why, these guys never stop moving! Lighthearted, gleeful, sunny, vivacious—take our word for it! And wearing women’s clothing—that, too! Harvard College’s Hasty Pudding Theatricals commuted down from Cambridge a week or so ago for a three-day New York run of the *one-hundred-and-thirty-fifth* annual Pudding show—a spectacle that, as its hundred and thirty-four predecessors did, features an all-male cast in a venture vaguely satirical and conducted largely in drag. Past productions have starred the likes of Oliver Wendell Holmes (the younger), Henry Cabot Lodge (the older, who was Imogene in 1869’s “Alonzo the Brave”), George Santayana (Lady Elfrida in an 1885 “Robin Hood”), John Reed (a slave, of all things, in the 1910 triumph, “Diana’s Début”), Robert Benchley, and Archibald Cox.

Though the title of this year’s show was “Of Mines and Men,” it did not remind the viewer of John Steinbeck’s story of much the same name, which was about a man who killed a puppy (not that he wanted the puppy dead, mind you; it’s a complicated story). Rather, the Pudding show was set in the Old West and dealt mainly with the acquisition of riches. The chorus of the first show-stopping song, for instance, went like this:

Gold!
Hooray for Money!
Yippee for Gold!
Hooray for Money!
*Three cheers for cold, hard cash!*

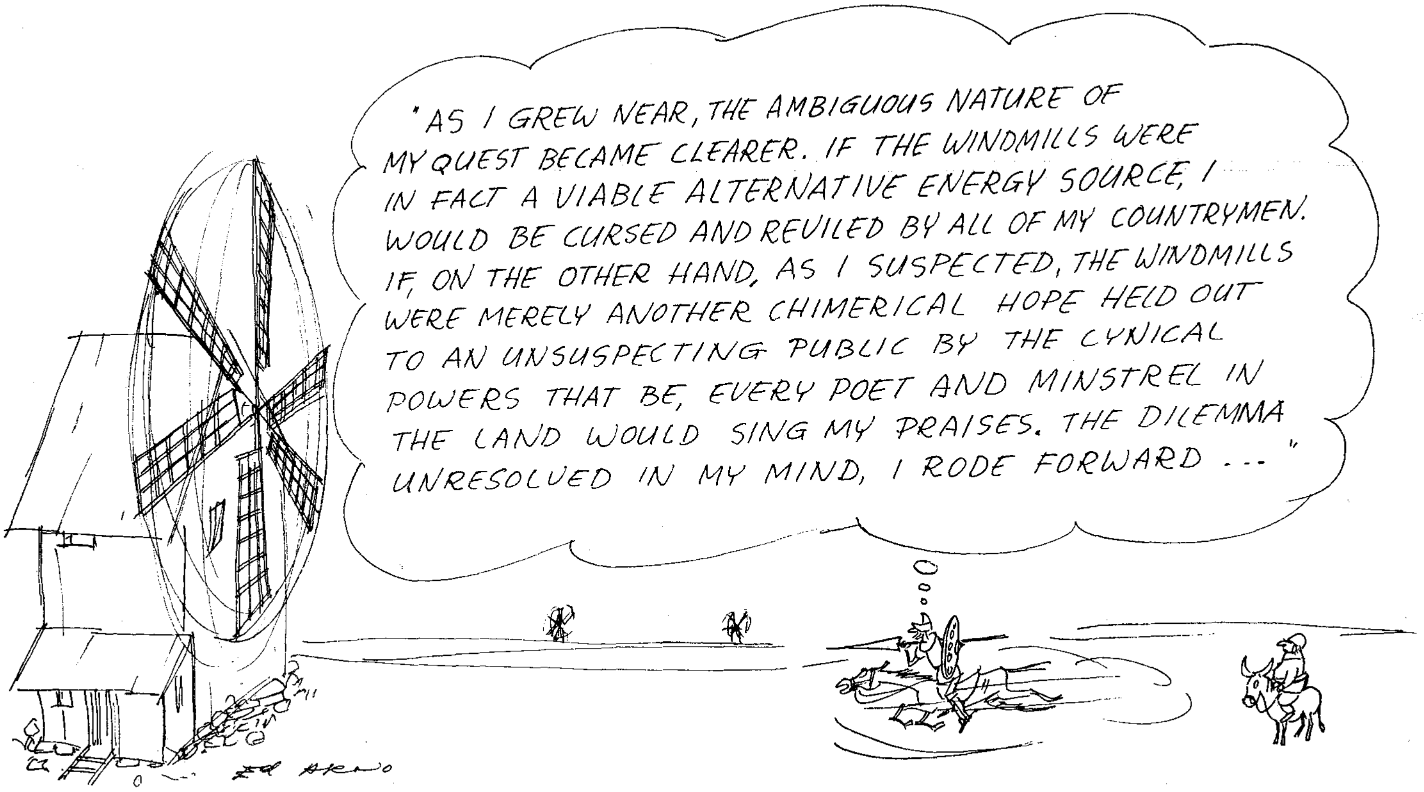
Several troupe members informed us that questionable puns are the lifeblood of the annual production. This year’s cast of characters included Angela Mercy, Mother Load, Helen Highwater, Dwight Tornado, Festus Gunninawest, Harmony Grits, and Russell M. Dogeeze. The tenor of the script may be discerned from this interchange, part of a long series of jokes about toothpaste:

Did he go to Harvard?
I believe he got his M.F.P. at Colgate.
Oh. I thought he went to Fluoride State.

A long run of puns involving Middle Eastern political figures was also essayed (“I’ve got gold-in-my-ear”). Several jokes poked good-natured fun at Wellesley College, a women’s school in convenient proximity to the Harvard campus.

The highlight of each year’s show is a kick line, and this spring’s featured sixteen undergraduate males, many of them beefy, not a few of them sporting mustaches and beards, and all of them dressed in rust-red cowgirl skirts and brown Stetsons. The audience—older than the performers, for the most part, with a good sprinkling of Hasty Pudding ties—whooped and hollered and shouted friendly insults throughout this scene. (At loftier playhouses, such an audience reaction might have counted as participatory drama, but here it seemed to be strictly whooping and hollering.) After the kick line, the plot twists were neatly ironed out amid a good deal of mock gunplay, and petroleum was discovered in an abandoned gold mine (the Your Place Ore Mine)—a dénouement that permitted the villain, Gustave Yuvantsum, to pronounce, by way of benediction, “Oil’s well that ends well.”

To stage the New York production, Pudding representatives rented the auditorium of the Robert Wagner Junior High School, a public institution on East Seventy-sixth Street. As we left the auditorium after the show, we noticed, off to one side, a hallway display case that some kindly teacher


"AS I GREW NEAR, THE AMBIGUOUS NATURE OF MY QUEST BECAME CLEARER. IF THE WINDMILLS WERE IN FACT A VIABLE ALTERNATIVE ENERGY SOURCE, I WOULD BE CURSED AND REVILED BY ALL OF MY COUNTRYMEN. IF, ON THE OTHER HAND, AS I SUSPECTED, THE WINDMILLS WERE MERELY ANOTHER CHIMERICAL HOPE HELD OUT TO AN UNSUSPECTING PUBLIC BY THE CYNICAL POWERS THAT BE, EVERY POET AND MINSTREL IN THE LAND WOULD SING MY PRAISES. THE DILEMMA UNRESOLVED IN MY MIND, I RODE FORWARD . . ."

• •

had set up in an attempt to inspire youths to continue their education. One sign in the display caught our eye. It asked, in bold red letters, "Should You Go to College?"

## *Imprinted Sportswear*

IT'S so easy to offend people. Terry Cook was really very nice about our referring to T-shirts as T-shirts, and not as imprinted sportswear, but he reddened noticeably when we asked if he considered T-shirts a fad. Obviously conquering a slight quiver in his voice, Mr. Cook—the publisher of *T-Shirt Retailer & Screen Printer*, and the host of the recent National T-Shirt Show, at the Sheraton Centre—declared, "People are always calling T-shirts a fad. To that I say 'Nuts!' If it is a fad, it is a fad that has already lasted fifteen years. The imprinted-sportswear industry sold thirty-two million dozen items last year. And that doesn't include undershirts. They're counted as part of the white-underwear trade, not as sportswear." Indeed, Mr. Cook explained as he led us around the Sheraton Centre exhibition hall, T-shirts are a tabula rasa for trends in every other part of society (though mostly the rock-and-roll, movie, and television parts). "Five years ago, novelty designs were very popular," said Mr. Cook, who was wearing a shirt with buttons, a coat, a tie, and a name tag with small orange lights that blinked on and off. "Back then, the things that were in were, like, 'Chevies Eat Fords.' Now the trend is to smaller, upscale, upper-demographic sort of designs. The baby-boomers are growing up. A few years ago, they were into anti-war and all that. Now they're more sophisticated. What's extremely popular in the industry now is resorts—Bermuda, Martha's Vineyard, anything with a location on it."

Poking around the exhibition hall, we came across T-shirts harking back to the late television comedy "M*A*S*H," T-shirts lionizing rock-and-roll bands (the T-shirts of the Iron Maiden and Judas Priest groups sell like anything, a young woman assured us), and T-shirts with Harley-Davidson motorcycle emblems. One firm dealt mainly in ethnic T-shirts, sometimes with religious overtones ("Jesus Es Mi Amigo"); another offered a whole line that said "I'm Looking for an Apartment [or "Husband," "Wife," "Roommate," etc.]—Stop Me If You Know of Anything." And a man named Finn told us that his Sixty-fourth Street boutique sometimes retails T-shirts for upward of two thousand dollars (somewhat above the industry average of six dollars and a quarter), and that soon he will sell a Salvador Dali original for fifty thousand dollars. "The thing is, when it gets dirty you can just throw it right in the washing machine," he said.

Recalling our favorite T-shirt ever, which was yellow and red and overconfident, in that it said "President McGovern '72" (McGovern, you may recall, lost that particular election), we asked Mr. Cook if many of the newly sophisticated baby-boomers wore imprinted sportswear with political designs.

"No," he said. "Political shirts are not real hot. Certain things just get hot. 'Foxy Lady,' for instance. That got hot and sold millions."

Other experts we encountered at the Sheraton backed up Mr. Cook. Mort Blake, who has been in the industry eight years and currently offers T-shirts dotted with small blinking lights that are powered by a battery so small "it couldn't hurt a baby," gave us a short course in the recent history of the business and, perhaps, the society. "The T-shirt has evolved through different fads, such as Fonzie and Farrah Fawcett," he said. "It's gone from a theme of popular people to a general theme of personal appeal. These days, there are a lot of expressions and sayings. 'Single and Loving It' is a very attractive item these days. But we haven't had any success at all with political T-shirts. Things have evolved to the point where the public isn't too interested."

# THE WELLMAN TWINS

"YOU never lie to me," Bluey wrote before the point of his cedar pencil snapped. He shrugged, reread the page. He had meant to come off as someone firm, plain-minded, blunt; someone deliberate and sexually sure. He thought that in the past he had too often seemed moony and fragile.

He was lying on his hip, on the floor matting in the living room. He was comfortable, with one elbow buried in a cushion he had filched from the great couch. He lay near a box speaker—one of six that were wired into the house sound system. The music that raged was "Take Her," a twenty-minute song with locomotive rhythms, done by an English band called Island of Agathas. Bluey thought this music might warm him into his new attitude.

He kept his writings in a loose binder, now grown so fat and heavy that it required two wide pale rubber bands to stay square and manageable. The title, "Letters to Ivy," was written across the face of the binder in blue ink. There were seventy letters—something more than five hundred pages. He wanted to finish this latest one with a lie, but his pencil was broken, and besides, the lie was so ill-conceived that it dissolved in Bluey's mind even as he was trying to frame it in words. "So I'll tell you," he resumed tentatively. "I've met a girl who is lovely, who is a model, who is much older, who is much younger but wise, and is a mermaid in the moonlit breakers . . ."

There was noise at the front door—a calling and banging. The family dog dropped his toy, a red rubber mouse, and went to answer. Bluey followed, shutting up the Island of Agathas as he passed the turntable.

He opened one of the double doors to Greer, his twin sister, whose arms were trying to cope with a bulging nylon tote bag, a cased viola, a bottle of champagne, and a cornucopia of sweet rocket—flowers wrapped in a tissue-paper cone. She had knee-thumped the door. "At last!" she said, and, "Guess what. Sixty-seven tax-free dollars I made. So there. And it's all mine."

"Yeah, but you spent sixty-six on flowers and wine," Bluey said.

"You're jealous," Greer said.

She was a street musician, or had become one recently. She played to the lunch crowds over in Newport. This was instead of having what her mother always called a *real* summer job, though neither twin had to work just yet. They were provided for by their mother, who was provided for by the life insurance, the Treasury issues, the stock portfolio, and the other foresighted investments of her late husband, the twins' father. He had been Randall Wellman, of Wellman's Valve, in Kingston, Rhode Island. He had died eleven years earlier, and the twins, who were ten years old then, still sometimes exchanged their dim recollections of him.

The twins themselves were one-month alumni of the University of Rhode Island, where they had achieved extremely uneven academic records—their dazzling A's dimmed by low C's or even D's in courses that had disappointed them. Bluey had been pre-med and had applied to several medical schools—so far without success. Greer, who had studied music, was entering the Peabody Conservatory in the fall.

"You're not really wearing all that eye makeup. Tell me I'm seeing things," Bluey said. He was Randall Wellman II on his driver's license and other documents, but most of his friends knew him only by the nickname. Because the twins had looked so much alike as infants, their mother had dressed them in traditional baby colors. His blue made him Bluey in time, and Greer had been Pinky until her teens, when she began insisting on her real name.

"Lemme by," Greer said now. "God damn it, Deuce, stop!"

Deuce, the retriever, was bounding at Greer. Bluey hooked the dog's choke collar with one finger and took the champagne from his sister with his free hand. The champagne had been refrigerated in the store, and the bottle was still slick with beaded moisture. He let Greer pass, but he gave her a look of impatience. Greer turned to her right, taking a firmer hitch on the tote bag, and went down the long hall and into the big, cool kitchen.

Bluey tapped the dog's head very lightly with the bottle. "You get peaceful. I'm warning you," he said, and then loosed the dog and followed his sister.

She had left the groceries in a heap on the table and was already stacking together a sandwich—raw vegetables on protein bread. She was whistling.

"What did you do, comb your hair with a scissors?" Bluey said, staring at her. "And what's with the survival wear?"

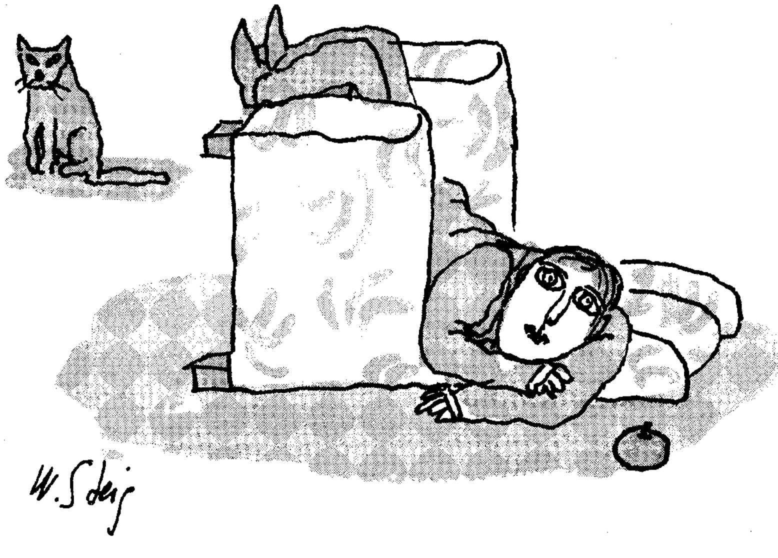
Greer was wearing a shirt with a camouflage pattern and deep pockets. The sleeves were turned back in big rolls over her delicate arms.

"Is that sandwich for you?" Bluey said. "It looks like rodent food. It looks as if you're making it for a gerbil or a ground chuck."

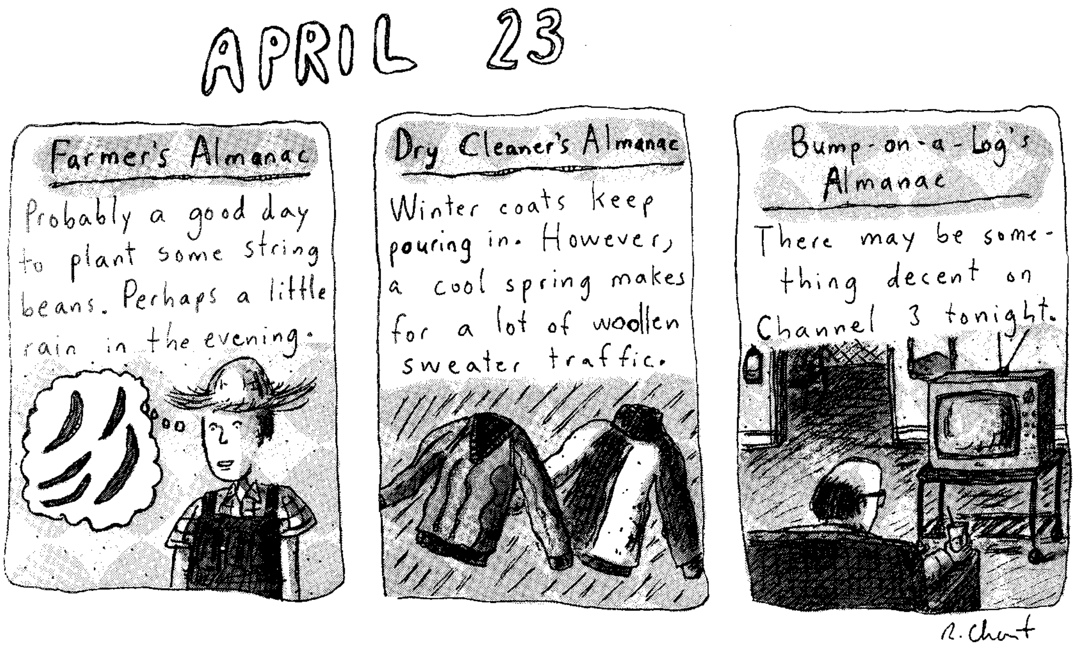
"You don't mean a ground chuck," Greer said. "Where's the clover honey, please? Ground chuck is meat, isn't it? You mean a woodchuck or a groundhog. A hedgehog?"

"I mean it looks too dry for a human being to swallow, and, wow, will Mother do a back flip when she sees your hair."

The twins' mother was having her summer in Maui, in a time-share condominium she had bought into.



*Elusive Memory*


APRIL 23
Farmer's Almanac
Probably a good day to plant some string beans. Perhaps a little rain in the evening.
Dry Cleaner's Almanac
Winter coats keep pouring in. However, a cool spring makes for a lot of woollen sweater traffic.
Bump-on-a-Log's Almanac
There may be something decent on Channel 3 tonight.
R. Chast

"Are you listening at all, Greer?" Bluey said.

"Go be someplace else. Give me my booze," his sister said.

Bluey handed over the bottle of champagne. "You're lucky you're still young," he said. "Soon your body won't be able to metabolize these ungodly amounts of alcohol."

"Oh, spare us. I'm allowed to celebrate."

Bluey remembered the letter he had been writing, and hurried to put it away. Deuce was in the living room, coiled on the center seat of the mammoth couch. "You're not *serious*," Bluey said to him. Deuce beat his tail slowly and ducked his head.

"Leave him alone, too!" Greer shouted from the kitchen.

Bluey took his notebook and new pages into his bedroom—what had once been his father's study and at-home office, just off the living room. Now the walls were tacked over with blank watercolor paper—Bluey's idea—and the furniture was white-painted cane and bentwood. Matchstick blinds dimmed the late-afternoon sunlight. Bluey propped a side chair under the knob of his door and returned to his letter.

AN hour later, when Bluey went to the living room, Deuce was allowing his haunches to be used as a pillow for Greer's head. They were on the sofa. Both drunk, Bluey decided.

"Good," he said. "Savor the fruits of your labor. I'm jealous, I guess. Not about the money, but I can't believe the nerve it must take to stand up and perform in front of a live audience. Courage, I mean. Real people who can react, good or bad, right there to your face. Did you give Deuce some Mumm's?"

"*Oui*," Greer said.

"Congratulations on the sixty-seven dollars, anyway," Bluey said.

"Who's this different person from an hour ago, Deuce? Do we know this guy?" Greer asked the dog.

"I like your clothes, too. I like those fatigue pants," Bluey said.

Greer did a leg-raise. "These pants fought in the D.M.Z.," she said.

"Aha," Bluey said.

"Also, did you know Deuce has a girly friend? Yes, he does. She came calling while you were . . . whatever you were doing. She was getting sweet. She's a demure red spaniel."

"Uh," said Bluey, sounding defeated and far away.

"Say, if you're at loose ends . . ." Greer said.

"No, I just feel weird."

"Well, I was going to suggest you build a nice hangover, the way me and Deuce are doing. It's all right. We're twenty-one, all of us. Deuce is about seventy, in fact, counting in dog-years."

BY sunset, the sky had pinked up nicely in the west, was going gray in the east. The twins were on the second-floor back deck, sitting opposite each other and playing canasta on a picnic table with X-shaped legs. The view behind them, over a porch of leaves, was of nice houses like theirs, nice yards and trees, and, away against the horizon, a shivery line of green sea.

The lawn next door was as big as a football field, and tilted steeply down. A bare-chested man was fighting the grade, shoving a green power mower. His blue chambray shirt was tied to the mower's handlebars.

"There's old Bing," Greer said to Bluey. "Bing Litzinger and his grinding machine kept me from napping, and pretty soon Buh-Buh-Bing will get all the insects moving from over there to over here. Yes, he will. *Triste* but true."

"Knock off the French," Bluey said.

"Oh, no, Deuce. Bluey the crank is back. Hey, where *is* Deuce?"

"I let him run," Bluey said.

Greer jumped up from the table, went indoors, and was gone for a while. Bluey, who was wearing narrow swim trunks and a baseball hat in the cooling air, shuffled the old playing cards repeatedly, as if they would warm him. He heard his sister's shrieking whistle from the side of the house. Finally, she reappeared on the deck, carrying clothes.

"Dog's gone. Probably eloped," she announced. "Here. These'll take care of your bad mood." She took off Bluey's cap and replaced it with one of her straw picture hats. Its brim was enormous. Then she wrapped a long white silk scarf around his neck. "You were cold," she said. She draped his navy-blue flannel blazer over his bare shoulders.

"God, I wish you'd sober up," he said.

"Paging Dr. Wellman," Greer said. "You're wanted in Pre-Op. Stat. Code Blue."

"Patient Wellman, you're wanted in Detox," Bluey said.

Greer sat and dealt. As she fanned her cards, she nodded softly, acknowledging each one.

Bluey watched her, re-aimed his

gaze, fidgeted. "I'm sorry, I can't stand this," he said at last. He plucked the straw hat and sailed it over the deck rail. "*Why am I so jittery?*"

"It's all right," Greer said. "We'll get bold. I've got some great things stored away."

"Yes, that might help," Bluey said.

"Getting bold" was the twins' phrase—a code begun when they were younger—for a session of truthtelling.

"Let's crowd the last available boundaries of decency and privacy," Greer said.

"Yeah, trample 'em," said Bluey.

"O.K., I'll start," Greer said. "I read your letters to Ivy." After a minute she added, "Good start, huh?"

Bluey kept a long silence, and even in the dimming light Greer could see that his eyes blinked too much.

"Well, I'll never forgive you," he said at last. "I can't imagine forgiving you."

"Naturally. Way to play," she said. They stared at each other across the table.

"I've got to get Deuce," Bluey said, and rose.

"I'll wait," Greer said. "No, change that—I'll wait inside."

Bluey went barefooted down the deck steps, walking a little edgewise to avoid splinters. He ducked through an orchard of crab-apple trees his father had laid out. Only five trees remained, but there were higher tufts of grass that marked the stumps of the missing trees.

Bluey was slapping at mosquitoes in the twilight when he saw the flash of the dog's shiny coat, and Deuce piled out of some bushes and galumphed into Bing Litzinger's yard. The dog put his front paws over the rim of the birdbath there and drank. Bluey was sneaking up on him when Litzinger, who had finished mowing, emerged from his house.

"Get him *out!*" Litzinger called through the twilight.

"I'm trying, damn it," Bluey said. The dog bucked away at the sound of Bluey's voice and sprinted off in a meaningless circle.

"There's a leash law. I can't have a dog in the yard," Litzinger said. He watched the contest as Bluey tried to capture Deuce. The dog was taunting, staying just beyond reach, his rump raised up, his front legs flat on the grass.

"I know your mother," Litzinger warned, before heading back to his house.

Greer was in the kitchen, wearing the picture hat. She was eating a bran muffin.

Deuce's nails scraped on the polished linoleum floor as Bluey dragged him into the room. The dog's tail was curled down, his ears back.

"You're *still* purple with rage," Greer said to her brother, watching him carefully. "Why don't you crash a dish or two?"

Bluey freed the dog, and removed a dark bottle of Cutty Sark from the liquor cupboard. The ship's calendar on the cupboard door flapped as he closed it. Bluey measured out half an old-fashioned glass of whiskey. "They do this in movies," he said. He paused and tried to toss off the drink. He couldn't manage even a full swallow.

"They probably have their stand-ins do it," Greer said.

Bluey gasped and breathed for a bit. "O.K.," he said, "where were we? Ivy, the girl I write to, I met at a Ramones concert. You wouldn't know her. She didn't go to school with us. She lives in Boston. We were both high when we met. I . . . you know, *liked* her. Really, tremendous . . ."

"Got it," Greer said.

"At least I thought we were high. So we agreed, after that night, we'd keep in touch. Next day, I got a phone call from her. I was very flattered. But the thing being, she *wasn't* high the night before. She's always like that. Babbling. She's probably got a brain tumor or a limbic disorder, maybe. She thinks her brother had something to do with killing Lennon. Really. I mean, she really believes stuff like that. I mean, I liked her for her looks, but what's the use?"

"Bluey, this all sounds like a lie. One of your lies," Greer said.

"So who I'm writing to is sort of Ivy, but sort of not, and what would be the point of mailing the letters?" he said. "Most of all, they're for me."

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## APPROXIMATION

The sun is slow, its light tugging across the fields
like someone learning magic, pulling a white tablecloth
out from under old silver place settings for the first time.
Or I think of gray-haired men swimming naked,
drifting across the Roman bathtub—talking through the steam.
The shadows attached to the gestured trees are long and slender,
like the fingers of a woman playing the piano.

The other day, after you left,
I washed the dishes, drank like an Indian
who drinks the white man's whiskey,
and walked into the rain.

The dirt road that runs down the hill
behind the small country church became a muddy stream,
and the dilapidated red barn looked more and more
like a monarch
sitting on the highest point of land.
I walked down the thin shoelace of road,
the one the tractor takes between the fields,
and thought of the black-and-white photograph of the women,
German civilians, leaving their blasted farmhouse,
1945—the smoke rising like mist.

—Karen Fish

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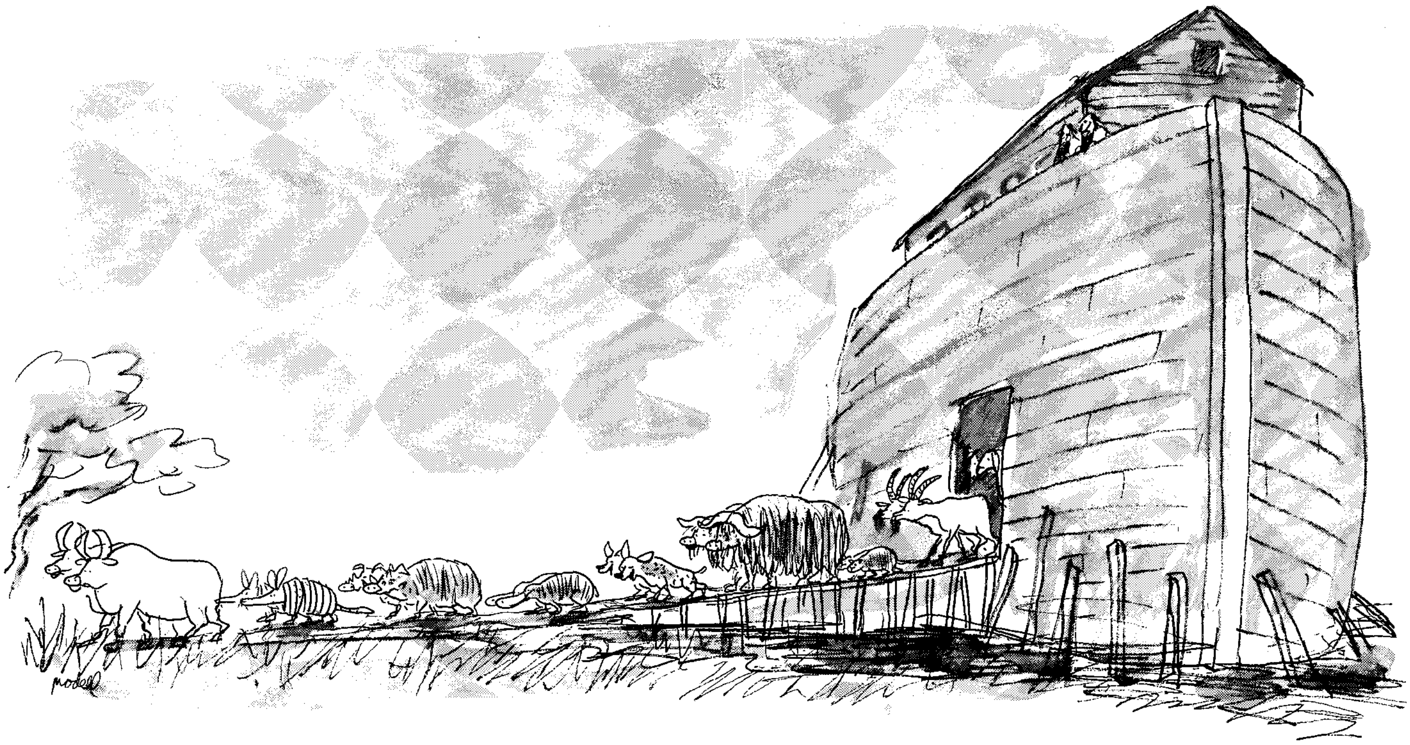

"*It was O.K., I guess, but forty days and forty nights was a bit much.*"

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"Well, that's a violently unpleasant story if it's true," Greer said in a summarizing tone. "Now. What've you got to crush me with?"

The dog, under the table, charged Greer's right shoe—a pale moccasin. She crossed her ankles in halfhearted defense.

"Nothing," Bluey said.

"Come on, it's your turn," Greer said. "Play fair."

"I have nothing for you. Live with that one, lady."

"Go ahead and gnaw off the whole heel," Greer said, peering at Deuce under the table. "What the hell."

"Except this," Bluey said. "Mom told it to me, though it doesn't mean much. You were not expected. You were not . . . *prepared for*. Your body was behind mine—in the womb, I mean. Shadowing mine. Our father went home from the hospital and never even knew you were there. They told him about you the next day."

"Hmm," Greer said. "Why didn't they ever tell me all this?"

"Now I'm sorry *I* told you," Bluey said.

"No, don't be. I think it's interesting when you get vicious. You hope I'll feel unwanted?"

"Somewhat. To pay you back for reading my letters," Bluey said.

"My, my." She shook her head and sighed.

Eventually, she said, "I don't think you're playing this game well at all, Bluey. I mean, I don't know which lie is bigger—Ivy in Boston or the shadow in the womb."

"Hey," Bluey said, alarmed.

"Or *my* lie. I never read your letters. Relax. I never saw them, except for the 'Letters to Ivy' title."

"You didn't read them? Never even looked through them?"

"Nope," Greer said.

"Well, someday you were going to get to. You were supposed to," Bluey said.

"Look at what the moonlight's doing to that grape trellis," Greer said. "Out the window."

"You hear me? The letters are to you," Bluey said.

"You didn't have anyone else to write to? Or what are you saying?" Greer said.

"No one else to write to," Bluey said. "Just now, at least."

Greer leaned back in her chair. "Then I'll read them," she said. "Any time. Whenever it's to your liking."

"No, forget it. I don't think so," Bluey said.

"Well, were you sort of kidding about their being written to me?" Greer asked. "Or what?"

"They aren't to anybody, really. I don't really know any other girls. You're it."

"Aw, that'll change," Greer said. "Just wait awhile. You're sort of a heartbreaker, you know."

"I've never broken a heart in my life," Bluey said. "And, just as bad, nobody's ever broken mine."

"You *want* them to?" Greer said.

"I think it should happen to me once, yeah." Bluey had taken off the white silk scarf and was whirling it over his head, letting it wrap around his wrist.

Greer started a smile but then held it back. "Well, just stay tuned, Bluey," she said. "That's something that'll be arranged."

"Arrange it, then," Bluey said. "I'm ready." —MARY ROBISON

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Dr. Joseph Fondacaro, associate professor; Department of Physiology; College of Medicine, UC, will present a seminar in Natural Science 525 at noon. The topic is *Relationships between Bile Acids and Lipid Acids within the Small Intestine.* Everyone is encouraged to attend. Feel free to bring your lunch.—*The Northerner, newspaper of Northern Kentucky University.*

Or not.

# PATRIOTIC

“Jesus, this is hard on me,” says Floyd Dey.

He hooks a hay bale out of the chute and lifts it in front of him the way he would lift a girl cousin. He carries the hay, maybe sixty pounds, to the back of the wagon. There he starts a second tier, up and over, rolling the bale once—there it is.

After an hour’s work on a hay wagon with a seventeen-year-old kid, who is shirtless and scratching his navel, I quit complaining. This isn’t labor. If it’s hot, I twist the sleeves of my T-shirt up on my shoulders in doughy rolls, and I say to myself, O.K.

To be fair, Floyd doesn’t take the work seriously; but he knows what looks good, and, for his own sake, he fakes the complaint. He leans his back, the long tan of it, against the hay to relax. His two dark tits, flat as stickers, face my way. Floyd is hairless. He seems to understand, his demeanor demonstrates that he understands—like the Oriental masterminds of pain who settle their bare skins down on steel spikes—how a grain of tolerance can look like bliss.

I take the next bale and hike it up against my hipbone. Floyd waits his turn, visibly at rest, involved in the dynamics of vertical pause. Once in a while, he closes his eyes. It has come and gone from Floyd’s attention that under my V-neck shirt my breasts are smallish pegs, with nubbed blueberry nipples. I don’t wear a bra to bale—it would fill with leaves.

Maybe Floyd blinks at me. It is not discernible.

Floyd is a neighbor; he helps me out. Breezy days, hay-drying days, my husband works hammering at barn roofs and stapling together prefab constructions, across two counties. Sheds, garages go up overnight. It’s seasonal work, which keeps him away from the sunny fields, and I find my own help. Over the years, I’ve learned what to look for.

Floyd Dey is a high-school senior. I don’t call him “boy” to his face; he never says “crone.” In other words, Floyd Dey and I get along. After three years, three cuttings of hay a year, we have fair-weather days down pat. I do this, he does that. Nobody shirks.

WmHamilton

*“Yes, very warm and cozy. If you like that sort of thing.”*

Floyd is the middle of three brothers, the only one blessed with health. Eugene, the older one, took a job this year with a mining company in Utah; he is a sour, sharp-witted boy, who doesn’t like sharing work and doesn’t like rest. The younger brother, Harry T., programmed a computer this year, Floyd says, with crop variables—soil types, seeds, moisture, fertility—and predicted the yields in several DeKalb test plots. Harry T. is thirteen. If he’s strong enough to help next year, I’ll probably find his facts useful.

Floyd Dey, by any measure, rates as good-hearted. When Floyd talks to me, he looks me straight in the eye. His eyes are blue, the irises narrow blue rings.

“Floyd,” I say, “I appreciate the fact that you look me in the eye.”

“No foolin’,” he says, looking at me. “You’re an appreciative person.”

I am that. I am also thin, stripped with muscle, a Democrat.

For his birthday, Floyd bought a green-and-flesh ’57 Ford, which he drives with care and which he always parks under the plum tree near the barn. Today, the second day of baling, he lifts himself out of the car, gently, into the speckled shade, and right there pulls out his T-shirt from his jeans and peels it up like a skin over the top of his head. Then he slams the car door.

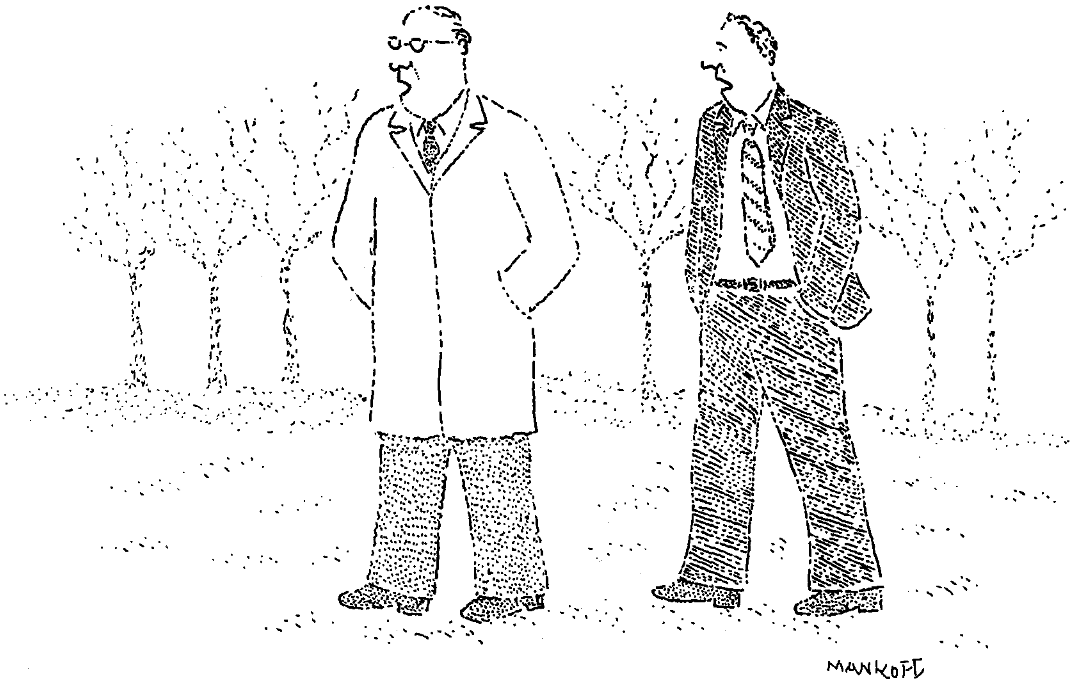
“Yo!” he calls, on his way across the yard. He leaps, right foot up on the tongue of the hay wagon, left foot up on the flat bed. Here he kicks at the mounds of green and yellowing alfalfa dust from yesterday, and in that cloud he makes his way to the back latticework of two-by-fours that brace the bales.

It’s the step of a man making himself at home. He tosses his T-shirt up like a cap. The shirt snags where he wants it, on top of an upright, and a hot, coöperating wind lifts it, dreamily. Flag’s up. The kid is ready to sail.

In the kitchen, I am on the phone with Mrs. Bagnoli, who, in this perpetual lack of the ablebodied, I call to help as tractor driver. I’ve heard about her; I’ve read her name in the papers.

“This is a Ford 4000,” I tell her. “You know it?”

She plowed, she insists, in her



*“If birds fly over the rainbow, Garber, why, oh why, can’t I?”*

*“The boys in research seem to think it has something to do with aerodynamics, Chief.”*

• •

springtimes in Oscoda, and last summer, when her nephew Rodney crushed himself under his Ford 4000 in mud, she was the one to bring some boards and the CPR people and drive the sullied tractor home. Rodney’s still saying thanks.

“I know the 4000,” she swears. “I know it clean through.”

I am doubtful. Mrs. Bagnoli is known to me as the woman whose husband survived eight hours in a moving cement mixer. I would never have thought it possible for a man to hang on, if what he did was hang on, or walk against the rotation, if he did walk against the rotation.

Although Mrs. Bagnoli lives on a farm three miles away, we have talked only a few times on the phone. She tells me her husband works at the Ford plant in Saline; *she* is the one who drives their wide-wheeled John Deere diesel.

“I’m on my way,” she insists. “Glad to help. Happy to.”

Through the screen door I can see the hay wagon hitched in back of the red International 420 baler, and the blue Ford tractor in front. Seeing that display, seeing Floyd like my own son on a flag-waving wagon, allowing the wind to mess his long hair, I decide that this is a day I could call myself—what is it?—patriotic?

“See you,” I say to Mrs. Bagnoli on the phone.

I fill a widemouthed jug with water and ice cubes, and cap it. From a shelf I take the black hay hook, and halfway out the door I reach back to the Kleenex box and stuff my pockets with yellow tissues.

Floyd is not one to carry Kleenex, even though his nostrils collect a leafy debris—even though he seems to enjoy making irregular, childish noises blowing his nose. I have told Floyd that Kleenex serves a reasonable working function, too. If the hay turns damp or wads up with weeds, we twist scraps of Kleenex as markers under the twine of wet bales. In the barn, I set the wet bales aside. Floyd coöperates in these precautions, although he claims he has never seen steamy bales. “It happens,” I say. “Spontaneous combustion.” Disaster has a cause, I try to tell him.

I CROSS the driveway, and I whistle the “Marseillaise” as far as I know it. When the tune gives out, I start again, mumbling the words that Floyd might or might not know in French. *Allons, enfants de la patrie* . . .

Up on the wagon, Floyd, who is placid, always in the present moment, turns when he hears me. He stands, cross-armed, massaging both his shoulders.

I greet him in sunlight that casts a bluish-gold sheen on every surface. It looks like the sun on the sea, like the sun in Hawaii on TV.

“What luck,” I say. I swing a landowner’s arm around, palm up.

From the wagon, Floyd surveys the landscape. What he sees are low, aquamarine hills of alfalfa, steep slopes, and gravelly glacial dumps with swamps in the sockets. Above it all, the sky is blue, top to bottom.

“You order this day?” he asks, and he grins. With the tips of his fingers, he rubs his belly lightly, with both hands, back and forth, along the line of his lower ribs.

A boy is not to be blamed for thoughtlessness. I check twine; I push dust from the knotters; I count the shear pins glittering in the toolbox.

Down the driveway, a black Chevy pickup rolls in and roars its engine. The driver downshifts twice, and gravel smacks the siding of the house.

“Wild,” says Floyd. He jumps from the wagon to help me tighten the tension on the baler. We take the threaded handles either side of the chute and wind them down.

Mrs. Bagnoli drives the pickup, too fast, in the general direction of the barn. She runs off the driveway and cuts through the yard, aiming the grille right at us. I see her head, low in the cab, and her elbow out the driver’s window, but I can’t see where she’s looking.

Floyd and I both take one step back.

At the last minute, the pickup veers, sharp to the left, toward the tractor, and Mrs. Bagnoli must pull the emergency brake and smash the foot brake simultaneously, because the truck skids a couple of inches and stops, one tire kissing the tread of the tractor’s rear tire. Mrs. Bagnoli pitches herself into the steering column. I see a twist of gray hair against the windshield.

“Jesus,” says Floyd. He takes in a breath and holds it.

The day is not what it was. The backbone wrenches upright; the spirit hides.

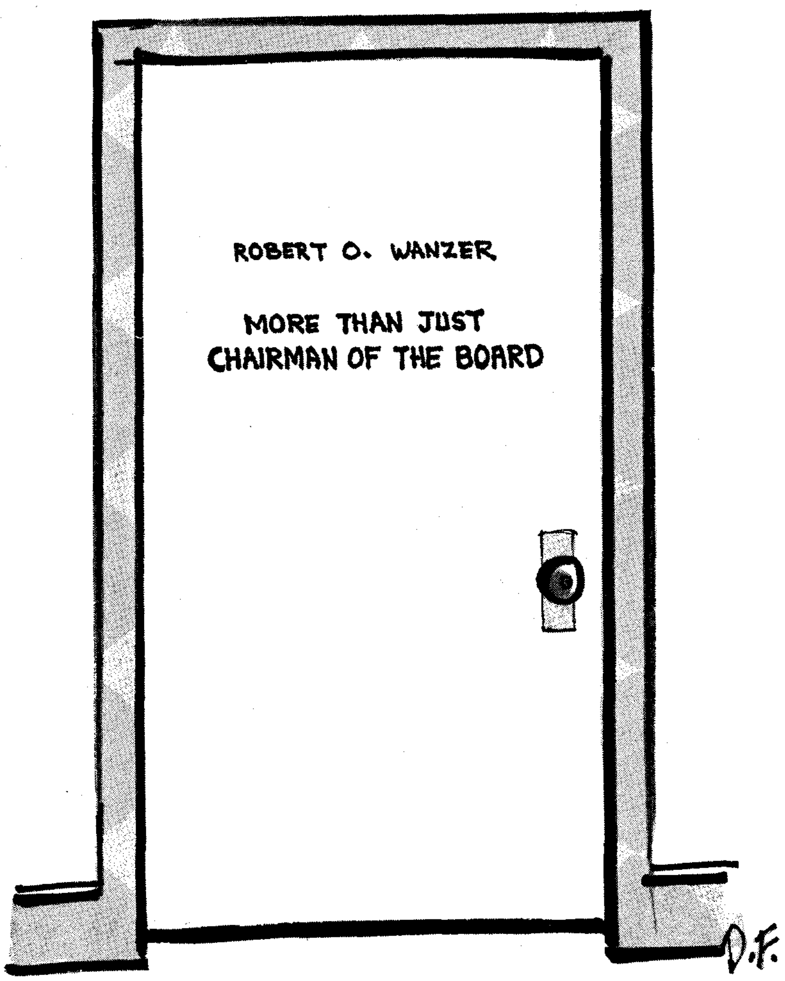
Mrs. Bagnoli, however, appears unharmed. With a motion that has to be called bobbing, she drops herself out of the truck, goes around the back end, and comes at us with a smile.

“It is *criminal*,” she says in a festive voice, “farmers away from farms.” She shakes my hand. “Criminal, husbands *working!* If *we* go”—she shakes my wrists—“*babies* will have to drive.” She reaches a hand toward Floyd.

Floyd bends at the waist and brings his ankles together, politely. They shake hands.

I don’t mind acknowledging Mrs. Bagnoli’s energy. Her hair, which is thick and gray, a horsy sort of hair, is looped into a fountain effect on the top of her head. Small bobby pins catch the light and send out snappy flashes. She wears black tapered slacks and a black nylon blouse, over a body that is short-legged, thick-thighed, and enormously breasted. Now that she’s out in the open, she looks reliable.

Floyd finishes inhaling the long breath he took in at her arrival and lets out a low whistle. That easily, the day reassembles itself. These are the United States, I chant in my heart. Floyd breathes with contentment, and I, for my part, am willing to take some risks. Maybe Mrs. Bagnoli was showing us she could drive.



WE stand at the side of the wagon and sort out three pairs of brown cotton work gloves.

“Where’s Floyd?” Mrs. Bagnoli asks me.

She means my husband, Lloyd.

“You mean *Lloyd*,” I say.

“Lloyd! Yes, I’m confused.”

“He’s with the Marry brothers,” I say. “Constructing. Pole barns. *This* is Floyd. Floyd Dey.”

“Floyd! All right. Whatever. It’s all the same. *You* won’t farm either, will you?” She points at Floyd. She wears a large black-stoned ring on her index finger.

“Nah,” he says. “This is it.”

“There!” she says and snaps the gloves in her hands and turns away.

“But I like it,” Floyd explains.

Mrs. Bagnoli doesn’t care whether he likes it or not. She goes to the tractor and she pats her gloved hand along the fender as she walks by.

“I like it,” he says again.

“So,” says Mrs. Bagnoli. “Let’s go.” With her hands on the steering wheel, she pulls herself up onto the tractor seat.

Without hesitation, without instruction, Mrs. Bagnoli starts up the engine. Floyd and I swing onto the wagon and dangle our legs off the side. Mrs. Bagnoli knows the trick of the brake release, and Floyd nods at me, grinning.

It doesn’t take long to see that Mrs. Bagnoli is a purposeful, serious-minded woman. It’s clear she commands a world view. Small things fall away.

Mrs. Bagnoli sits upon the blue cushion seat, her back straight, her neck like a fine stalk, very slender and pearly above the black collar of the blouse. Her hair rises and rises, then falls in sprays. She doesn’t look left or right, and as soon as the clutch is released—we glide.

Mrs. Bagnoli drives around the barn, cutting right from the lane to make a path through the weed field. We hit high weeds—Queen Anne’s lace, brittle and folded flat; flowering nettle. The stalks crumple under the tractor’s tires, and bristled round seeds shoot up at the sides of the wagon. The roar of the tractor disappears in the smattering of weeds. Tractor, baler, wagon, dry weeds—all of it stirs a considerable racket, a whirring that isn’t mechanical.

“Lord!” Floyd says. He stretches out on his back and pretends he’s floating.

Mrs. Bagnoli drives a path that hasn’t a ripple. Our teeth don’t rattle; our breath doesn’t catch.

In the light wind, strands of Mrs. Bagnoli’s hair whip out to the side and the tips point toward us, but Mrs. Bagnoli keeps her eyes steadily ahead. The ground unrolls like a carpet. We drive out of the weed field into the cleared hay field, where the alfalfa lies in windrows, one beyond another in dark continuous breakers. The air sweeps up from the hot field, and the heat, an invisible wake, spreads out behind us.

At the first windrow, Mrs. Bagnoli pulls the silvery PTO knob and the baler flywheel spins, the pickup teeth swing around to feed in hay, and the plunger takes its first dive down, pushing leaf and stalk and flower together. It’s the noise of a natural catastrophe. There’s a sudden heat, as if the sun capped the field and folded everything in.

Floyd and I stand up to wait for the first bale.

“Smooth!” he shouts. We have to shout.

“Look here!” I yell. I stand with my legs apart, on tiptoe. Floyd cocks his head to watch. I touch my toes, right fingers to left foot, left fingers to right foot. The ride is so smooth I don't have to shift for balance. I don't topple. Floyd sees the proof.

"She's the best," he shouts. "Hang on to her."

"She's great."

"We're sailin', ain't we? We get that woman to drive for the government, we'd be on our way, don't you think—sailin'."

"You think she's driven these fields?" I ask.

"Nah, she's a *driver*. Make her Secretary of State!"

A GOOD many things in this world are not possible. Floyd Dey, for instance, being good-hearted, will never deeply offend. It is possible he will know happiness.

"Will *you* be around next summer?" I shout.

In his loudest voice, his words come slowly through the heat: "Doubt it. I want to move myself out." Floyd enunciates well.

"School?"

"Western, sure. It's a great place, Kalamazoo."

Floyd takes the first bale, a lopsided one, very loose, which he has to hug to keep it from collapsing.

"It ain't all parties," he says for my information. "I know a guy, Arnie. He says he'll get me work."

"What'll you study?" It's my turn, and I hook a bale.

"Haven't the faintest," he says.

"What about Debbie?" Debbie Ames is his girlfriend, an awestruck, intelligent girl.

Floyd doesn't hear.

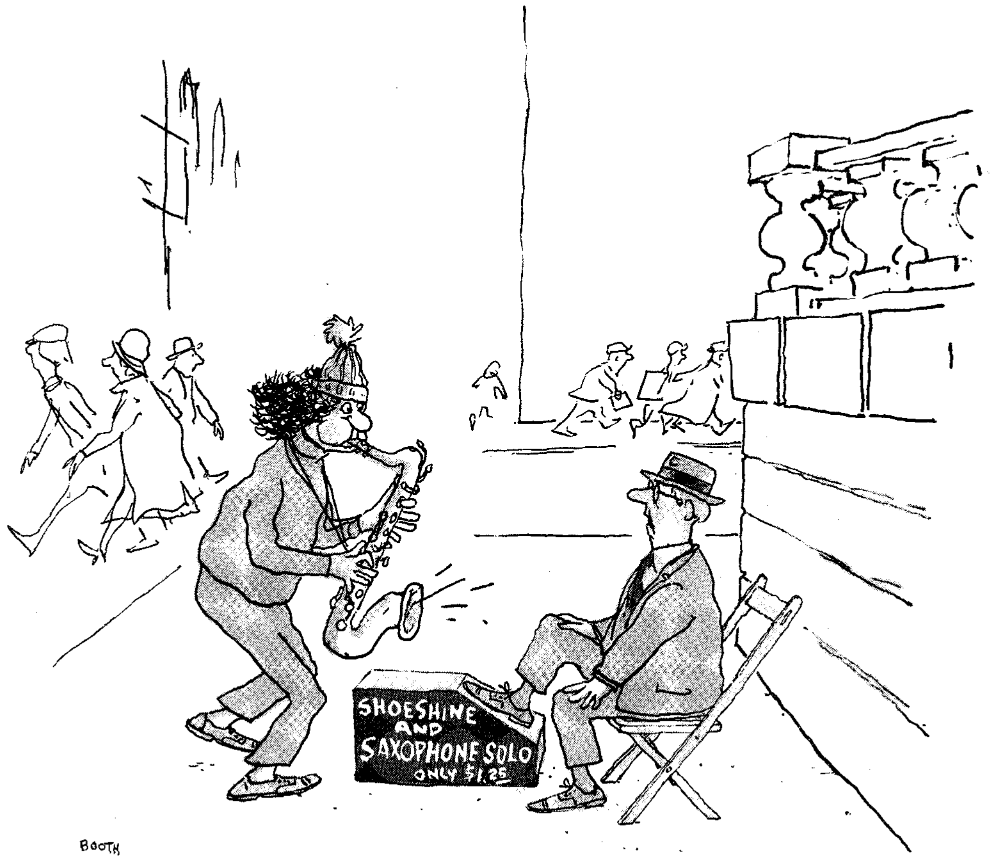
"What about Debbie?"

"Debbie? Hell. I'll be on my own."

Floyd snaps the twine on another bale; it's too loose. The bales are mushy.

"They got *fine* women in Kalamazoo, let me tell you," he shouts. "I'll get me a fine woman. It's another place. You been there?"

Both of us jump down to tighten the handles. Mrs. Bagnoli, a driver with confidence in machinery, never looks back. Her hair sparkles, and she gazes ahead to the first steep slope, an arc of green in the blue sky ahead. Floyd and I know the requirements of the hill. We know the wagon is bolted and won't rear up, but we pull ourselves back on the moving wagon in a hurry and stand at the front, counter-balancing. Standing sideways, a bend to the knee, we try to give ourselves weight, although my boots slip a little with the incline, and up the slope there's practically nothing but blue.



*"I'm in a bit of a rush this morning. May I have just the shoeshine?"*

• •

When the tractor goes over the top and everything evens out, I shout to Floyd, "I've never been to Kalamazoo."

"Well, it ain't like this. There's ravines. Mists." He waves his arms to create a murkiness. "They don't build in these ravines. So you get houses, jam-packed McDonald's, and then you step out the back door and it's the *wild*. I think it does something to the women."

"You think?"

"They *look* wild. That suits *me*. When they get out of high school, they get apartments and buy their own furniture. Plants. Arnie's got a friend, nineteen, with her own place. Everything she wants."

Floyd is as sweet as a foreigner, a first-time tourist. He travels along, never embarrassed, not oblivious, although women are as weird to him as hors d'oeuvres. Should he use a fork, or his fingers? He checks out the world at large, and he doesn't take disappointment. He hardly blinks. Such is the mildness of sailors in Madagascar. What a place, they say.

BALES push up from the chute, heavy and solid, emerald green. The smell of alfalfa bloom hovers close, and a thin puff of dust rises with each bale to shoulder height and then sinks as a film on the wagon. Loading the bales, lifting a measure of heat with each one, we breathe deep breaths, and of course the hairs in Floyd's nose pick up leaves, grit. I give him a Kleenex. Snorting a little, coughing, he rubs at the green dust and then sticks the Kleenex into the side of his shoe.

His back shows a pattern of dampness, beads of sweat organized on either side of the backbone, and a fine moisture marks his face with dark streaks, just above and below his lips.

"It's hot," I shout.

"So sweat."

"I am."

Floyd pushes my shoulder to turn me around. He is looking for sweat. "Say, your shirt's soaked. Hang the thing up."

I consider the idea. "I'd itch. It's sticky."

"There's an air," he says, flapping his arms.

I look at Floyd's face and I see a downright factual face. Floyd is entirely realistic.

"It's nothing to me," he yells. And it's true. "Go on," he says.

I imitate Floyd's easy ways: I pull the shirt out of my jeans and yank it off.

Floyd, my buddy, takes the shirt from me and aims for an upright. He pitches, and the thing catches. Two flags flying. All clear. Great huffs, like breaths from enormous lungs, remote and chill, rush against my breasts and flow around my sides. I can feel my ribs, the bend of the bones, cooling.

There's not much to do. Floyd and I have the open air in common, nothing more. We ride along, arms out, ventilating.

"Cooler, ain't it?" Floyd says.

The day slips out of kilter. I don't tell Floyd. Crops, the flourishing hybrids, machinery, barns appear isolate, diminished, doll-pretty. I feel the shrinkage. Except for my arms, elbows to wrists, my skin is as white as a tusk. There are a few pale veins across my breasts, rivery; my navel is purple with some kind of leaf.

"Mrs. Bagnoli drives steady, don't she?" Floyd says. Then he looks at me. "You just let me know if you want your shirt."

"I will," I say.

Floyd Dey will be decent in death. I see that. He will use very predictable last words. His body in death will retain its beauty, a smoothness he's rubbed with his fingertips all his life.

ON the tractor, Mrs. Bagnoli's magical accord with machinery signals the load is complete, and she tosses her head the way people do to discard a knot of thoughts. She twists in her seat and looks back over her left shoulder. Her eyes are large and dark, the iris and pupil matching. She sees now, behind the baler, a full wagon, four tiers high, and two human bodies in jeans, bare-chested: one easygoing; one askew, armpits open to breezes. She takes note.

"Ahoy!" she yells. She waves an arm and shows a set of wide teeth. The next instant, she unbuttons her black nylon blouse and slips it off. I hear the laughing. She looks ahead, but she waves to us once again, black blouse in hand.

She wears a black bra, big as the top of a swimsuit. There's wide elastic right to the hooks. Across the round of her shoulders and the flat of her upper back, Mrs. Bagnoli's skin is phenomenally white. All of the air in the field parts around her and flows away, drastically cooled.

"Floyd," I say. "Tell me. What do you know about her?"

"She's a go-getter," he shouts.

"A go-getter?"

Floyd pulls the last bale onto the wagon, throws the chute forward, and sits himself down.

PICKLES
OFF
SUP
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Anne Burgess

"Just look at her," Floyd says. "She's going places."

WITH the wagon loaded, Mrs. Bagnoli shuts off the PTO, and the baler winds down. The plunger drops heavily, lifts and drops, more slowly each time. Noises sink in the ground and go off with the heat, gradually into the blue.

The three of us ride in the quiet down a long open slope toward the barn. Mrs. Bagnoli swings her blouse —an automatic motion—until it winds around her arm. She swings it the other way, unwinding it. After a minute, she tosses the blouse, with an aim as sure as Floyd's, onto the muffler pipe that stands in the middle of the tractor's hood. The blouse catches the stack by a sleeve, and, like the ill-assorted ship that we are, masted and rigged and fitted out, we drive on, signalling God knows what.

The black blouse clings to the muf-

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## FOR MOLLY

For him to remember what he was
Back in the days he knew the truth
You knew, loved what you loved,
Would be to bear on his back a grief
Too massive for the narrow door of his house
On the quiet side street, where his one wish
Is to sleep through the night unvisited.
So your face is air-brushed from the photograph,
Your name erased from the history book
Of his little country, the thoughts
That could testify on your side
Banished to a cold Siberian wilderness
To die unmourned for, with no witnesses.
You are the only archive now of a state too small
For any stranger to care how it once was ruled
In the old days, under the old king.

May a town that loves the truth
Be yours one day and invite your chronicling.
May you love the honest talk in the town square
And the gentle way the shoppers push through the aisles
With their shopping carts and exit to the lots.
The school bus stops at the crosswalk in the dark,
Its lights flashing, and the children climb aboard.
Your life will serve them as a guide and, later,
When they travel and can make comparisons,
They'll understand how rare their luck was.

But if no town receives you and you lose heart
And fall away from the woman you once were,
You won't pretend that she never lived, as he does.
You'll be sad to think how far you've come
From the customs of her country.
You'll be happy you can still remember her.

—CARL DENNIS

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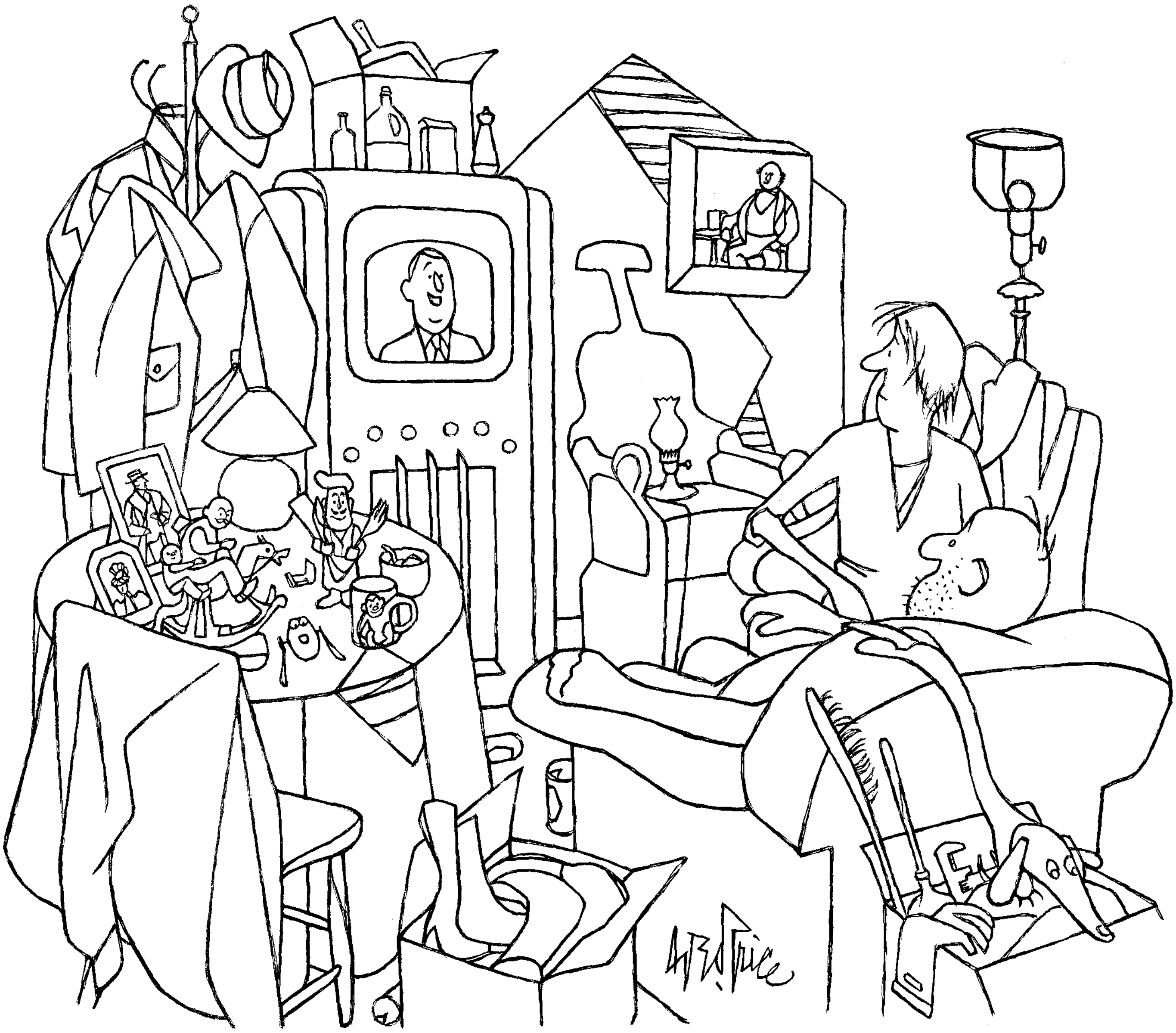


*"Good night, and thanks for allowing us into your living room."*

• •

fler and twists around it. In another few seconds, the fabric smokes. A white steamy smoke. Another second, and Mrs. Bagnoli's blouse is a flame. Tall and yellow and nearly invisible in the sun, the flame is obscured by the terrific glare off the field, out of the sky.

But the blouse is there, and the blouse burns.

We are slow to react. When we do, we are sensible, simultaneously. We stand up—Mrs. Bagnoli where she is, Floyd and I on the front two bales—and we call out, in chorus: get a stick—there ain't no stick—get the blouse on the ground—the ground's dry as sticks—the gas tank!—no, don't move—fumes!—watch out, it'll blow. Watch out.

We sit down, abruptly, the three of us, to watch the flame and to register the percussion that will blind us and deafen us and stop time just where it is. Mrs. Bagnoli drives straight ahead, as if she has blissfully ceased driving.

The flame rises and falls; a weak thread of gray smoke marks the wind's direction. Then the nylon cloth separates from itself and drips in small distinguishable fires down the muffler pipe. Flames pool and drop onto the hood of the tractor and drop again into the field. Mrs. Bagnoli doesn't shift gears or brake.

I can see, without moving my eyes, too many things: the blouse burning, the black-and-white pattern of Mrs. Bagnoli's back, a flutter of remnant flames in the field.

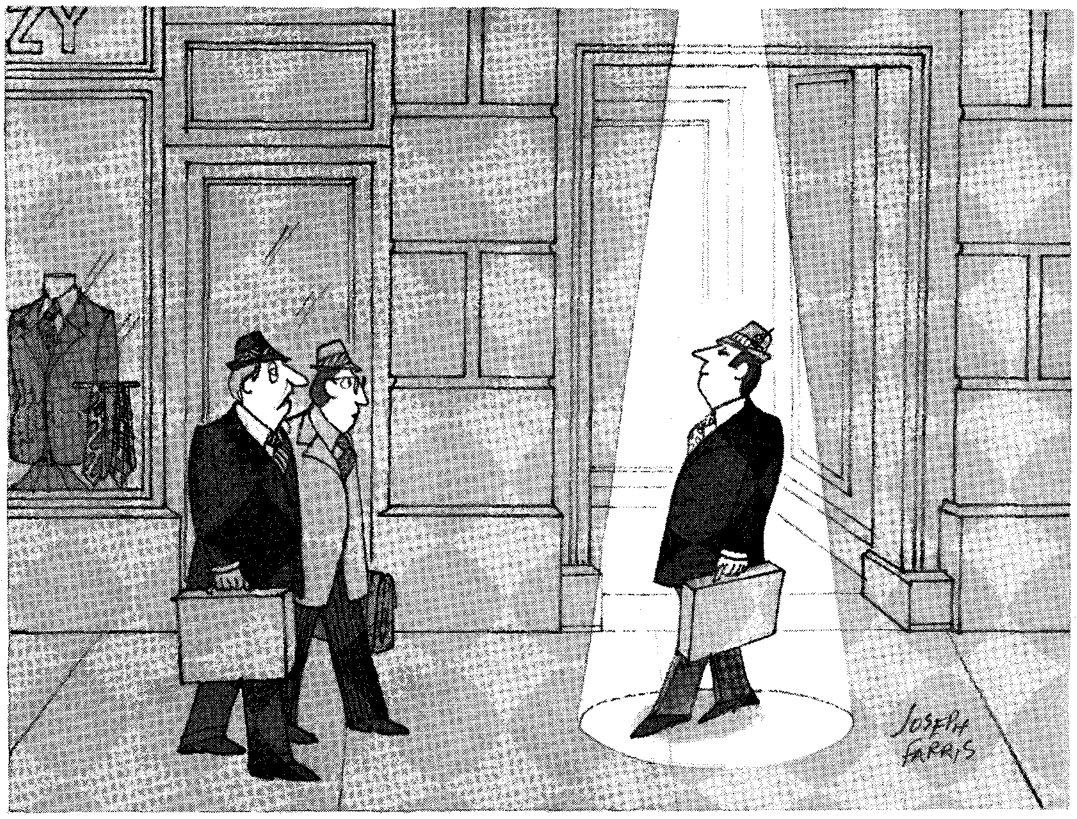
It's a colorful afternoon, sweetly hushed, splashy. Disaster always feels brand-new.

But this, in the end, is an old story: nothing happens. The black blouse burns itself out. I live to say so.

When the last flames collapse, Mrs. Bagnoli stops the tractor. We're at the edge of the field, and I can hear the rattle of grasshoppers and see flicks of them in the stubble. On my shoulder, I feel Floyd's breathing. There's no smoke anywhere.

Floyd climbs the bales and grabs our shirts. He understands civility very well; nobody runs bare-breasted to the aid of strangers.

While Floyd and I pull on our shirts and shake out our hair, Mrs. Bagnoli, up front, takes a screwdriver



*"I remember when the spotlight was on* me!*"*

• •

from the toolbox and scrapes some ash off the muffler. She blows gray debris off the hood and picks up a black button.

"Good God! We should all be angels!" She swings herself down from the tractor.

"You O.K.?" Floyd calls.

"Sure," she says. "*You're* the pale one. *You* sit down."

But Floyd and I jump off the wagon and meet Mrs. Bagnoli by the side of the baler.

"Jesus," says Floyd, taking her hand. "Are you O.K.?" He keeps hold of Mrs. Bagnoli's hand, and he takes mine, too. The three of us do a little dance, in a circle. I catch Mrs. Bagnoli's eye.

Floyd's fingers press into the flesh on the back of Mrs. Bagnoli's hand. He's tapping his heels together.

"That was some driving!" he says.

Mrs. Bagnoli frees her hands and claps a couple of times.

"I'd probably have stopped the tractor," Floyd says.

"Oh, a mistake!" Mrs. Bagnoli frowns.

Then she claps her hands again. "Let's get out of here!" In her black bra and slacks, she climbs on the tractor and starts it up. Floyd and I jump to our places on the front bales.

"No need to tell her a thing," Floyd says.

MRS. BAGNOLI drives to the barn, parks the tractor, and we walk, side by side, Mrs. Bagnoli in the middle, to the house. Inside, I hunt up one of my white blouses for her to wear, and we sit with gin-and-tonics at the white-painted kitchen table while Floyd calls up Debbie and sets a date for later. "I got news," he says into the phone.

Mrs. Bagnoli and I get acquainted. In answer to my questions, she tells me the story of her husband's ordeal in the cement mixer. Having been so close to death, she says, he eats only steaks now for supper. I learn how many of her kids live in California, and she gets the same sort of information from me. I will wait until another time to ask her about her future, the plans she has.

"Bye-bye, Deb," Floyd says and joins us. He sits down and crosses his legs at the ankles. He lifts his gin-and-tonic for a toast. "To a hell of a driver," he says.

"Hooray!" I say.

"Yes—to work in the fields!" Mrs. Bagnoli says, generously.

Mrs. Bagnoli and I sip at our drinks. We watch Floyd drink down his glass and head outside to start up the motor on the hay elevator. On the back step, he peels off his shirt, rolls it into a ball, and as he goes by his car he pitches it into the open window.

"He's steady," I say to Mrs. Bagnoli. "Very helpful."

"And such a smooth back!" she remarks.

"Yes, indeed," I agree.

"Wouldn't you say," Mrs. Bagnoli says, carefully, "that he is encouraged by what he has seen of womanhood?"

"I hope so," I say. "Time will tell."

We finish our drinks and step outside. When the wagon's unloaded, it will be nearly dusk and my husband Lloyd will be on his way home. By dark, Floyd Dey will be deep into kisses with Debbie, and Mrs. Bagnoli will have driven to and from Bob's Market for steaks.

Already I'm looking forward to next summer's haying. With Floyd's brother Harry T. and Mrs. Bagnoli, everything should go like clockwork. During breaks, Mrs. Bagnoli and I will have plenty of time to discuss her potential.

But we won't forget Floyd. I'll tell her whatever I hear from Kalamazoo. After all, Floyd and I are good friends; he'll keep in touch. He'll visit at Christmas, and I'll write him sometimes to keep him informed of Mrs. Bagnoli's progress toward becoming Secretary of State. Floyd is not a boy to be mystified. —JANET KAUFFMAN

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## WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Webster* (*N.Y.*) *Post*]

The completion of the finest concert of this season was Debussy's "La Mer." Here the Maestro's finely spun understanding of the work gave much more nuance to the orchestral colors, rhythms, dynamics and chiaroscuro than are commonly heard. The final movement was so vivid as to be able to see the whitecaps and feel the mal de mer.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## A STATE OF WAR—I

A VISITOR who came, as I did, to witness martial law in Warsaw in the fall of 1982 with memories of how things had seemed the previous fall (the endless lines in front of near-empty stores, the increasingly frantic political deterioration in the face of an oncoming winter) and with preconceptions drawn from martial law in places like Chile (grim soldiers at roadblocks, stadiums crammed with prisoners, the full power of the state projected in overt repressive terror)—such a visitor in Warsaw could be quickly brought up short. For one thing, the lines had pretty much disappeared; stores were by no means lavishly stocked, but there did seem to be some basic foodstuffs on the shelves and a generally calmer aspect to the market. On the surface, it seemed clear, things had improved. Meanwhile, although one did occasionally see a group of three or four soldiers walking (not really marching) by, they hardly seemed threatening. If anything, they presented a Buñuelesque aspect: you might be sitting in a park watching children play in a sandbox, and a small squadron of soldiers would shuffle past, incongruously, heading nowhere in particular, with no one really seeming to mind.

To be sure, these were Army soldiers—generally young conscripts: brothers, sons, and husbands of average Poles—and most Poles this autumn were still managing to conceive of their Army (if not its leadership) as an authentic nationalist institution. The ZOMOs, the gray-uniformed élite trouble-shooters who answered directly to the Party, and who carried out most of the regime's dirty work (the crushing of strikes, the suppression of demonstrations)—they were another story. But you hardly ever saw them. Unless trouble was occurring somewhere, they were judiciously confined to barracks. In Warsaw, the centrally situated Hotel Warszawa had been converted into lodgings for the ZOMOs, and Warsavites jokingly referred to it as the Zomotel. For that matter, Warsavites did a lot of joking about the ZOMOs. ("Do you know what to do if you come upon a critically wounded ZOMO in the street?" "No." "Good.") One editor told me with great delight how the people at his workplace had called the police to report a suspicious-looking meeting taking place in a room down the hall: the ZOMOs arrived within minutes, tore down the door, and broke up a meeting of the publishing house's Communist Party cell.

During the sixteen months of Solidarity's officially permitted existence—between the Gdansk strike of August, 1980, and General Wojciech Jaruzelski's coup on December 13, 1981—people often referred to the Polish renewal as "the self-limiting revolution." Everyone seemed to recognize that things could go only so far—that toppling the Communist Party, for instance, or giving way to violence would likely provoke a Soviet invasion. Meanwhile, the country's internal situation continued to deteriorate. The coup on December 13th, although shockingly sudden, seemed in retrospect shockingly obvious. On that cold Sunday morning, as one mordant joke had it, a gang of thugs had gone and attacked an insane asylum. For the first several months thereafter, most accounts agree, the mood of Poland was one of stunned, bleak shock. Spring brought with it feeble signs of life—demonstrations in early May, an increasingly visible underground presence, and an increasingly irreverent and sometimes daring public attitude toward the regime. During the months of martial law, however, Jaruzelski and his colleagues were engaged in a sort of self-limiting counter-revolution. If they didn't launch a full-scale overt repression (thousands of Chileans were killed in the first months of the Pinochet coup, and people in Santiago certainly weren't going around in public places telling jokes about soldiers), this was partly because they couldn't: they didn't have the forces at their disposal. The ZOMOs were spread thin, and the regular Army, although it could be deployed to surround striking factories or to patrol city streets in small squadrons, could not be relied upon to enforce Chilean-style discipline. "The Army's a slate hammer," a friend of mine in Warsaw commented over lunch in an open-air café one afternoon. "And the regime

Donald Reilly

*"We didn't train him as a watchdog. Actually, he's just a self-appointed watchdog."*

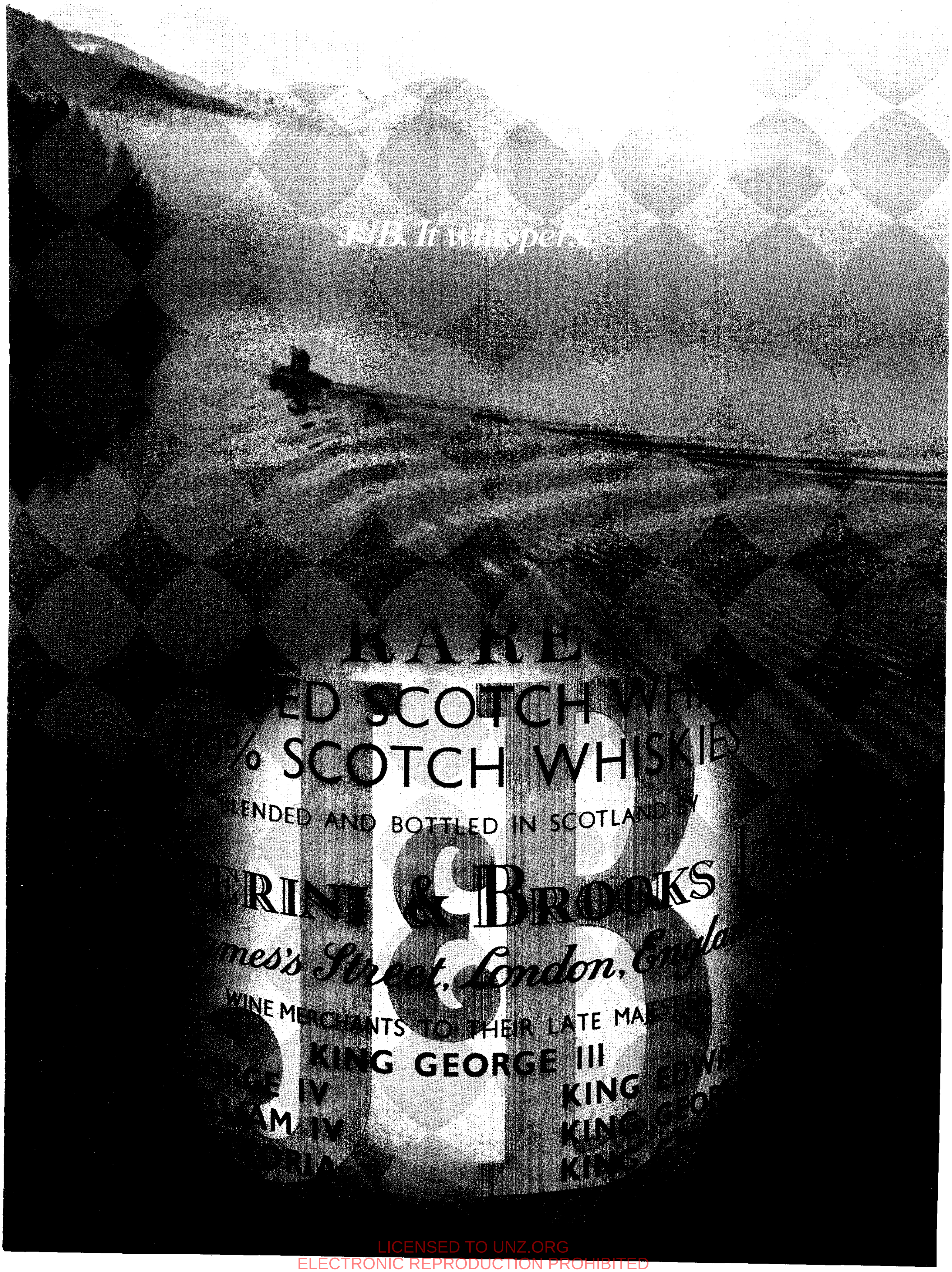
*"And please don't hesitate to call on us. Our dedicated staff will be delighted to serve you."*

knows it. If Jaruzelski ever has to bear down hard with it, it may well crumble in his hands." Jaruzelski probably conceives of himself as a patriot; he probably believes that by his actions he saved Poland from an onrushing civil war and a Soviet occupation. But he must know that full-scale frontal repression might easily provoke the Poles into precisely the civil war he imagines he has prevented—and then the Soviets would certainly come. So he himself limits the counter-revolution—or, rather, he limits it to more subliminal levels.

The result is that life in Warsaw this autumn could sometimes seem disconcertingly open. One evening, I went to a production of "Antigone" at a Warsaw theatre. In Sophocles' play, Antigone and her uncle Creon confront each other over her right to give a decent, worthy burial to her brother. (In the steel town of Nowa Huta the very afternoon of that performance, a similar issue had been tested as thousands of mourners defied the authorities by attending the funeral of a young man killed in street violence a few days earlier, so the topic could hardly have been more relevant.) In the original play, Antigone is a model of honorable civil disobedience, but Creon is no simple tyrant—his speeches are laced with "on the one hand"s and "on the other"s. This Warsaw production played Sophocles more or less straight except that the Creon character had been completely stripped of his balancing circumspection and came off as a power-mad megalomaniac. The production had apparently been passed by the censors: it was being presented at a regular theatre, regularly advertised. A few nights later, I saw a lively rendition of Eugeniusz Szwarc's "Smok" ("The Dragon"), an anti-Stalinist allegory in which noble Lancelot comes to town to slay a virgin-eating dragon and is told by the town's officials that everybody *likes* the dragon.

Many excellent actors were available for such productions this autumn in Warsaw, because virtually all of Poland's actors were engaging in a boycott of the country's state-run television—once one of the finest cultural institutions in Eastern Europe—and had been doing so since the coup. In view of the fact that most Polish actors ordinarily derive the major part of their income from television, it was a truly heroic commitment. Despite continual pleading by the Ministry of Culture and Art, they refused to be seen on television or heard over the radio; every evening Poles could tune in to witness the results of their continued defiance and the regime's hapless attempts to cope with it. At one point, Deputy Prime Minister Mieczyslaw Rakowski was quoted as saying, "If no major actor wishes to accept a part on television, we will show mediocrities." And Polish television had indeed become an endless round of panel discussions, old reruns, and Soviet imports. The scriptwriters for one popular radio soap opera (in continuous production since the late nineteen-fifties) had to work feverishly to try and account for the sudden disappearance of almost all the show's principal characters (one brother was said to have gone off to work in East Germany, the father was in a sanatorium); finally the situation became untenable, and the show was cancelled. When, once in a while, a writer appeared on television supporting the authorities, he'd be likely to open his front door the next morning and find piles of his books, returned by neighbors, blocking the exit. Meanwhile, many of the better art galleries in Warsaw (Poland has a distinguished avant-garde and modernist tradition) were closed, with little signs on their doors saying "*Remont*" ("Under repair"). "Poland's artists are on spiritual strike," a dealer told me. "They are producing, but for the future, not for today."

One afternoon, at the tourist art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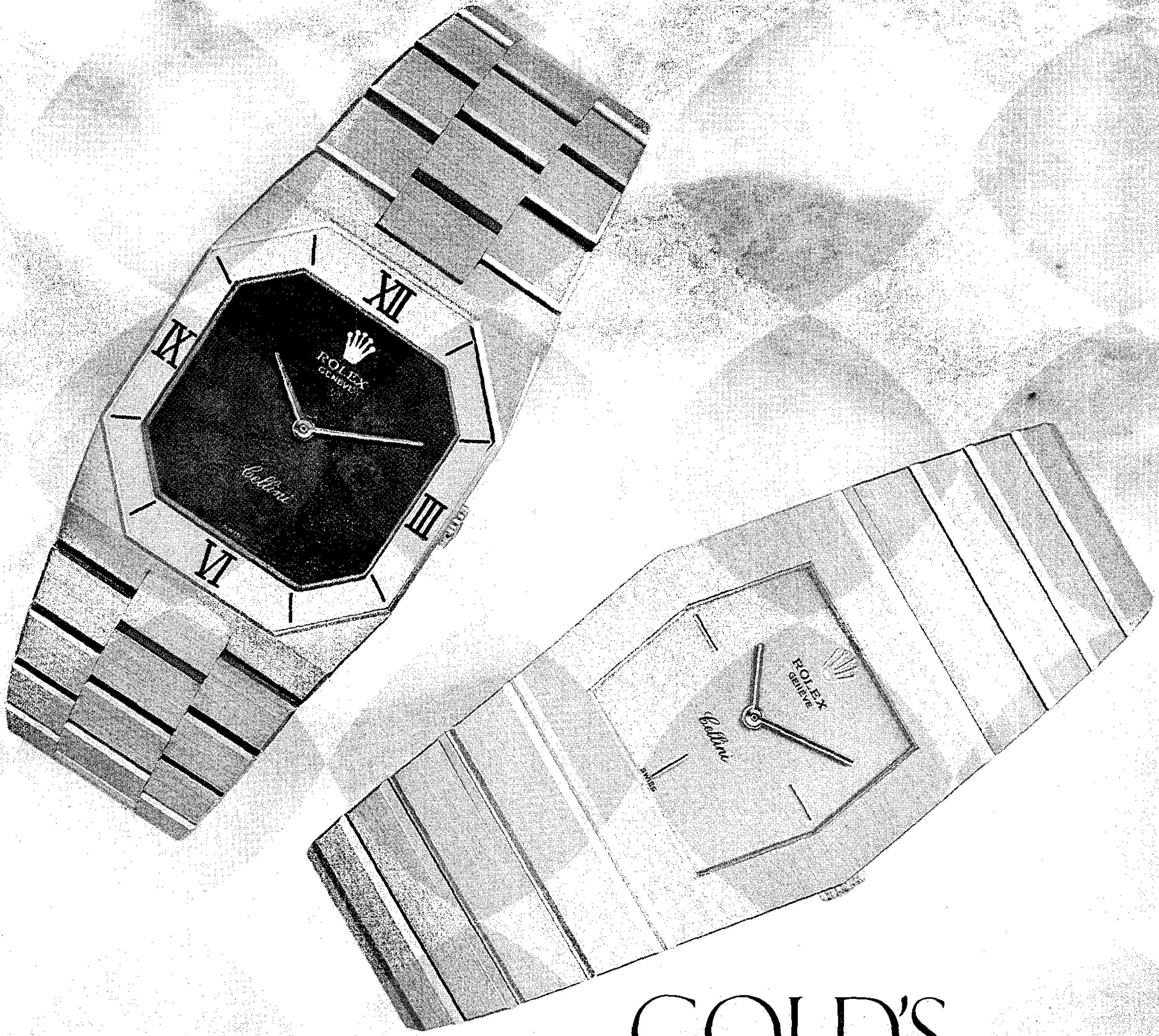

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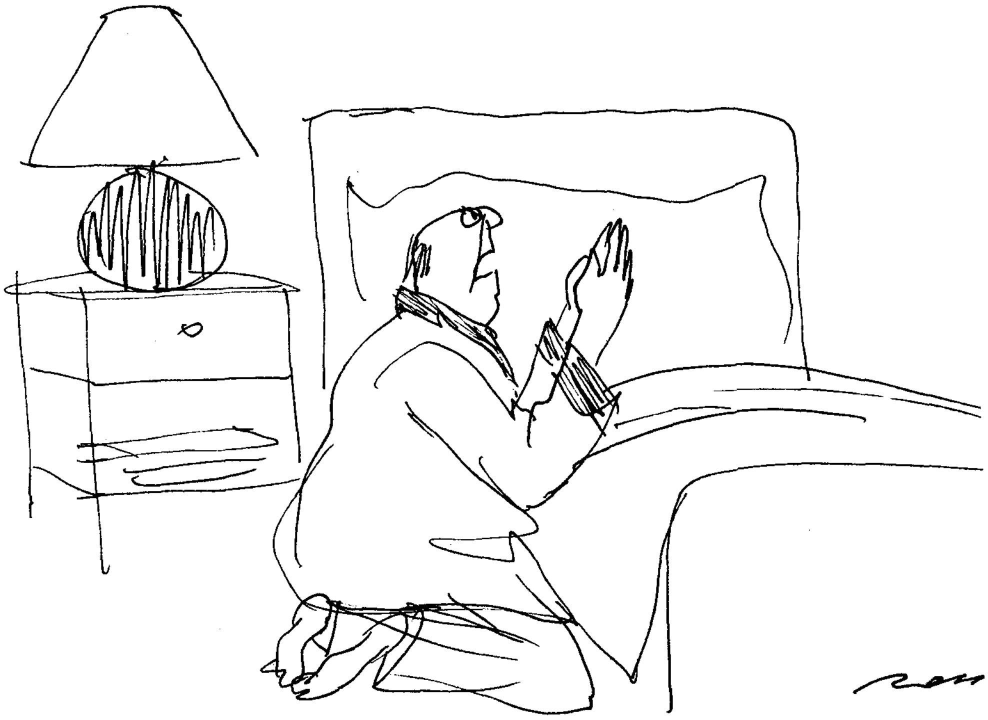

*"This is Clandyke speaking, of Clandyke, Kreston, Ferman, Dinklehauf & Fosterdale."*

• •

gallery occupying one side of the lobby of the Victoria, the city's plushest hotel, I was casually looking over the sappy landscapes and second-rate portraits when I was stunned by a powerful image of a young woman: her face was creased with suffering and a large crow was perched in her hair, its beak squarely embedded in her forehead, drawing blood. The regime's Military Council of National Salvation is known officially by its acronym, WRON, and unofficially by a variant of its acronym, *wrona*, which is the Polish word for crow. I stared at the image for some time and then turned away, to find a bellhop looking at me: he simply nodded and smiled.

A few weeks earlier, I was told, a reviewer in *Polityka*, one of the major political journals in Poland, had published a long article on "The Polish August," the fine book about Solidarity by the London *Observer's* Eastern Europe correspondent Neal Ascherson; the *Polityka* critic had started out by lambasting the book as profoundly anti-socialist and then, as if to prove his point, had quoted at great length from many of the book's most "objectionable" sections. The Polish official press agency has several vitrines around town in which it displays inspirational photographs; one day I came upon a crowd of young people laughing in front of one of them. Behind the glass the display's designer had contrived a fetching contrast of, on one side, General Jaruzelski and, on the other, Poland's newly canonized saint—Father Maximilian Kolbe, the martyr-hero of Auschwitz. Kolbe's eyes were fierce and yet serene; you couldn't see Jaruzelski's eyes behind his dark glasses.

For all its censorship and propaganda, the Polish aboveground press is still the most open in Eastern Europe, by a mile. Last fall, for instance, even though Lech Walesa was still under internment, the Warsaw newspapers were reporting that he was being considered as a candidate for the Nobel Prize. Some of the best reporters were dismissed from their jobs (the militantly pro-Solidarity journalists' association was dissolved during the first months of martial law), but many of them have surfaced in small, out-of-the-way venues. Stefan Bratkowski, the former head of the association, now writes regularly for the women's magazine *Moda I Zycie* ("Fashion and Everyday Life") and for *Niewidomy Spoldzielca* ("Blind Coöperativist"), the magazine of clubs for the blind, which has become perhaps the best-written and most widely prized journal in Poland today, even though much of it is in Braille.

One no longer comes upon the remarkably evocative Solidarity posters along the streets, but many of Solidarity's graphic artists have gone back to designing covers for books, and a visit to a bookstore can be a bracing experience. (Ironically, according to an editor friend of mine, the early months of martial law, with most of the newspapers suspended and their presses hence available for other uses, were a boom time for Poland's previously parched book-publishing industry.) Several of the new books have covers that, given the political situation, seem downright subversive. One features a prisoner, bound, gagged, and scrunched in a corner (this for a novel about the Warsaw ghetto uprising); another shows a pair of hands tied brutally behind a prisoner's back (a book about partisans in the Second World War); and a third simply offers a brooding black crow (a children's book).

Graffiti are everywhere: "WRON WON ZA DON" ("Crow, go back across the Don River"). "COME BACK EDDIE, ALL IS FORGIVEN"—a reference to Edward Gierek, the Polish Prime Minister who fell from power with the rise of Solidarity in 1980. "WLADYSLAW, WELCOME TO THE UNDERGROUND!"—a reference to Wladyslaw Gomulka, Gierek's predecessor as Prime Minister, who died and was buried in September of last year. At the studios of Film Polski, someone had hung a small cardboard notice on the door of the room that used to serve as the unit's Solidarity office: "Back in a moment." One morning, in the center of a mass-housing project on the outskirts of Warsaw, I came upon a single word scrawled large in bold, black spray paint: "RASTAFARI!"

In an attempt to lure young people off the streets, the regime has been pouring money into dance clubs—a policy that has led to an upsurge of Punk groups. Many of them belt out lyrics that are not exactly what the regime had in mind. "I can take the crisis," goes one refrain, "just spare me the crap." The city's top band, Perfekt, used to electrify its audiences with a song that went, first loud, "YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID," then soft, a whisper, "of Jaruzelski"—over and over again. Jaruzelski recently had this group dissolved.

For a while after the imposition of martial law, people went around wearing V-sign pins. Jaruzelski has been greatly annoyed by the profusion of V signs. "There's *no such letter* in the Polish alphabet," he pointed out, correctly, in an early speech, and the pins were banned. People subsequently took to wearing rabbit-ear buttons, till they, too, were banned. Then people started wearing tiny resistors taken from transistor radios (the Polish word for resistor, *opornik*, has the same connotation as the English), until these, too, of course, were banned. Recently, they've started wearing black enamel jewelry. It took a while for the regime to figure out what that was all about, but it turned out that during the 1863 rebellion against the czarist Russians women who sold their gold and silver to support the cause of Polish liberation were reduced to wearing black enamel. The regime couldn't very well ban black enamel jewelry. One day, I encountered a man walking down the street boldly wearing what seemed to be a traditional *Solidarność* pin, with the red letters and the flag coming out of the "n." Only, when he got close up I realized that the letters on the pin didn't spell out "*Solidarność*" but, rather, the phrase "What are you looking at, stupid?"

Everyone in Warsaw seemed to have a little box of "war paraphernalia" hidden somewhere in a cupboard. (From the start, for legal reasons, Jaruzelski himself had been referring to martial law as "a state of war.") I was shown a finely tooled wooden jigsaw puzzle: four pigs combined to form the face of Jaruzelski. I was shown some postcards, famous illustrations from a traditional Polish story for children: one showed a noble young prince languishing sadly in prison—the cards had been taken off the market. I was shown new, fresh ten-zloty banknotes, dated 1982, with the words "*Wrona Skona*" ("The crow will die") clearly bled into the watermark. And several times I was shown two commemorative stamps. On December 16, 1981, three days after the coup, philately shops throughout Warsaw began selling stamps commemorating the dedication, a year earlier, in the heady early period of Solidarity, of two monuments, at Gdynia and Gdansk, to honor the martyrs of the massacres during food strikes in those cities, in 1970. During the first few days after the coup, apparently, the commissars were so busy attending to other things that they failed to notice the stamps, which featured beautiful, inspired renditions of the two monuments. By the time they got around to stopping the sales, everybody seemed to have copies. No one, though, was trying to use them to mail letters.

One of the first things a visitor in Warsaw notices these days is that Victory Square is boarded up. Until 1918, this large, empty plaza in front of the Victoria Hotel was the site of a huge and hugely hated Russian Orthodox church, the symbol of czarist domination of this Catholic country. It was torn down following Polish independence, in 1918, and the vast square remained empty, a site for official public ceremonies. In 1979, in the presence of more than a million rapt Polish Catholics, Pope John Paul II and Cardinal Stefan Wyszynski jointly celebrated Mass in the square. After Wyszynski's death, in May, 1981, the spot became a sort of shrine, and Warsavites regularly brought flowers, which they strewed along the ground in the shape of a long cross. After the imposition of martial law, the cross seemed to sprout an "M" under one arm, an anchored "P" under the other, and a sweeping "V" at its base. The "M" was for "Mary," and the anchored "P," or "PW," for "*Polska Walczaca*" ("Poland is still fighting"), the motto of the partisans in Poland's Home Army during the Nazi occupation. Every few days, the police would come and blow the shrine away with their water cannons, but the next day the Poles would simply start to rebuild it from scratch. Finally, the regime decided to board up the whole plaza for repairs, and they were undertaken with a vengeance. Behind the wooden fence you could hear tractors rumbling. The flower cross soon sprang up again, a few blocks away, in an alcove near the entrance to the Old City outside St. Anne's Church. This time, flowers and boughs were piled even higher—sometimes as high as two and a half feet—with fresh flowers at the top covering what was becoming a compost heap. Among the wreaths were scattered photographs of Lech Walesa, Cardinal Wyszynski, and Pope John Paul II; Solidarity banners; and personal messages inscribed in red on white ribbons. The cross is constantly surrounded by a crowd of people; old, black-garbed women lead them in patriotic and religious hymns (in Poland, there's no distinction). One evening by the cross, as I was watching the devotional candles flicker and listening to the singing, I was quietly asked by my neighbor if I'd heard the rumor about Victory Square. The government, he said, had decided to erect a fountain at the old site of the cross, so as to prevent its reappearance. "A fountain," he repeated, his eyes glistening. "Don't you see? A spring . . . a miracle!"

In the midst of martial law, the regime seemed to be bending over backward to observe the form of whichever laws it hadn't simply decided to cancel. This, too, created some incongruities. One woman I spoke with had taken maternity leave on December 1, 1981—two weeks before the coup. Everyone else in her section had been fired in the wake of martial law, but she, who had been, if anything, the leader of the activists in the section, was continuing to receive monthly checks; since she was "on leave," the government couldn't touch her. Even more surprisingly, for ten months after the imposition of martial law the union's forty thousand full-time staff members continued to be paid their full salaries by a regime-administered trust fund, since the union, though suspended, was technically still in existence. Hence, by some monumental quirk in the law the regime was paying the salaries of forty thousand of its most active opponents, even those it had imprisoned—in effect, directly subsidizing the work of the underground.

One day, I happened to meet a Polish scholar who had received a visa for America and was getting set to leave the next day. He'd had to report to a special government office to have every single sheet of paper he planned to take out of the country catalogued, approved, and stamped. I commented that the practice seemed appallingly oppressive. He smiled, and said, "Oh, no. You just take it there and they approve it—they don't even look. Most of the lower clerks were themselves Solidarity members, and they hate the regime as much as we do. You have to remember, this is martial law Polish style." And he was right. At first, martial law Polish style can seem surprisingly breezy. You find yourself thinking, What's the fuss?

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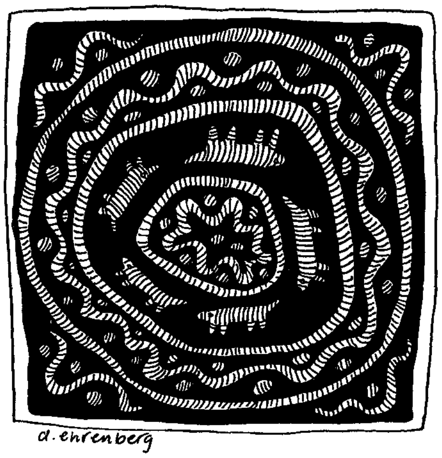
But when you've stayed on a few days, first impressions give way to second looks, and you come to realize that beneath its breezy surface martial law Polish style can be very grim.

THE reason for the virtual disappearance of the endless lines at the shops, for example, is simple and, as I learned, has nothing to do with an upturn in the economy. Quite the contrary. As one friend of mine in Warsaw put it, "I don't stand in line anymore, because I can no longer afford to buy what's at the head of the line. Neither can anyone else, so there are no more lines." Through martial law, Jaruzelski has at least been able to accomplish one thing that several regimes before him had failed to do: to increase food prices without a proportional increase in wages. (Gomulka's regime in 1970 and Gierek's in 1980 had both collapsed trying.) Last summer, the government's Main Statistical Office issued a report celebrating the fact that during the first six months of 1982 wages in the socialized sector of the economy were up forty per cent; the report also noted, however, that the cost of living for families in the same sector was up a hundred and four per cent. (For pensioners, it was up a hundred and fifteen per cent.) Real family income, therefore, had dropped twenty-five per cent in one year. The average salary for an industrialized worker in Poland today is 10,800 zlotys per month; teachers, clerks, and nurses make less (a nurse makes below 8,000); a pensioner receives under 5,000, but this is up from 3,000—one of the major lasting achievements of Solidarity. One kilogram of good-quality meat goes for between 550 and 700 zlotys. Thus, such supplies, although available, are often unaffordable. Jokers will ask you if you know how to make a Polish sandwich: "It's simple," they explain. "Take a ham ration card and place it between two bread ration cards." Church officials, who have been monitoring the food situation even more closely than the government, report that thirty per cent of the Poles can no longer afford to buy all the food allotted them on their meagre ration cards. This is probably just as well; for some time, the government has been printing up ration cards without giving any consideration to the available supply of products.

There is another reason you don't see as many lines as you used to. In many cases, there is simply *nothing* in the stores. This is particularly true of clothing, where shortages have become severe—and calamitously true in the case of children's shoes. In a country where almost ten per cent of the population is under the age of four—that is, a country where almost ten per cent of the population has definitely grown a shoe size or two in the past year—it is virtually impossible to procure new shoes for children, and, facing the winter, parents were tense and desperate. Even the black market seemed to be giving out. In addition, it has now become impossible to get over-the-counter drugs and vitamins without a doctor's prescription. "You can't even get a simple aspirin," one friend of mine in Warsaw complained. "Everybody in this city is walking around with headaches."

There are countless ways of calibrating the devastation of the Polish economy (during the first seven months of 1982, according to the official Polish news agency, Poles consumed thirteen per cent less food and purchased thirty per cent fewer manufactured goods than they did during the same period a year earlier, and 1981, of course, was no banner year), but at a certain point the mind simply gives up and you're left with a jumble of questions. How could things have reached this pass? And how do people get by at all?

One answer to the first question lies in the Communist regime's relationship to the people it rules in Poland—or, rather, in its strategy for retaining that rule. Perhaps more than in any other Eastern European country following the Second World War, the Communist Party in Poland was imposed on its subjects as an alien force, a simple expedient in Soviet security considerations with no indigenous legitimacy of its own. Faced with various popular rebellions (in Poznan in 1956, in Gdansk and Gdynia in 1970, and in Radom and Ursus in 1976), successive regimes have attempted to buy off the workers, either rescinding planned price increases or compensating for these increases with proportionally higher wages. Price and value have thus ceased to have any relationship in Poland, and the country today flounders in a sea of worthless zlotys. After the workers' rebellion along the Baltic coast in 1970, Gomulka was replaced as Prime Minister by Gierek, who launched an ambitious but outrageously mismanaged investment program. Billions of dollars were borrowed from Western banks and governments and funnelled into the construction of new manufacturing complexes and transportation networks. The middle-level bureaucracy profited (and in some cases profiteered) quite handsomely throughout this period, but the pieces never quite fit, and by the late nineteen-seventies it was clear that Gierek was not going to be able to turn the corner on his investment strategy. The new factories were lying idle for lack of spare parts, which, in turn, were unavailable because Poland lacked the hard currency to buy them: the idle factories weren't generating the currency, and Western banks had stopped extending fresh loans. Groaning under the weight of a national debt in excess of $25 billion, the country had become, in the words of one Western analyst, "an economic basket case." Still, in fairness to the Polish authorities, their debt was relatively modest compared to those compiled by their counterparts in Argentina ($43 billion), Mexico ($80 billion), and Brazil ($88 billion).



Some of the best critiques of Gierek's approach can be found today in the aboveground, government-sanctioned Polish press. Polish economists have an advantage in that they can be bitingly critical merely by being descriptive, and in the case of a recent article by Andrzej Zawislak in the magazine *Przeglad Techniczny* ("Technical Review"), analysis occasionally ascends to exquisite sarcasm. Describing the situation in the late seventies, Zawislak writes, "With the opening of Poland to the influences of genuine market economics, our system was able to find a new creditor. The first creditor, the economically active population, was an internal one: it could be manipulated to a great extent. The other one was not susceptible to such manipulation. He was a capitalist banker, who lent in order to earn. As such, he was impermeable to our social

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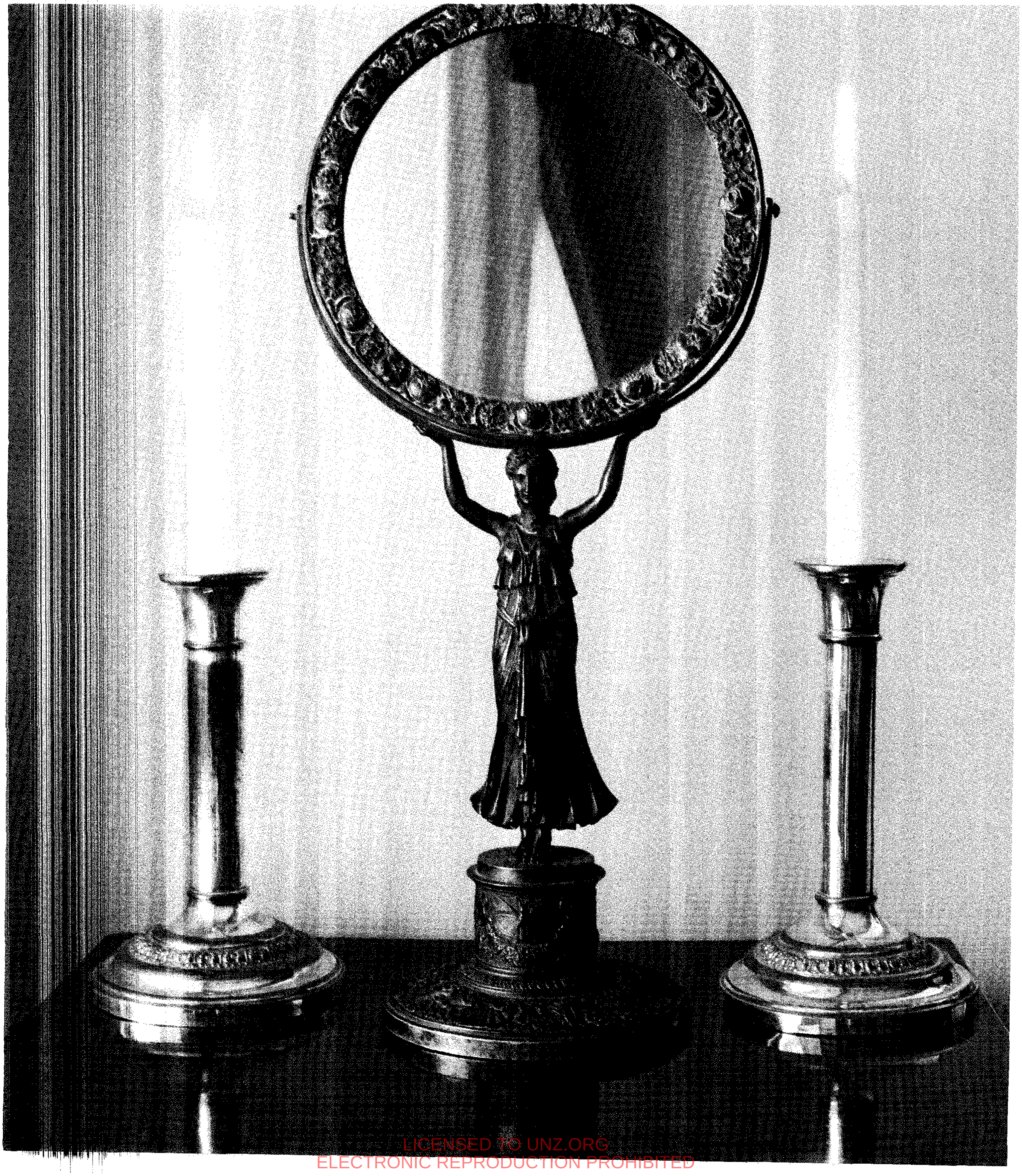

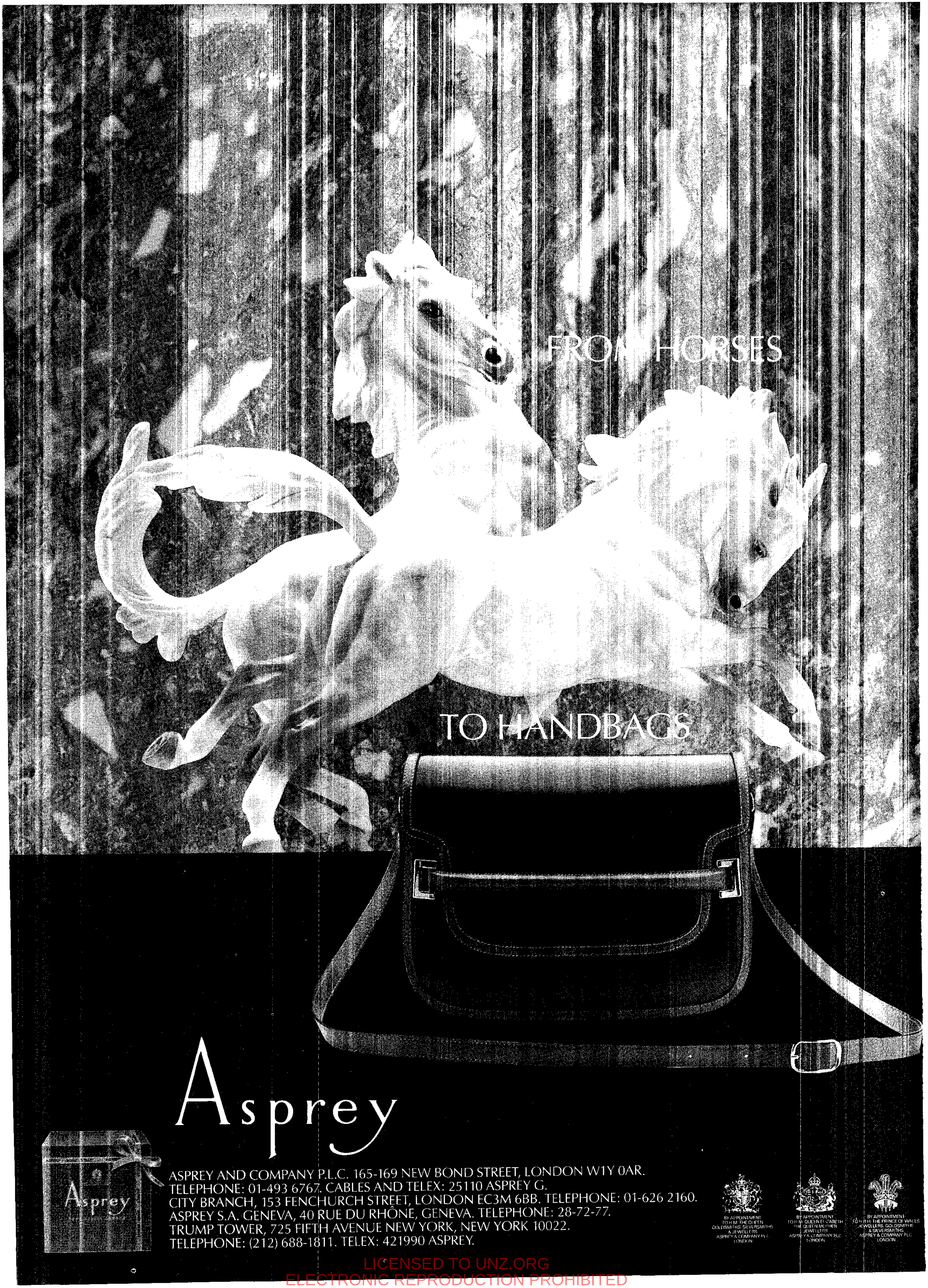

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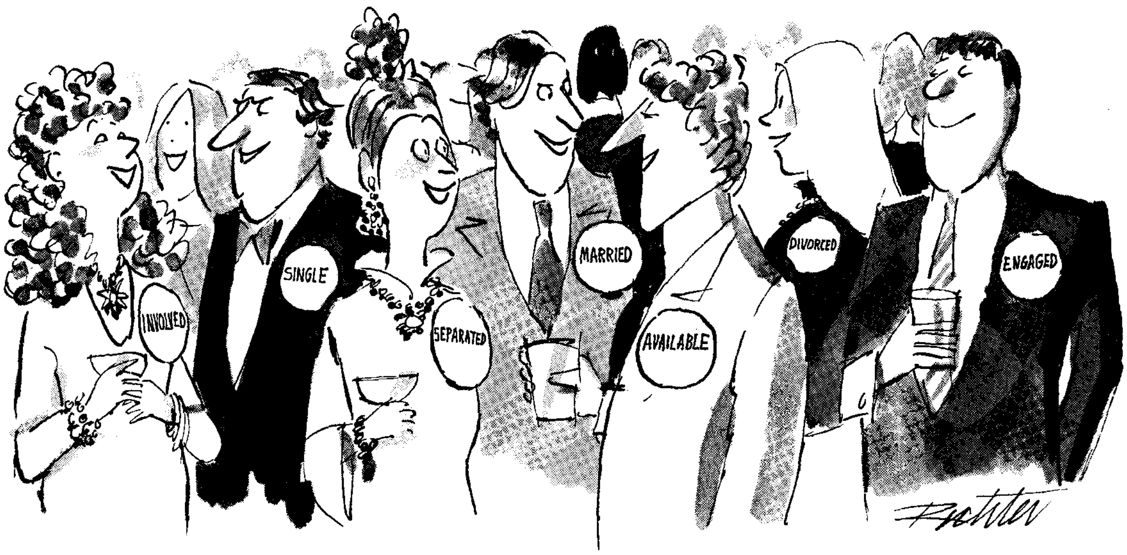


and ideological rationales. To make things worse, the system's internal creditor was no longer prepared to make concessions, either."

This was the background of the emergence of Solidarity in 1980. Clearly, sacrifices would have to be made if the vicious circle was to be reversed. Polish workers were not prepared to make sacrifices on behalf of a regime whose authority they had never respected and whose leaders they'd grown to despise—a regime that had got them into this mess in the first place. They might, however, be willing to make sacrifices on their own behalf—to accept a lower standard of living in the short term if this would guarantee a better life for their children. But they insisted that they themselves be the guarantors of that guarantee: they no longer trusted the bureaucracy and the authorities. They would sacrifice if they could participate. That, in essence, was what the strikes of August, 1980, were all about. Thereafter, the bureaucrats and the authorities either would not or could not allow that kind of participation, and that was what the sixteen months leading to December 13, 1981, were all about. "The ruling group was, in a sense, the owner of the means of production without having all the responsibilities of an owner," Jadwiga Staniszkis, a brilliant Warsaw sociologist, wrote shortly before the coup. "It participated only in the economic gains, and not in the losses. Since it was also quite prepared to issue dud checks, nearly all the victories won by Solidarity . . . had a superficial character." Increasingly incensed at the bad faith of the government's representatives, Solidarity's ten million members grew increasingly radical and unrealistic, often resorting to local wildcat strikes. According to Zawislak, "All this was taking place amid a general cry for economic reform and the earliest possible resumption of rational economic activity. But no sooner had a political force [Solidarity] capable of containing the previous violators of economic rules emerged and become consolidated than it began to show an inclination to follow suit. As it turned out, the representatives of the ancien régime and the militants of the . . . unions were linked by a common passion—an aversion to thinking in terms of assets and liabilities."

Although the strikes of 1981 can surely be blamed for only a small number of the country's economic problems (in many cases, workers struck at assembly lines that were already idle), the apportionment of blame is at this point fairly moot. When the generals seized power in December, they claimed they were acting to save the nation—to save the nation's economy, that is—and the relevant question is whether in any sense they can be said to have accomplished this. Although they did succeed in raising prices, that has tended only to exacerbate the suffering of most Poles, and the economy in general seems none the better. Jacek Kuron, one of the leading theorists of the Solidarity movement, wrote from his prison cell late last winter, "The state of the economy stands in no need of description. If one is to believe the authors of the military coup when they claim that they acted in order to save the economy, one may say that the operation was successful but the patient died." Jaruzelski, for all his brilliance as a military tactician (the December 13th coup was surely one of the most effectively executed maneuvers in recent history), has utterly failed to solve the central dilemma of modern Polish history—that of legitimacy. Gierek tried to buy it, and failed. Jaruzelski has been trying to command it, and is failing as well. "You can bully people into obedience," Daniel Singer, one of the most insightful journalists covering Eastern Europe, recently noted. "But you cannot achieve with bayonets what Solidarity would have found it difficult to accomplish when the workers had the feeling of gaining mastery over their own fate."

A bit of graffiti I came upon frequently in Warsaw consisted of the image of a snail; protruding from the shell, in place of its head, was a hand with fingers extended in a V sign. "Victory through passivity," a friend of mine explained. A few weeks after the imposition of martial law, the Warsaw underground organization issued a tract called "Basic Principles of Resistance." Principle No. 6 read, "Work slowly; complain about the mess and incompetence of your superiors. Shove all decisions, even the most minor ones, into the lap of commissars and informers. Flood them with questions and doubts. Don't do their thinking for them. Pretend you are a moron."

To be sure, the intensity with which Poles threw themselves into creative nonactivity during the first months of martial law (in the first two weeks, the thousands of workers at the Ursus plant outside Warsaw are said to have produced precisely one tractor) has given way to something more tired and mundane. Workers show up, and then work with sullen deliberation. But if the passivity of the Polish workers is no longer paralyzing the economy it is still preventing recovery. Jaruzelski can make the workers show up at the factories, he can even make them work, but he cannot make them work enthusiastically, and at this stage nothing short of enthusiasm will suffice to save the economy.

Of course, on top of the attitude of the workers Jaruzelski is confronted with the rampant dilapidation of Poland's physical plant. According to the

French journal *L'Alternative*, forty per cent of Warsaw's buses are now out of circulation for lack of batteries. Of six hundred and twenty thousand tractors in Poland, all of which are desperately needed for agricultural production, a hundred thousand have broken down and will not be repaired until Poland generates enough hard currency to buy the necessary spare parts. One evening, I had a chance to speak with one of the thousand workers who service Warsaw's central-heating system. "The quality of the pipe we are now laying is so bad that it lasts only four years," he said. "We tear up the road, lay the pipe, and repave the road knowing that in four years we are going to have to come back and tear up the road again. The main pipes are all right—they're from before—but the feeder pipes are new and rotten. They come from the Huta Warszawa steelworks, and the poor guys over there simply don't have the specialized steel and the necessary equipment. They sent a shipment to the Soviet Union for the Siberian pipeline and it was rejected. We have to lay about twenty kilometres a year if we're to keep on schedule and get back where we started within four years."

I asked him how much they'd laid in the ten months since December.

He broke into a toothy smile, shrugged, and said, "Two kilometres."

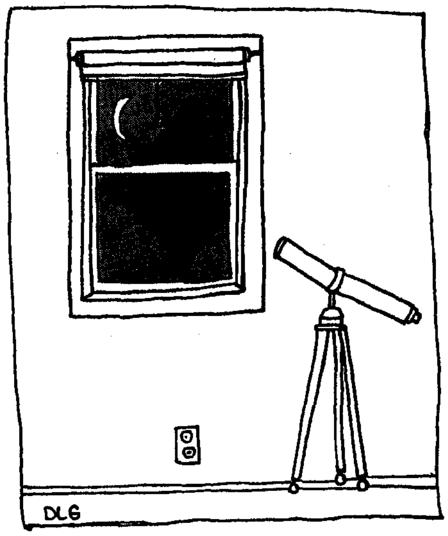
Does that mean that Warsaw will be without heat in three years?

"Ah, no," he replied. "Not necessarily. It works like this: Today, we have a thousand people laying pipe; in two and a half years, some bureaucrat will discover the emergency and launch an offensive and we'll have five thousand people laying pipe. *But it will be the same pipe*."

The low morale of the workers and the dilapidated condition of the physical plant are often aggravated these days by the stupidity of the authorities. "I'll give you an example," a Warsaw writer who spends time in the country told me one afternoon. "This happened in the village where I go. The authorities spent months trying to coerce the local farmers into selling their grain to the government coöperative. They invoked patriotism and humanitarian concern, and so forth, and about half of the farmers gave in and sold their crop. Then, finally, just this week, in an effort to get the rest, the authorities raised the price they were willing to pay—and the other half, the recalcitrant half, happily brought their grain to market. So the first guys have learned a lesson for next year: they got stung; they should have held out, too."

Besides all these difficulties, Jaruzelski has been having to deal with Western trade sanctions and banking pressures. The impact of the sanctions has been relatively mild; it's not as though the Poles would have had any hard currency with which to buy anything if the sanctions had not been imposed. (Such impact as has been felt has been confined largely to agriculture: farmers have been slaughtering their herds for lack of American feed.) Western bankers, for their part, have generally been turning over the loans; that is, lending Jaruzelski money to pay the interest on his debt, so that they can avoid declaring Poland in default—a prospect that no one relishes. But even when Jaruzelski is able to procure a little hard currency beyond this debt servicing, he has to pour it into consumer items—food, clothes, etc.—and has virtually nothing left to invest in spare parts or raw materials or capital improvements. So it's not surprising that, according to Daniel Singer, domestic output, which had been down seven per cent in 1979-80 and thirteen per cent in 1981, fell another eight per cent in 1982.

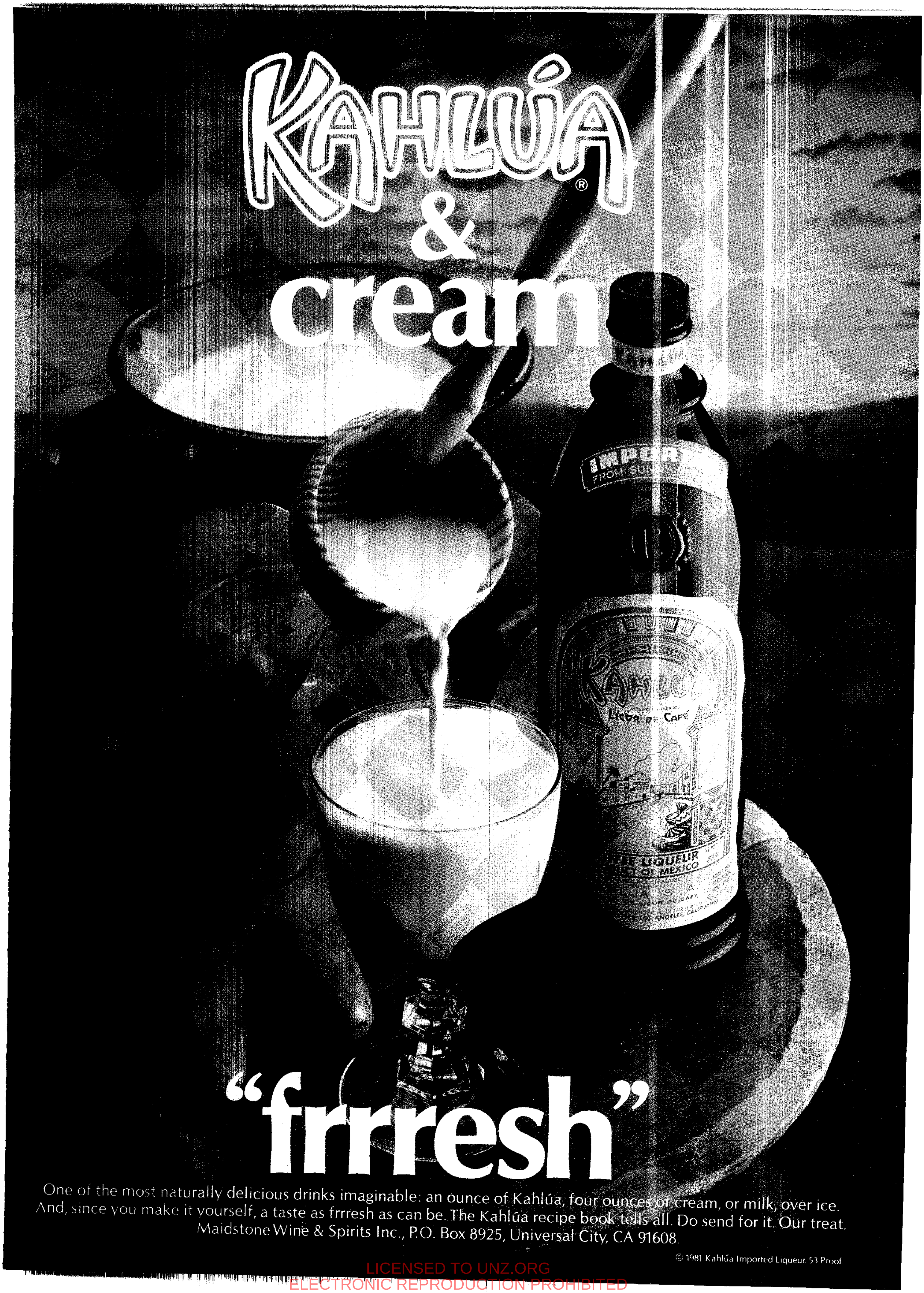
Such statistics brought me back to my second question: How are the Poles getting by at all? From what I could gather, many of them aren't. People aren't starving yet, but the government's own figures list thirty per cent of all Polish workers as now living below the poverty line, along with fifty per cent of Poland's pensioners. Virtually everyone is spending more than he is earning. For some, this means that the last year or so has seen the gradual liquidation of their life savings. (A common joke has it that the average Pole earns five thousand zlotys a month, spends seven thousand, and saves the rest.) How will these people make it through 1983? Many people are getting by thanks to private foreign aid: either parcels distributed through the churches or—more often, perhaps—small gifts of hard currency from friends and relatives in America or Western Europe. In Poland, people of every class and region seem to have relatives abroad, and the monthly gift of, say, five or ten dollars can make all the difference—especially given the telescoping effect of black-market currency exchanges. For all the talk about the relative effectiveness of boycotts at the governmental level, I have no doubt that what is keeping the Polish economy from complete collapse these days is the unceasing influx of hard currency in small denominations like this; without that steady assistance the country might well have exploded months ago.



Many people get by precisely by playing the black market in currency or entering the entrepreneurial subterranean economy. The official exchange rate for dollars has doubled from an arbitrary thirty-two zlotys in 1981 to an equally arbitrary eighty-six in 1983. Nevertheless, the street rate (the actual rate) remains between three hundred and fifty and four hundred, and profits are to be made in the interstices. The government turns a blind eye to this practice (it needs the hard currency in the country, and people need it in their pockets), just as it tends to turn a blind eye to many other aspects of the subterranean economy. One architect in Warsaw told me, "This country runs *because of* corruption, not in spite of it. Any time something works, I assume that money is passing under the table somewhere—and I assume as often as not that I may be the one having to pass it."

Shortly after the imposition of martial law, Jaruzelski made a great show of evenhandedness, claiming that he was going to pursue official corruption with the same zeal with which he attacked anti-socialist tendencies. However, as time passed, the anti-corruption campaign lapsed. "It turns out he's the creature of apparatchiks," a friend told me. "Or maybe they just all have to hang together. To the extent that high-level corruption is uncovered in the bureaucracy, it usually results in lateral transfers rather than demotions or dismissals."

In the midst of the economic deba-



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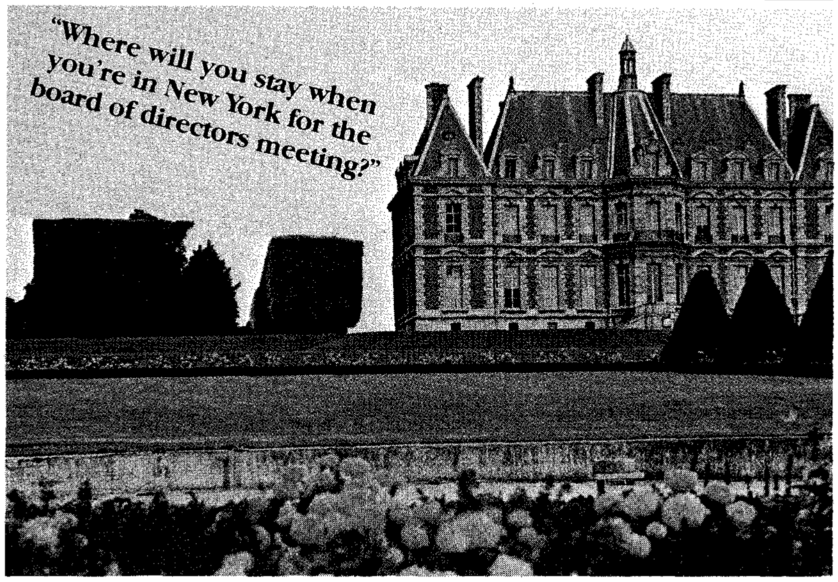
cle, there is a thriving expansion of the entrepreneurial spirit. The regime encourages this spirit partly by not cracking down on illegal enterprises and partly by completely absenting itself from various sectors of the market. Three ex-journalists, for example, are making a small fortune repairing and refilling pocket cigarette lighters—people come to them because they have nowhere else to go. (Government shops are incapable of performing the task, and have no new lighters to sell.) I met a onetime engineer who now runs a small toy-manufacturing shop. He employs several former factory workers. Although he pays the workers twice what they would be earning on the factory line and must regularly bribe various government clerks and contrive complicated transactions to obtain the necessary parts, he still manages to make a tremendous profit. "But," he cautions, "keep in mind that the profit is in zlotys, so to some extent it's worthless, because there's nothing to buy." Everywhere you looked in Warsaw last autumn, it seemed, people were huddled in corners engaging in some sort of anxious transaction: bills for bills, bills for objects, objects for objects—an awkward ballet of bulging trenchcoats, dangling cigarettes, and furtive glances. Michael Dobbs, of the Washington *Post*, has noted that "the economic chaos creates a climate for social ills such as alcoholism, prostitution, and drug addiction that Marxist ideologists often portray as the hallmark of life under capitalism." One Pole in Warsaw told me in disgust, "This isn't Communism. It isn't even capitalism. It's pre-capitalism—everyone for himself." Another person said, "The Communist Party in this country seems willing to sacrifice everything, including any pretense of communism, simply to retain its hold on power."

Nothing in Warsaw last autumn could disguise the despair of people thinking about the country's and their own economic future: the one chance, as they saw it, to salvage both had now been scotched. In addition to everything else, that's what December 13th had been about: not only would they no longer be permitted to save their economy but its management was reverting to the very bureaucrats who had masterminded the fiasco in the first place. "Year by year now," one Warsavite told me sadly, "we will fall further behind." At the university one afternoon, a young woman student commented, "What can I expect for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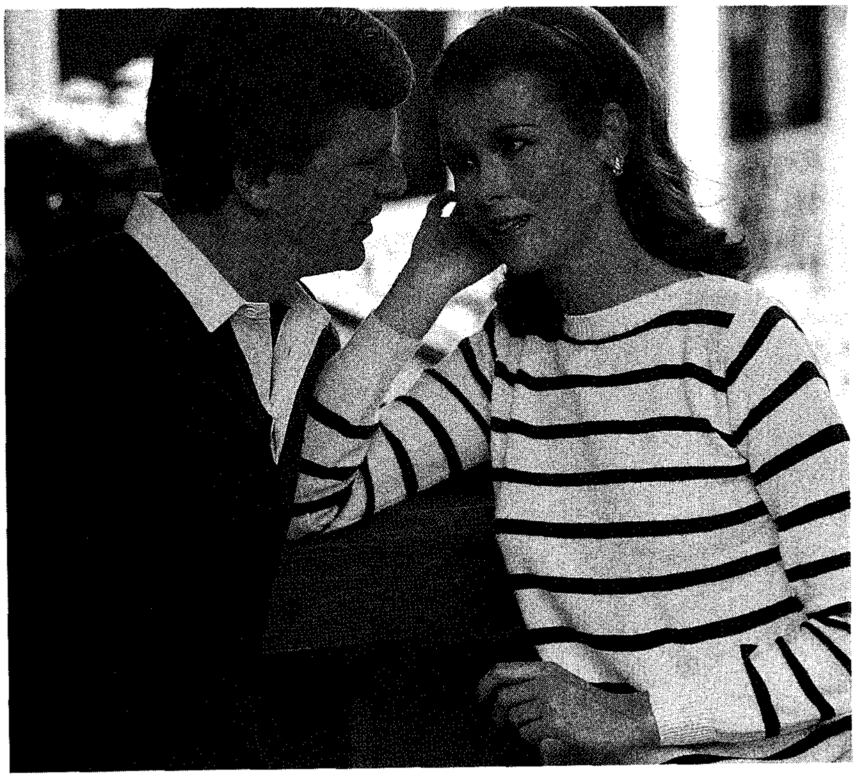

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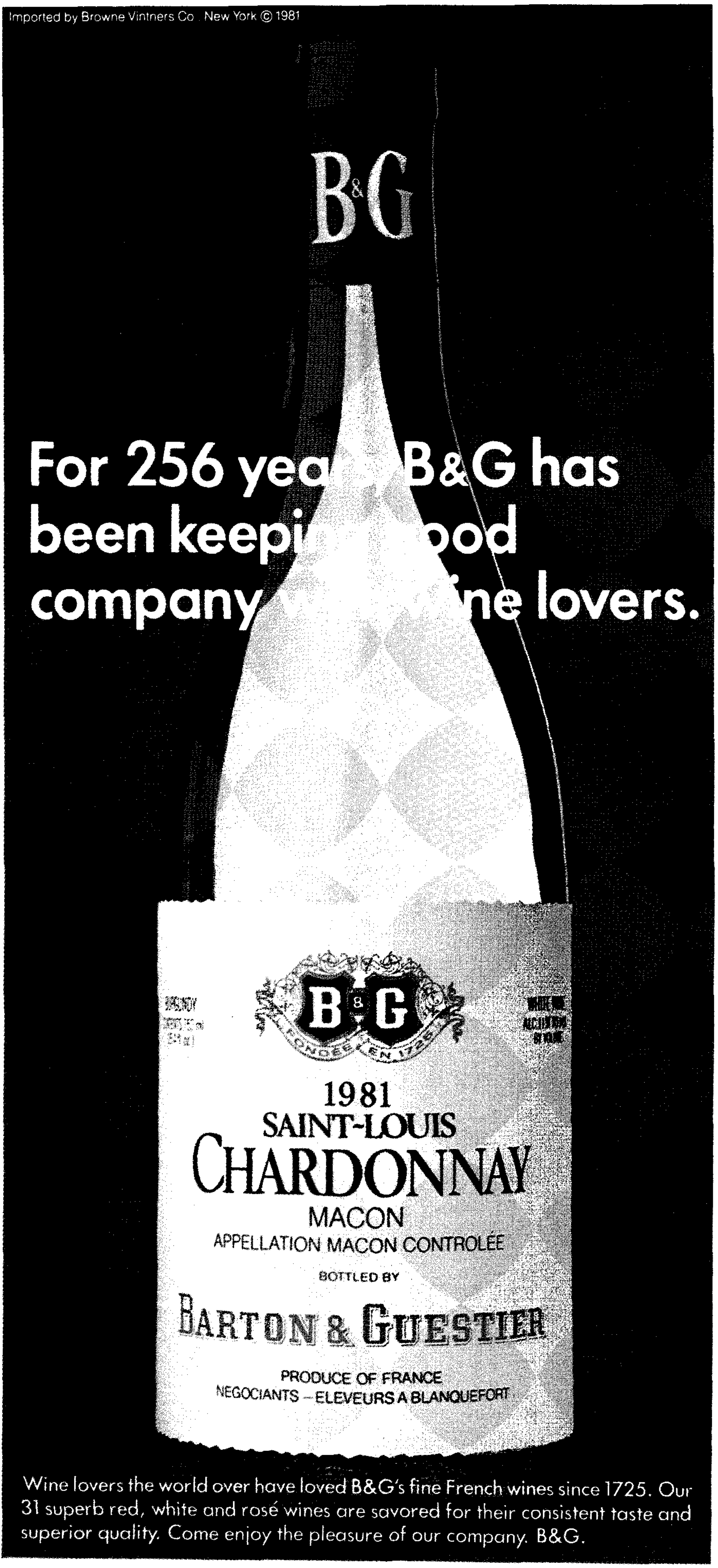
my future? There is no new housing, and now there won't be. I will have to live with my parents till I am forty-five, unless I marry, in which case I will live in the living room of my husband's parents." There are a lot of young people in Poland—the mean age is twenty-eight. "There is just no hope anymore," another young woman, a former Solidarity activist, told me. "No world of illusions within the realm of possibility, no viable fantasies of improving one's lot."

IN Poland, you can usually anticipate the tides of unrest simply by consulting the calendar. In this intensely Catholic country, dates are everything. At the beginning of last year, for instance, you didn't need to be clairvoyant to know that early May—with both May Day and, two days later, the anniversary of the promulgation of the 1791 Polish constitution—was going to be tense. Or that a crowd would no doubt gather in Poznan—if nowhere else—on June 28th, the anniversary of the 1956 massacre in that city. Or that midsummer would be troublesome, with its cavalcade of anniversaries: August 1st, the launching of the heroic, ill-fated Warsaw Rising, in 1944; August 14th, the start of the Gdansk strike in 1980; August 15th, General Jozef Pilsudski's rout of the Red Army at the very edge of Warsaw in 1920; August 26th, the arrival of the Black Madonna, Poland's principal shrine, at Czestochowa, exactly six hundred years before, in 1382; August 31st, the triumph of the Gdansk strike; and September 1st, the start of the Nazi blitzkrieg into Poland with the storming of Danzig (Gdansk)—the attack that precipitated the Second World War, in 1939. No matter how hard the regime bore down on the underground, the people would be restive. Poles don't have to be mobilized around some arbitrary date: they know which days to take to the streets, and they'll always be there—in spirit, if not in body. And so you also knew that something was going to happen on November 10th (the second anniversary of Solidarity's registration as a legal union) and in December, with its wrenching series of anniversaries: December 14th through 18th, the 1970 massacres in Gdansk, Gdynia, and Szczecin; and, of course, December 13th, the first anniversary of the imposition of martial law. To anyone looking ahead, one of the few calm periods seemed likely to be mid-October: no



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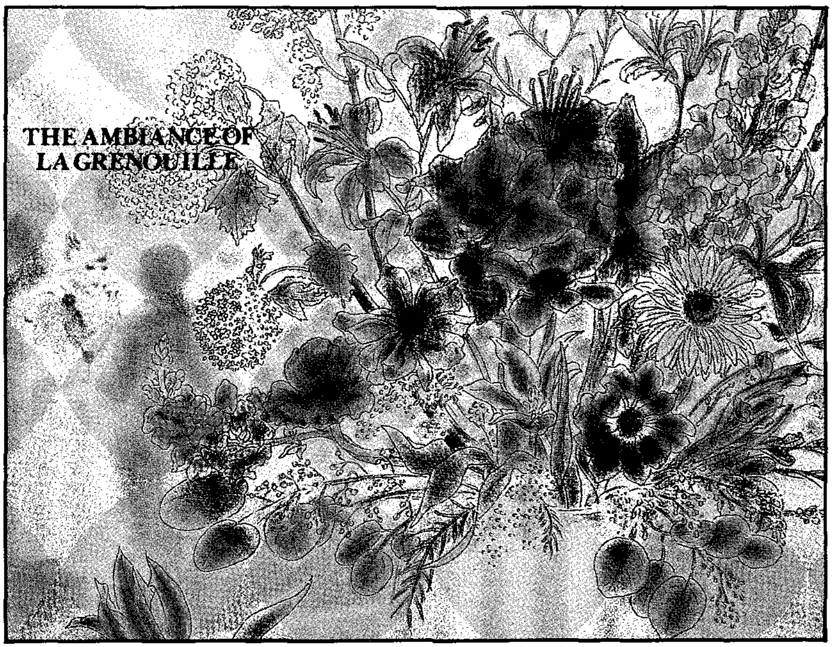

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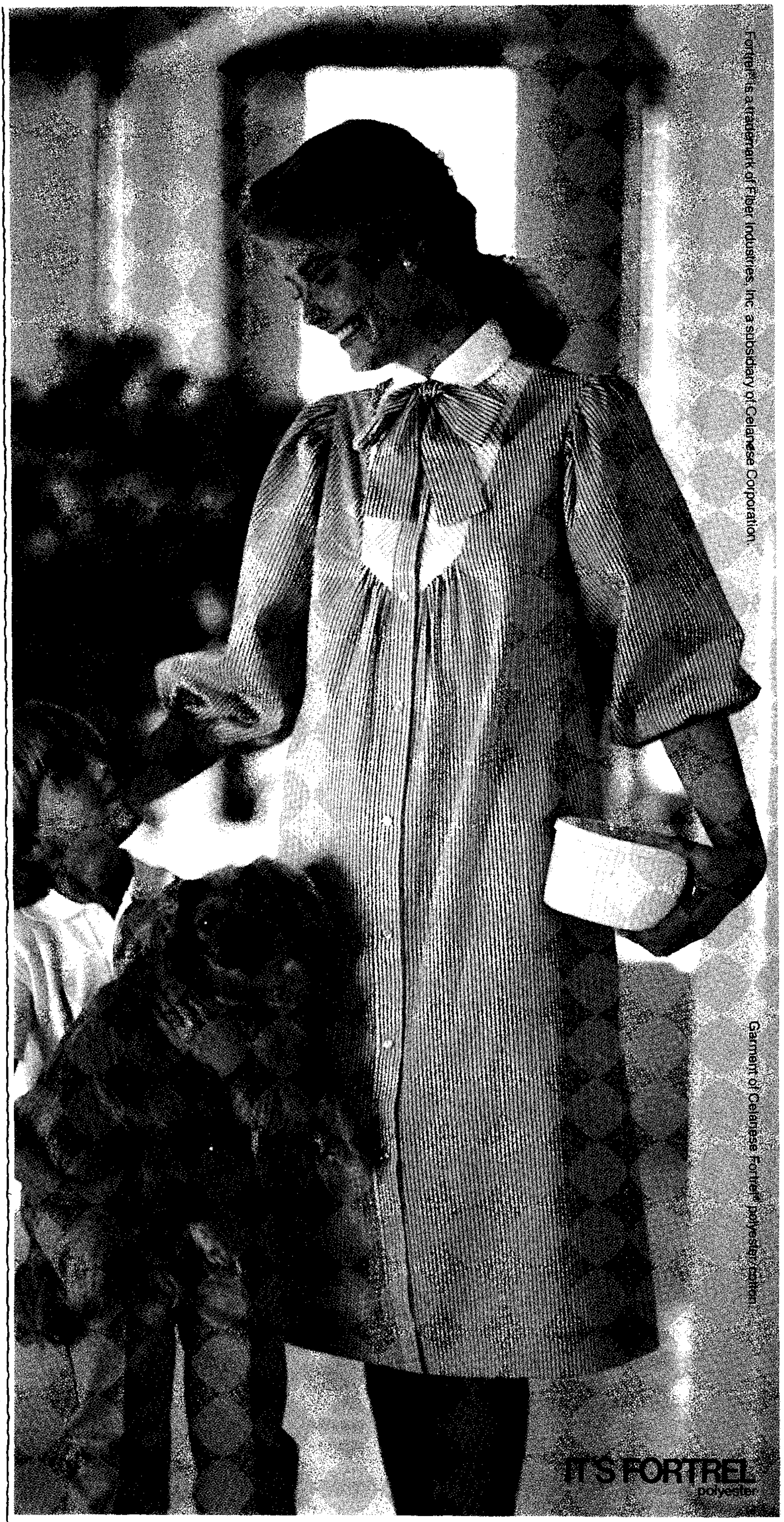
particularly memorable dates for a few weeks in either direction. Apparently, Jaruzelski and his colleagues, looking at the same calendar, decided that that would be a nice, innocuous period during which to ban Solidarity. (The union had technically only been "under suspension" the previous ten months.) Polish history is a bit like the game Battleship: successive regimes seek out empty spaces on the calendar to spring their repressions, thereby creating new horrors for subsequent memorialization. Thus, slowly the calendar blots up, new dates emerging where there were few before. Therefore, under Jaruzelski's direction the Sejm, Poland's parliament, banned Solidarity on Friday, October 8th. The following Monday, the Lenin Shipyard in Gdansk was back on strike—an astonishing spectacle, and one that for a few moments seemed likely to spread. (Workers sat straddling the wall staring out at the tanks; on the great white letters "L-E-N-I-N" above the entry gate they'd superimposed, in red paint, "s-o-l-i-d-a-r-n-o-ś-ć.") After the second day, however, with the militarization of the yard, the strike faltered and collapsed.

SITTING in my hotel one afternoon in October, about a week after the collapse of the Gdansk strike, I was rereading some of the documents I'd brought along—texts from the high good time of Solidarity—when I was struck by a phrase in an essay by Halina Bortnowska. Bortnowska was one of the most deeply respected activists during those sixteen months—a Catholic intellectual who enjoyed unusually good relations with the steelworkers in her home town, Nowa Huta, outside Krakow. In January, 1981, in *Tygodnik Powszechny* ("Universal Weekly"), the distinguished Krakow Catholic journal, she characterized Solidarity as "a concrete, historical social movement which is now one of the most important expressions of what I call the 'subjectivity' of Polish society, its capacity for acting as a subject rather than the object of history." Polish society had briefly recaptured its subjectivity through the recovery and projection of its solidarity—the sense that ten million people, united, moving together, could transform themselves from history's objects into its subjects. Bortnowska's phrase seemed particularly striking to me because it helped clarify the struggle currently taking place in Poland between society and the regime: Jaruzelski and his colleagues are intent on transforming Poles from subjects back into objects. The key element in this process is the obliteration of their sense of solidarity—both the capacity for unity and the capacity for action. This helped account, in part, for the surprising openness I'd witnessed during my first few days in Warsaw. In all sorts of ways *that don't finally matter*, Jaruzelski was willing to let the Poles vent steam. The regime could handle individual street demonstrations, semi-subversive plays, splashes of graffiti, even job actions at individual, isolated factories; the one thing to be avoided at any cost was having all the workers go out on strike at all the factories at the same time. As long as that didn't happen, the sense of complete subjectivity would not be revived. In the meantime, there were all kinds of ways in which the regime could slowly begin to reimpose the sense of objecthood.

Through the economy itself, for one. Of course, the regime's planners might have preferred an early fiscal upturn and a renewed prosperity, but as long as that wasn't happening the dire economic shortfalls could be put to repressive uses. People who were spending most of their time scrambling for food and clothing for their families had less time to devote to subversive aspirations or subjective nostalgias. Furthermore, with the economy so bad, the threat of dismissal or arrest became all the more effective: workers would think twice, three times, five times before deciding to participate—or, more often, not to participate—in a strike or a demonstration. Those who did participate knew they were risking the very livelihood of their families. This, by the way, is not a strategy that is unique to the ruling parties in Poland: we in the West frequently hear statements to the effect that one "side benefit" of the current recession and the high rates of unemployment is that they help to "discipline" the work force—to undermine unions, to make them temper contract demands or accept contract concessions, and so forth. In Poland, however, the mechanisms are much more severe. "What you have here is a bureaucratized terror regime," Roman Laba, an American Fulbright scholar in Warsaw, insisted to me one day. "It doesn't have to project force on the street all the time: the terror is built into the system by virtue of the fact that the state is the sole legitimate employer. It simply means an awful lot



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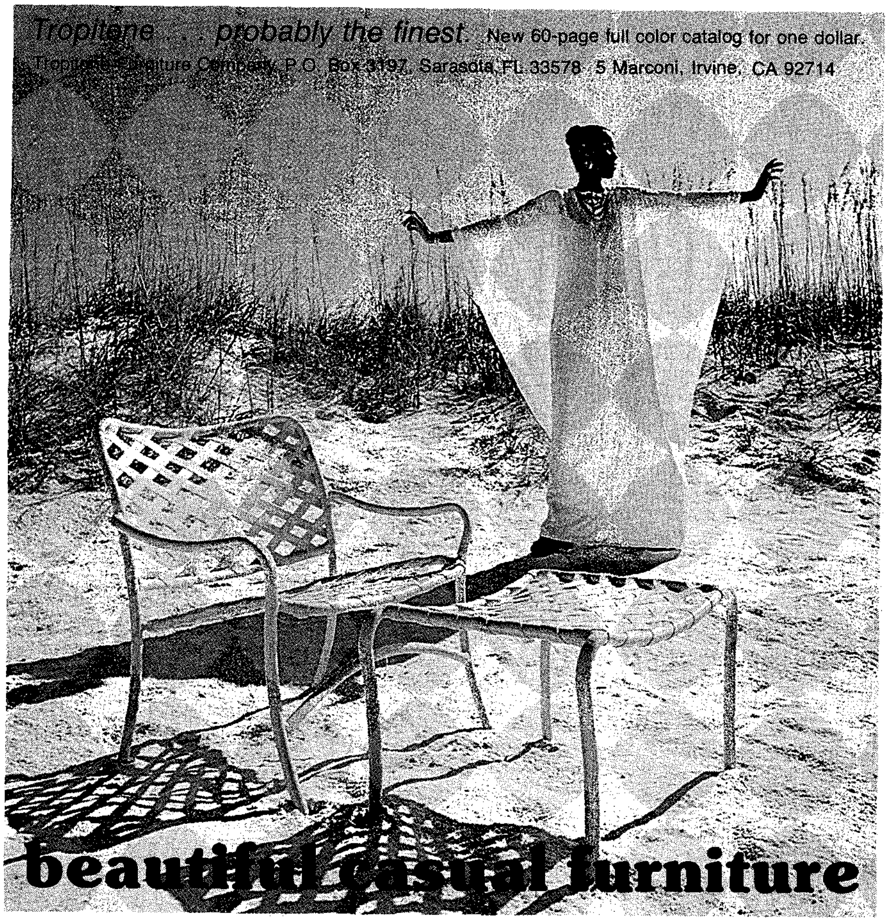
more for a worker to be dismissed or for him to contract an arrest record here than it would in the West." Fired workers often find that the regime has issued a "wolf ticket" on them—a form edict that effectively blackballs them from employment at any other state-run enterprise. (Lech Walesa had been wolf-ticketed in 1976; when the strike began in Gdansk on August 14, 1980, he had to scale the wall of the shipyard to rejoin his old co-workers.)

During the early phases of martial law, a particularly demeaning tactic employed by the authorities was to require loyalty oaths and reaccreditation hearings. Workers who weeks earlier had been embracing the cause of Solidarity were now required one by one to sign an oath in effect renouncing that prior allegiance. A loyalty oath is a piece of paper in which one surrenders one's subjectivity; a reaccreditation hearing is a place where one can grovel, desperately pleading with the authorities to be allowed to be reduced once again to the status of an object. Either that—forswear, grovel—or risk losing one's job in a harrowing economy.

Marek Nowakowski, one of Poland's finest short-story writers, has written a series of brilliantly observed vignettes about martial law, called "War Stories," which he has been courageously publishing under his own name. He was the first cultural figure to renounce the use of a pseudonym; within weeks of the coup, these remarkable miniature études began appearing—at first in typescript (each person who got a copy would take it home and make a new set of carbons, passing them along in a sort of chain-witness) and then in underground journals. In one story, "Rat," a factory director who was previously fairly sympathetic to Solidarity calls in an underling, a former union activist, and, following a long, edgy prologue—the meeting is clearly demeaning to *both* parties—nervously asks the activist to sign a loyalty oath. The activist vehemently refuses, and soon finds himself transferred from his former position to a pig farm that the enterprise runs as a side operation; he feeds the pigs and hunts for rats, trapping them occasionally, spiking them, and summoning up images of his boss. In another Nowakowski story, called "Reaccreditation," a panel of five examiners convenes at a publishing house (representatives from the culture ministry, the Army, the Party, the publishing



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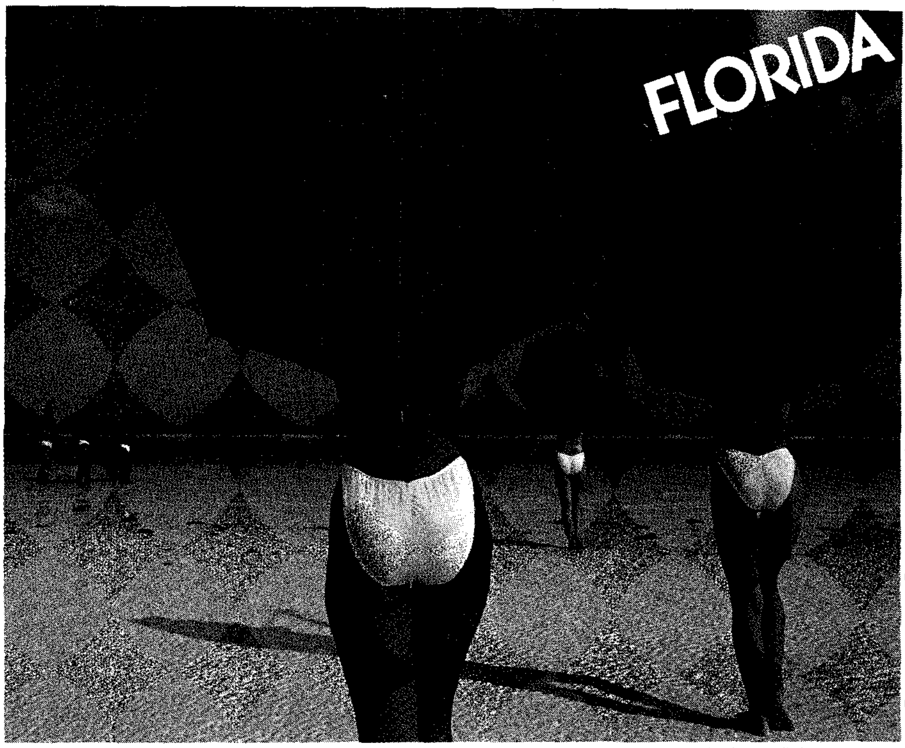

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house, and, "at the end of the table, one person of unknown allegiance") and calls in, one after another, three employees for individual review. Each, however, arrives more drunk than the one before—it's clear they've all been up the whole night dousing their anxiety. Finally, the Army representative, a colonel, reddens like an apoplectic, pounds his fist on the table, and exclaims "This is a farce!" and the hearing is adjourned to another day.

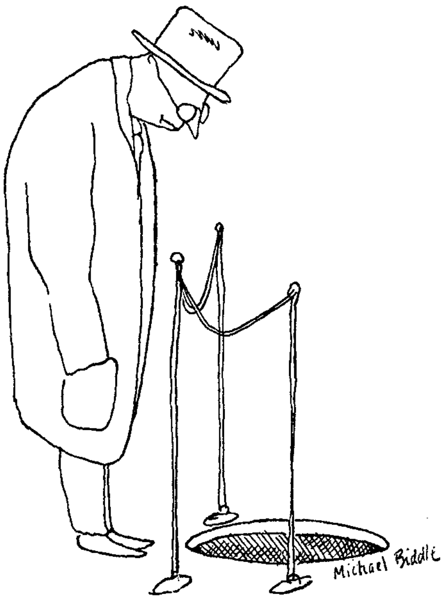
I heard countless stories about re-accreditation hearings, and met many people who had been fairly shattered by their moment of decision. Shortly after martial law was declared, the regime offered to release many of those it had interned and arrested if they would merely sign declarations of loyalty, agreeing to refrain from engaging in activities "harmful to the state and the government of the Polish People's Republic." Soon after, an internee at the Bialoleka prison, near Warsaw, who signed his name "Andrzej Zagozda" managed to smuggle out a tract entitled "Why You Are Not Signing." "Zagozda" was widely believed to be Adam Michnik, a passionate, highly regarded Solidarity theorist. He wrote:

> A young woman, the wife of a Solidarity activist, was arrested and taken away from her sick baby—which, she had been told beforehand, they had decided to place in a children's home. She signed the declaration. My friend was torn away from his mother, on her own and dying of cancer, and told that "there will not even be a lame dog to make your mother tea." He signed the declaration. . . . It is difficult to condemn either choice here. Ostracism would achieve the government's aims: for it is precisely their aim to break social resistance and human solidarity by creating divisions and conflicts. However, if one takes a position of tolerance and understanding, one cannot thereby assume that the very act of signing the declaration of loyalty is in itself "morally indifferent." It is not. Every declaration of loyalty is an evil, and a declaration coerced from you is an evil into which you have been coerced. The only difference is that sometimes it is a lesser evil. The act of signing deserves understanding, always sympathy, but never praise.

For all the unpleasantness of the loyalty oaths and the reaccreditation hearings, I met few people in Poland who begrudged their fellows whatever choice they'd come to. The fifth of Warsaw Solidarity's "Basic Principles of Resistance" read, "Do not denounce ordinary people. Your enemies are: the policeman, the eager conformist, the informer." And most people agreed. (They judged others leniently; themselves, sometimes, less so.) In Krakow, the Solidarity underground contrived a strategy that had all the marks of Halina Bortnowska's thinking. In workplaces where resistance was not strong enough to organize mass refusals of loyalty oaths, the underground leadership urged signing en masse: "It is not important what papers we sign under duress but how we act. Loyalty oaths are a form of psychological pressure. We will not allow ourselves to be cut off from each other so that an individual must choose between fellow-workers and his conscience." At one point, Jozef Glemp, Primate of the Polish Catholic Church, issued a statement in which he observed that oaths elicited under coercion had no force: one could swear to anything under such circumstances and not be bothered by one's conscience, for the oath was not binding. In heavily Catholic Poland, such a statement from such a source provided many suffering people with considerable solace. One day in Warsaw, a young man pulled aside his jacket lapel and showed me a metal pin affixed to his shirt: it was a superbly modelled hand, with two fingers thrust upward in the familiar V sign. Only, the insides of the two fingers were notched, like a zipper. "Two fingers together and you have the symbol of oath-taking, the sign of capitulation," he explained. "But all you need to do is unzip them and you have the sign of defiance." So that many people signed and many didn't, and finally it didn't really matter: thousands of people were fired anyway as the authorities attempted to promote their quiet terror.

During the early stages of martial law, however, the authorities were confronted with an astonishing display of social solidarity—of recalcitrant subjectivity, Halina Bortnowska might say—when they attempted to use the weapon of mass dismissals. In late May, for example, when thousands of workers had been fired in the wake of demonstrations on the thirteenth of the month, the Warsaw underground leadership issued the following appeal:

> Now the time has come to *share* what little we have, not just to give away what we can spare. This is another test of our solidarity. . . . Nobody must be left without help! Nobody must be left alone! Nobody must remain in fear of tomorrow!



Such appeals quickly led to the formation of social-help committees in factories, institutions, and parishes, and these organizations proved remarkably effective. Furthermore, many fired workers found work in the burgeoning private sector—the small shops that were cropping up all over to attend to tasks and services the government could no longer provide. Although entrepreneurs who ran such businesses were usually in violation of the law by definition, the state, as I have noted, tended to turn a blind eye to the proceedings. By summer, however, many of the entrepreneurs who had taken to employing fired workers were being visited by bureaucrats and pressed to dismiss them or else face charges for running an illegal enterprise. Even so, the capillary network of social support seemed to be holding up. In early fall, therefore, the regime launched one of its most frightening offensives—the campaign against "social parasites."

To hear Polish television's newscasters tell it, the economy was being dragged down by hosts of drunkards, laggards, and black marketeers. There were nightly reports featuring individual case studies of the loathsome behavior of these vermin. In October, in response to the supposed resultant groundswell of public indignation, the regime proposed, and the parliament soon passed, a social-parasite law. In essence, everyone was required to find new employment within three months of becoming unemployed. The state knew who the unemployed were, because it knew that *it* was no longer employing them. Anyone still unemployed after three months would have to account to a local administrative body for the means of his livelihood. If this body determined that the livelihood was inappropriate (for example, being supported by relatives or friends or foreign royal-ties) or was “dangerous and harmful to the rules of coexistence in the community” (pretty much anything the state chose to characterize as such), the applicant would be declared a social parasite and would be liable to up to two years’ “limitation of freedom”—which could mean forced induction into a road gang in the hinterland. In addition, social parasites and their families could face eviction from their lodgings. In Poland, where it now takes up to twenty years to get an apartment, which is then zealously passed from grandparent to parent to child, such a threat is truly terrifying. Although the law was supposedly designed to attack, for example, black marketeers, everyone knew that those characters would easily be able to bribe their way out of prosecution, and that the law’s true target was the fired activists. (The law seemed perfectly timed to jam Solidarity’s forty thousand union organizers who’d suddenly become “unemployed” as a result of the delegalization of the union, on October 8th.)

Another example of how the desperate situation of the economy is being used by the regime as a lever of repression—this time in a more active way—came with the government’s announcement, after the delegalization of Solidarity, that the organization would be replaced by new unions. Most people’s initial reaction to the establishment of these unions was one of utter revulsion. They had no intention of taking part in this obvious charade. The regime, however, soon began to float intimations that certain supplies would be available *only through* the new unions—things like children’s shoes. And, one by one, Polish families found their subjective resistance giving way to objective abjection. This process was aggravated when a strict boycott of the new unions became official underground policy, for now each family had to face its difficult decision in solitude rather than in solidarity.

THE subjective revival represented by Solidarity had allowed—indeed, required—an unprecedented openness in Polish public discourse. The regime’s campaign of repression, for its part, has relied heavily on a renewed countervailing offensive by the state’s propaganda apparatus. The Polish regime’s propaganda, however, is of a somewhat different sort from that which one usually associates with totalitarian regimes. There is, for example, relatively little celebration of supposed economic triumphs. “If anything,” one friend of mine in Warsaw observed, “Jaruzelski’s is a propaganda of despair: ‘You think things are bad now—just wait, they’re going to get worse. You’re lucky we don’t just line you all up along a wall and shoot the whole lot of you.’ ” Although my friend was exaggerating, it is often astonishing to witness the blatant cynicism projected by government representatives, especially Jerzy Urban, the principal government spokesman. One day, for example, he was asked by a reporter whether he thought the Western sanctions would have an impact on the Polish economy. As Polish television cameras whirred in the background, transmitting his words throughout the country, Urban looked the reporter in the eye and replied coolly, “The authorities will always eat their fill.” He almost seems to revel in taunting his fellow-citizens: the despair he provokes arises partly from what he says and partly from the way he says it—the way he seems to know that there is nothing anybody can do to touch him anymore. He is the country’s nightly reminder of the apparatchiks’ revenge.

In addition, there is incessant denigration and ridicule of the regime’s opponents—Solidarity and its heirs in the underground. Solidarity was a good thing, the propagandists acknowledge condescendingly, *in the beginning*, but then it was coöpted by intellectual radicals, and by the end it was leading the nation into civil war. Demonstrations are dismissed as the anti-social excesses of small bands of hooligans, and the coverage usually focusses on the damage to property: the broken windows, the punctured tires—“this at a time when the nation is desperately short of funds, and glass, and rubber.” (In the words of a popular saying from the early days of martial law: “Three persons together is an illegal gathering. Nine persons together, an anti-socialist demonstration. Ten million members of Solidarity, a handful of extremists.”) According to government propaganda, these young hoodlums are usually provoked by outside agitation—foreign spies and Western radio transmissions.

Jaruzelski’s is not a propaganda that aims at convincing but, rather, one that seeks to confound and to demoralize. One afternoon, I was visiting a screenwriter friend who had his radio tuned to the Third Channel, Poland’s youth-oriented station. During my earlier visits to Warsaw, in 1981, the radio had often featured disconcertingly apt Western rock songs: Gloria Gaynor’s “I Will Survive,” Bob Dylan’s “When You Gonna Wake Up?,” Simon and Garfunkel’s “America” (“She said the man in the gabardine suit was a spy. I said, ‘Be careful, his bow tie is really a camera’ ”). This trip, things were toned back to the seemingly irrelevant: the empty disco pulse of “That’s the kind of love I have for you,” or Billy Idol’s “Hey little girl, what have you done?” At one point, the music gave way to a half hour of what was billed as free discussion. “Listen,” my friend said. “We call this whipping up foam—lots of words but completely empty, nothing of substance.” The earnest young panelists were saying things like “I think the situation should be improved. It needs improving. Life is not very easy in Poland, but I think we should take up responsibility for the country, we young people. What do you think, Comrade?” “*There!*” my friend interrupted. “They always do that, they’re never able to pull it off completely: ordinary people in Poland never call each other ‘Comrade.’ ”

Does it work, though? Does the propaganda wear people down, confuse and demoralize them? “People have ceased to buy newspapers,” according to an article in the underground journal *Tygodnik Wojenny*. Government newspapers fail to sell up to eighty per cent of their printed copies—especially in Warsaw and in Krakow. “The circulation of *Trybuna Ludu* [the Communist Party daily] has already been re-

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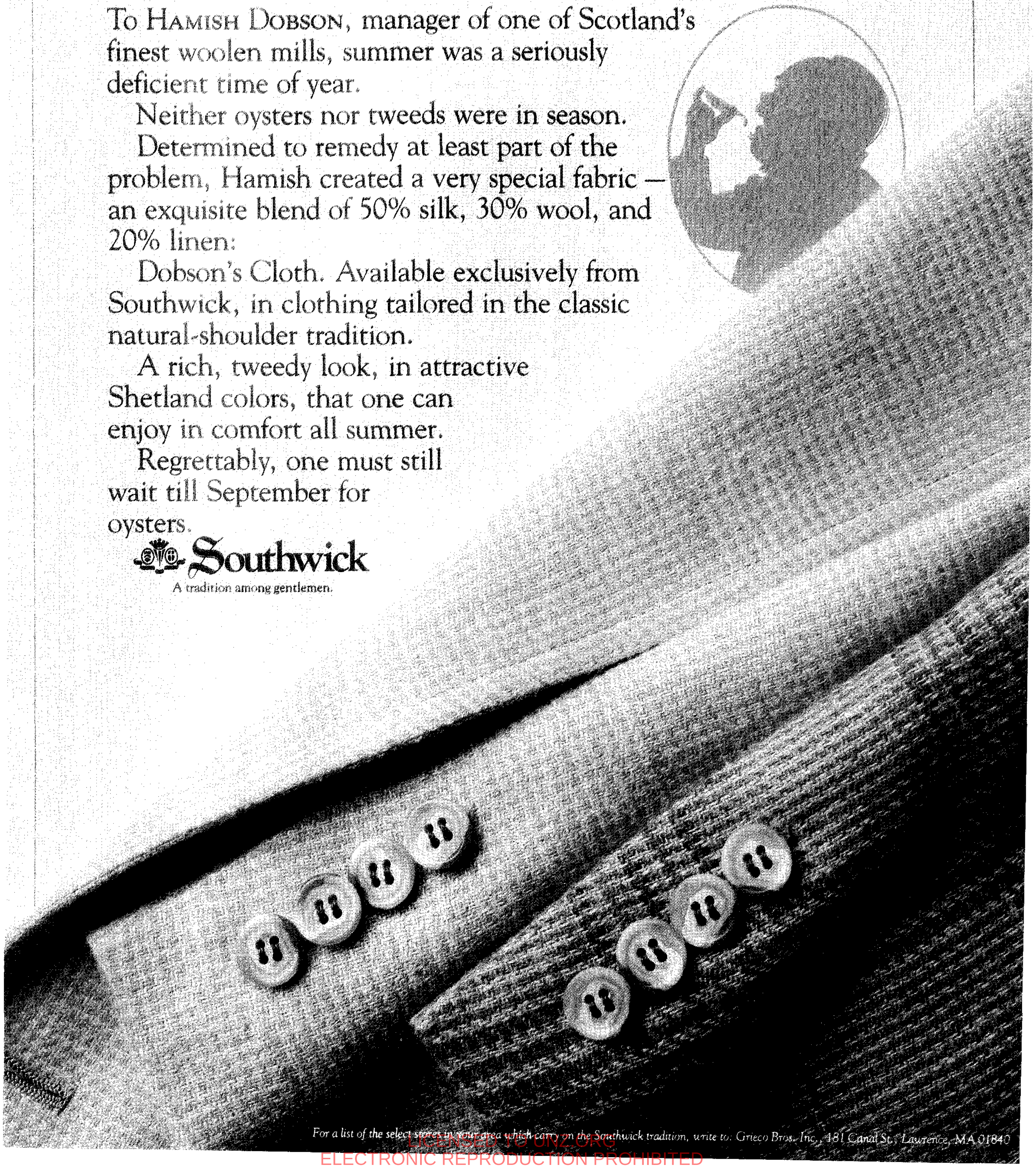

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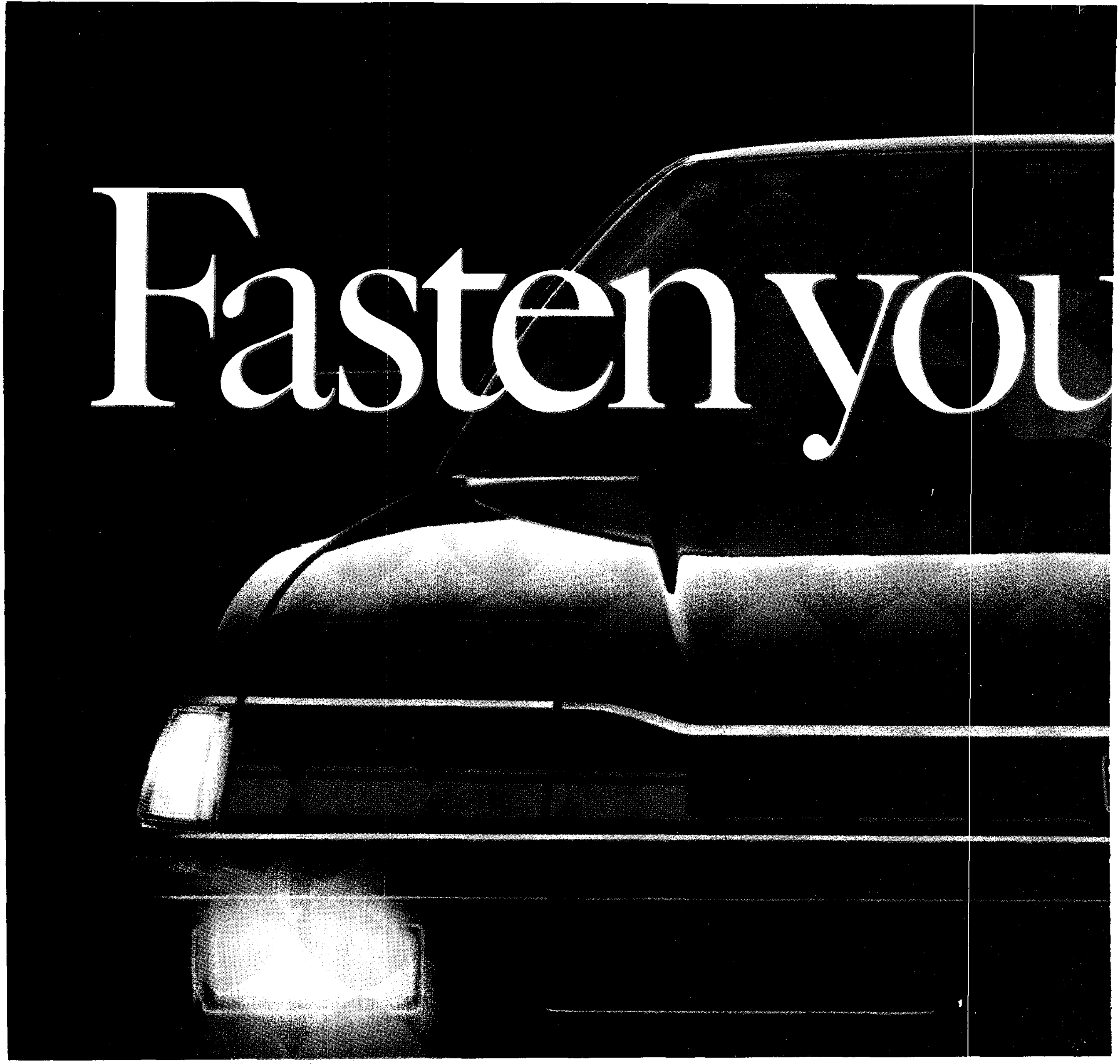

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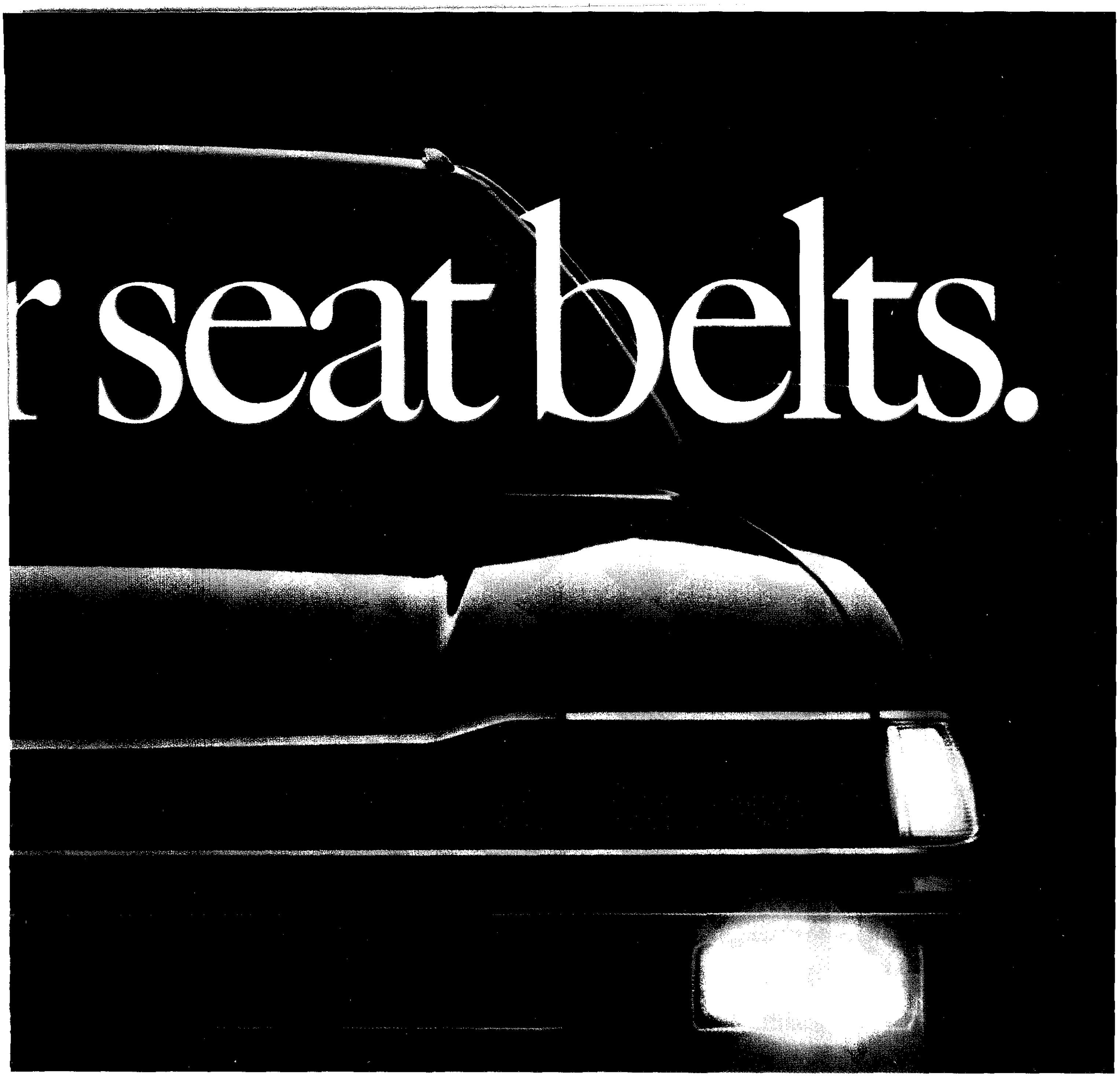

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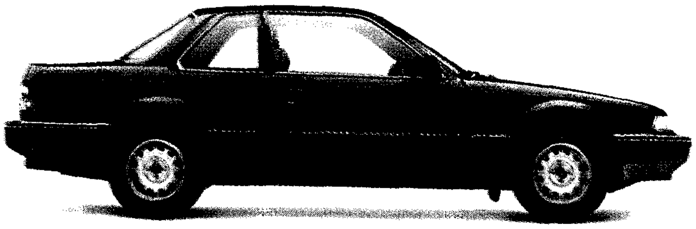

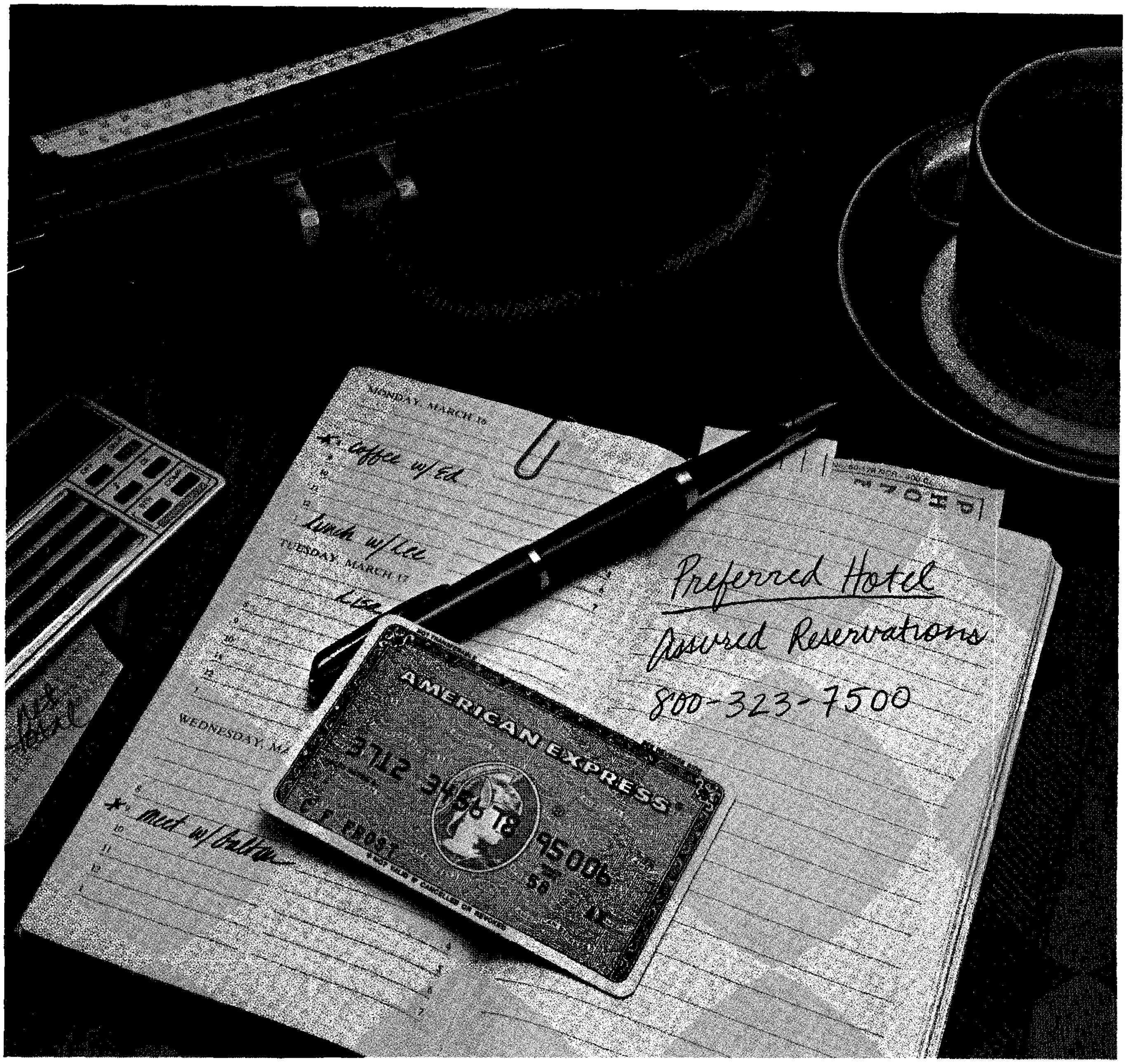
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duced from 1.5 million to 750,000." (This picture contrasts sharply with the situation of *Tygodnik Solidarność*, which was merely suspended until October 8th, at which point it was formally banished. In a farewell communiqué issued shortly thereafter through the underground, the staff boasted that the paper had seen thirty-seven issues, with a total of over twenty million copies in circulation, and that "we were a paper of which not one copy was ever returned.") As for the television news, most Poles during the sixteen months of Solidarity assimilated one of the movement's main slogans, "Television lies," and few people are taken in outright. In the town of Swidnik last spring, people instituted the custom of an evening promenade, everybody in town out walking in the warm crepuscular light during the seven-thirty evening news. The authorities soon forbade this practice, and people responded, throughout the town, by ritually cleaning their carpets, beating them at the windows, every evening at seven-thirty. There was nothing the authorities could do about that. Some people in Warsaw call the news "The Children's Hour" or "Fantasy on Parade."

And yet, of course, the propaganda does have an impact. In a different context, the English Marxist critic and novelist John Berger once wrote, "Propaganda preserves within people outdated structures of feeling and thinking whilst forcing new experiences upon them. It transforms them into puppets—whilst most of the strain brought about by the transformation remains politically harmless as inevitably incoherent frustration. The only purpose of such propaganda is to make people deny and then abandon the selves which otherwise their own experience would create." One afternoon, a former Solidarity activist, a highly intelligent young woman, told me, "To some extent, the propaganda is working. People develop a strange parallel mind-set. They hear the same thing over and over and over again, and after a while it does get through, and they find themselves thinking, Those Solidarity extremists really were bastards. But the strange thing is that this in no way affects their hatred of the government, which remains constant—if anything, becomes more pronounced. My granny's a good example. She's sort of reverting to her second childhood, and she's in awe of the radio. I go to visit her and she'll say, 'What was Solidarity doing? It was leading us into civil war.' But then in the next sentence she'll say, 'Just who does this Jaruzelski think he is, anyway?' It's strange. People like me here in Warsaw are tied in to sources of authentic information—especially the intelligentsia, with their foreign contacts and the widespread circulation of *several* underground bulletins. But in May I was in the mountains, cut off from my usual sources of information, and on May 13th I heard a radio report that there were bands of young people actually burning the Polish flag—and I didn't know what to think. *One doesn't know what to think.* A chasm opens up, and you wonder. I mean, you know the government people are bastards, but you wonder. Still, when the moment comes, when the strikes start, it won't have mattered: everyone will know what to think and everyone will join the strikes."

Perhaps. But there's another possibility. Although the regime may never be able to establish its own legitimacy, this incessant campaign of vilification, sustained over a period of years, may succeed in sapping the legitimacy of the opposition. If that happens, and there is a new uprising, and there is no one in the country left with any authority, where then will Poland be?

THE history of the Polish struggle is often a struggle for Polish history; that is, it gets played out, generation after generation, in terms of models derived from the rebellions of earlier generations. Perhaps more than anywhere else, each attempt to oppress the Poles (by the czarist Russians, the Nazi Germans, or, most recently, the Soviet-sponsored Polish Communist Party) has had to concentrate on an attempt to suppress their sense of their own history. And, in turn, each upsurge of Polish resistance has been characterized by a sudden, dramatic upwelling of historical convictions and memories that turn out to have persisted, by way of rich subterranean traditions, throughout the long periods of occupation, partition, or repression. In August, 1944, for example, the freedom fighters of the Warsaw rebellion went to their barricades amid crackly recordings of Chopin's "Revolutionary" Étude (composed in 1831 in commemoration of the previous year's Polish rebellion). When the Gdansk shipyard workers launched their occupation-strike at the Lenin Shipyard in August, 1980, one of their first demands was for a worthy memorial to their colleagues slain during the strike in December, 1970; and across the sixteen-month trajectory of Solidarity a demand that became more and more insistent was for a proper accounting of, and a worthy memorial to, the victims of the 1940 Soviet massacre of Polish officers at Katyn.

The convolutions of Polish history —its "repetition compulsion," as a friend of mine phrased it—reached a new level of complexity and subtlety with Jaruzelski's seizure of power. It happens that the Polish constitution has no provisions for the declaration of a state of emergency. The only relevant clause outlines procedures for declaring "a state of war"—to be used *whether the enemy is external or internal*. Hence, on that December morning in 1981 General Jaruzelski literally found himself declaring war—"war on society," as Solidarity's pamphleteers quickly pointed out. And it wasn't only Solidarity's tabloids that harked back to the situation during Poland's last war, the Nazi occupation of 1939-44. Indeed, the military regime had only itself to blame, in many ways, for the compounding confusion. That the organizers of the coup, with all their months of prior planning, could come up with nothing better than "WRON" as an acronym for the new executive body of commissars charged with administering martial law almost suggests a pathological need to confess. For all the cartoons and jokes about the crow at war with the Polish eagle have a history; in fact, the same jokes were being told between 1939 and 1944, when the subjugated Poles habitually referred to the Nazi eagle as *wrona*. As if to blur the distinction further, the regime itself, during the first months of martial law, flooded television with countless old Second World War movies. This attempt to pander to Polish patriotism (and, incidentally, to counteract the complete effectiveness of the actors' boycott) backfired. To begin with, these stories of Communist partisans at war against the occupying Nazi Army were utterly at variance with the "true" history that Poles had been reviving and celebrating during the previous sixteen months—a history in which the patriotic Home Army had been seen to bear the brunt of the fighting against the Nazis, unassisted

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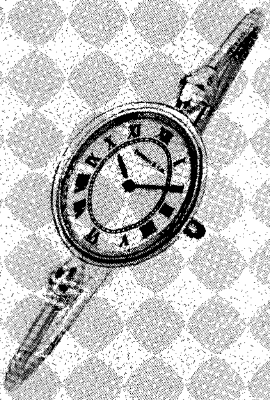

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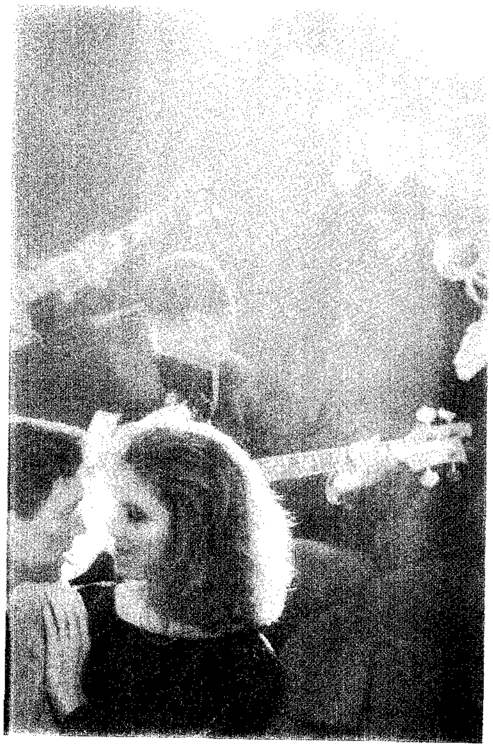

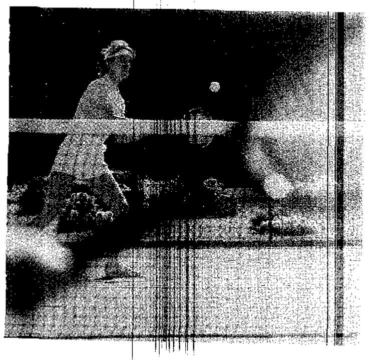

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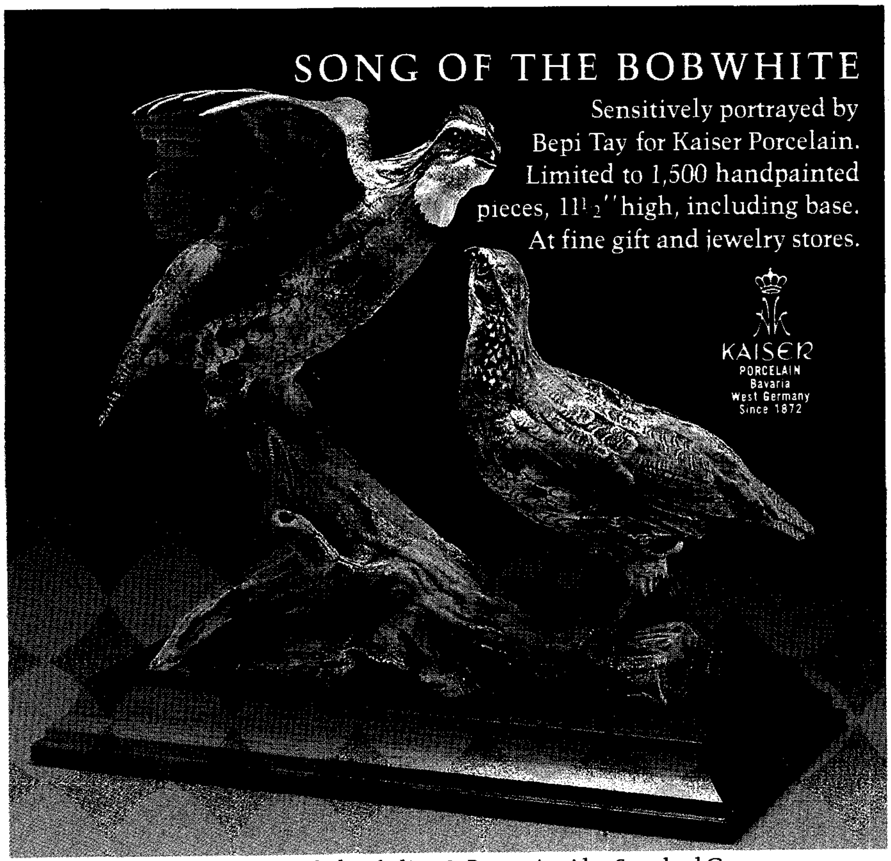

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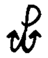
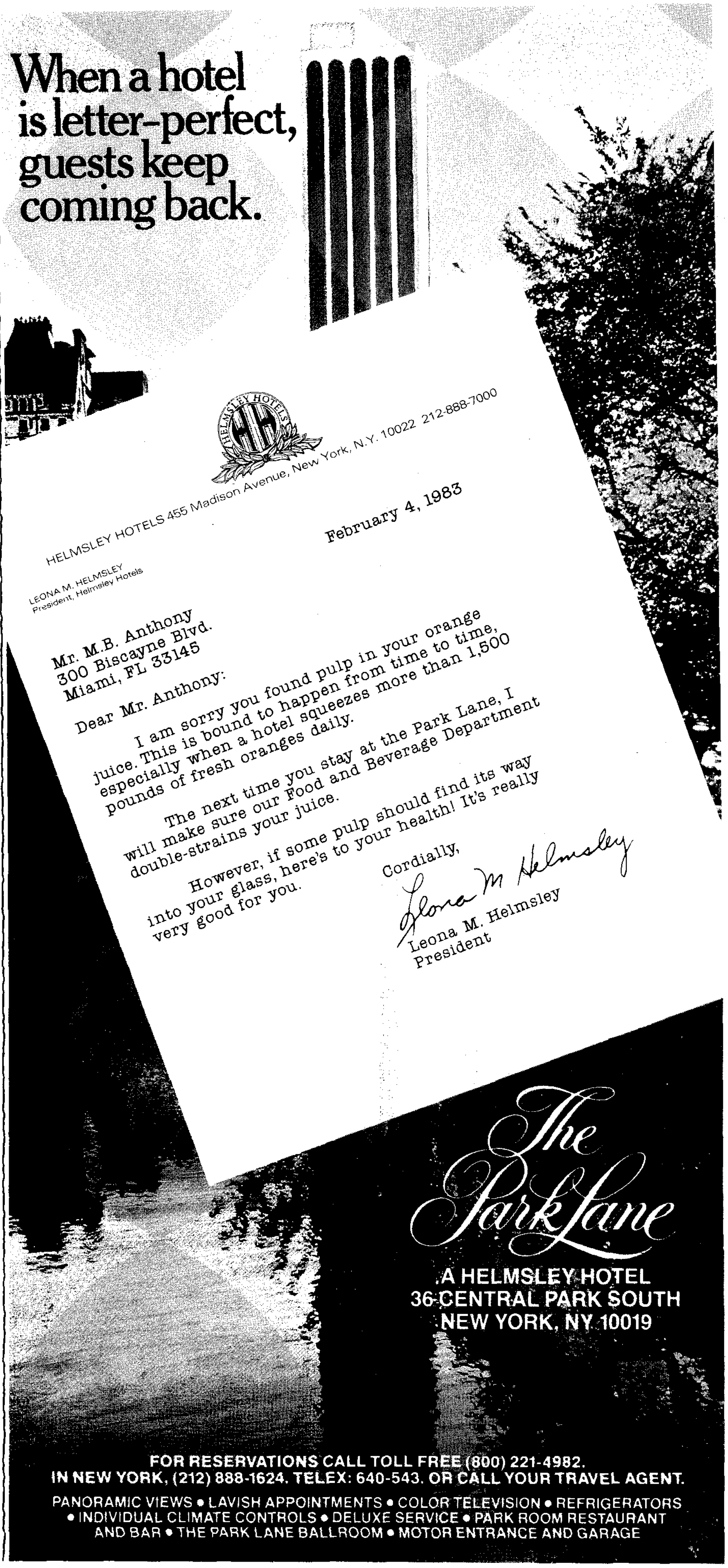
by the relatively inconsequential Soviet-supported People's Army. But even without this complex undercarriage of history, the regime's television celebration would have backfired, because what it kept showing was uniformed enemies—Nazis—being heroically challenged by plainclothes resistance fighters. The uniformed figures on the TV news were supposedly patriotic Poles, but during the endless succession of movies they were always Nazis. Little wonder that within days the crowds confronting the ZOMOs in the street were pelting them with the epithet "Gestapo!" (One man I spoke with, a sixty-year-old historian sympathetic to Solidarity, kept complaining about the inaccuracy of the chanting crowds. "*Not* Gestapo," he would moan. "The Gestapo were the *plainclothes* secret police. What they *mean* is S.S.!") Meanwhile, on walls throughout Warsaw that strange, powerfully evocative "PW" graffito began appearing:



"*Polska Walczaca*" ("Poland is still fighting")—the primal emblem of the Home Army during its years of battle against the Nazis, and especially during the 1944 Warsaw Rising.

By January, 1981, Poles were invariably discussing their situation in terms of such phrases as "before the war" and "since the war," meaning December 13th but summoning up images of the occupation. The regime was clearly becoming troubled by the rampant confusion—or, rather, equation—of the state of war with the situation during the Nazi occupation. One early gambit to deal with the problem was a series of parliamentary proposals, floated in May, to recast the Polish constitution so that there *would* be a "state of emergency" as well as a "state of war" and then to redub the current crisis an emergency. Nobody seemed much taken with, or even remotely fooled by, that tack, however, and the proposals languished. Still, as the months wore on, the propaganda machinery became increasingly sophisticated, and by the fall the regime was engaged in a full-fledged campaign of historical coöptation. The result was something like Vichy France—that is, a puppet regime, clearly under the thumb of a foreign power, trying to legitimize its claims to authority through appeals to an ersatz, cardboard nationalism. Under Pétain's stewardship, the Vichy regime was continually waving the tricolor and exalting French national values and French historic victories. Under Jaruzelski, the post-December authorities in Warsaw went through all sorts of contortions in their attempts to wrap themselves in the symbols of Polish nationalism. There was talk in the parliament, for example, of returning the crown to the head of Poland's eagle. (It had graced the national symbol in the years before the 1795 partition and again during the brief interlude of independence between the wars but had disappeared in 1944, with the arrival of the Communists.) A special honor guard was formed by the military and garbed in the distinctive, long-suppressed uniform, with its diamond-shaped hat, of Poland's pre-1939 Army. Odder yet was the growing insistence of a regime-sponsored Sikorski cult—a continuation of a curious campaign that had been launched even before the December coup. During the Second World War, General Wladislaw Sikorski was the leader of the London-based government-in-exile, an idolized, unifying figure for all occupied Poland, and the ultimate commander of the Polish Home Army. As such, he became an enemy of Stalin, who had no use for the London-based regime in his conceptions of postwar Europe. After the Nazis declared war on the Soviet Union, in the summer of 1941, however, Churchill managed to patch together a wary modus vivendi between the two leaders, which lasted until April of 1943, when Hitler's troops uncovered the mass graves of Polish officers and intelligentsia massacred by the Soviets at Katyn. Within days, relations between Stalin and the London-based regime were severed. (Stalin would presently begin sponsoring his own highly disciplined, though ludicrously undermanned, People's Army as an alternative to the popular Home Army.) Then, on July 4th, Sikorski was suddenly killed when his plane crashed, under mysterious circumstances, off Gibraltar. (Many Poles feel that the flight was sabotaged by Stalin's agents.)

Why would Jaruzelski have wanted to resurrect the memory of Sikorski in the first place? Partly, no doubt, as a preëmptive alternative to the growing cult of General Pilsudski, who was Poland's authoritarian leader between the wars, the preëminent symbol of Poland's independence, and who had actually defeated the Soviet Red Army in battle outside Warsaw in 1920. During the Solidarity period, the nostalgia for Pilsudski swelled to epic



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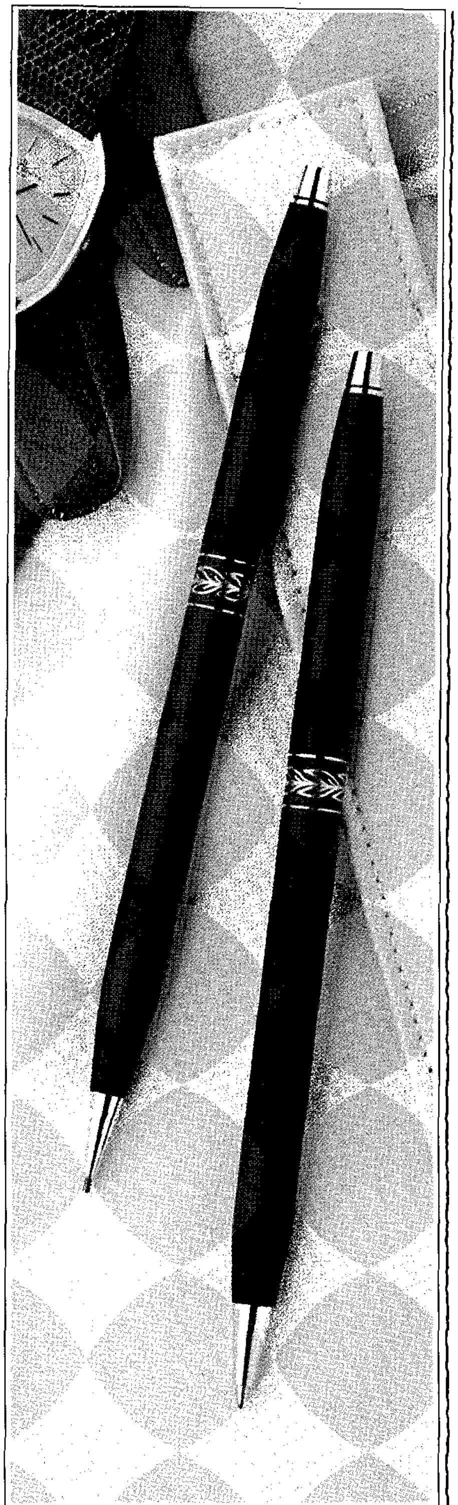

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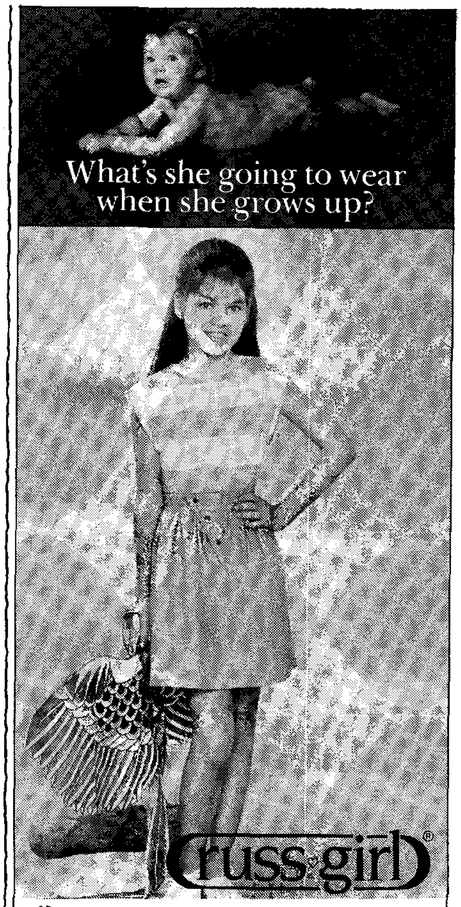
proportions. His photograph began appearing in living rooms throughout Poland, next to those of the Pope and Lech Walesa—and, now that you looked, wasn't that Pilsudski's distinctive mustache that Lech was wearing? Sikorski, it could be argued, had at least been realistic enough to conclude a pact, even if only temporary, even if highly unstable, with the great fraternal neighbor to the east. One of the more ludicrous sideshows in Poland during the latter half of 1981, therefore, was a government-induced controversy about where Sikorski's ashes should be returned to from their current resting place, in England. The contrived competition played off such contending sites as the capital, Sikorski's birthplace, and the Wawel Cathedral in Krakow, and ended only when Polish nationalists and conservative M.P.s in London managed to block the return of anything having to do with Sikorski to any place in Poland. This absurd dénouement nevertheless failed to still the Sikorski campaign, which rose to new heights following the imposition of martial law. Indeed, the largest single swath of the funds available to the Polish national film industry is currently being poured into an extravaganza production (as extravaganzic, that is, as any production in Poland can be these days) entitled "Death in Gibraltar," which is being directed by Bogdan Poreba, the highly despised *auteur* among whose previous credits can be found the chairmanship of the noxiously anti-Semitic, semi-official Grunwald Patriotic Union (active 1980-81).

If the Sikorski cult seems doomed to farce, the regime's eerie celebration of the Warsaw Rising, launched last summer, appears much more corrosive to public morale. Faced with a profusion of "PW" graffiti and the defiant, unifying emotions that such graffiti arouse, the regime simply decided to coöpt the symbol and declare the entire rebellion its own. Suddenly, special official commemorative exhibits sprouted all over Warsaw, with large "PW" banners. Most of the generals who make up the Polish junta had in all likelihood spent August and September of 1944 on the other side of the Vistula, with the Soviet Red Army, which had intentionally stalled in its tracks while, a few hundred yards away, the Nazis systematically crushed the valiant uprising of the Home Army in a hideous sixty-three-day siege that ended with ghastly battles in the Warsaw sewer system; the forced expulsion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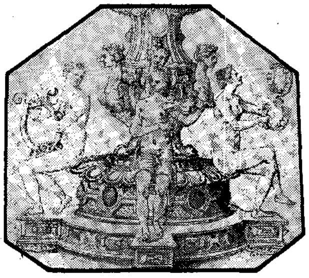

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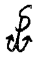
of the town's seven hundred thousand survivors; and the subsequent razing of the entire city to its foundations. Only after that inferno had most of these onetime junior officers deigned to liberate Warsaw. Yet today, as generals, they embrace the idealism of that rebellion, through some weird, Vichyesque logic, as their own.

The most galling exhibit of this kind was housed in a former factory near Warsaw's central train station: it included elaborate reconstructions of barricades, bombed-out rooms, and even the escape routes through the sewers. On my visit to the factory, I was accompanied by a Polish journalist friend, and we toured the exhibit sadly. The regime has been very clever in the ways it has manipulated this minicult of the rebellion. The fighters are portrayed as valiant, heroic idealists, misled by foreign (London-based) agitators and agents. And the central point, hammered home again and again, is that they were wiped out, they were destroyed, they suffered excruciating deaths, nobody survived, *and nobody came to their rescue*. Rebellion (drones the continual subliminal message), resistance, is utterly futile. Outside again, my journalist friend was shaken and angry. "It's as though they took our flag and trampled it into the ground," she said. "Over and over and over again. The bastards."

The Poles, ever resourceful, had nevertheless already managed to hijack the legacy of the rebellion back from the regime. Less and less was one seeing the simple "PW" graffiti on Warsaw walls. It had undergone a not so subtle metamorphosis into a new, unmistakable sign:



Still, the "PW" and other Vichyesque campaigns were taking their toll. Not that anyone believed the government's version, exactly. Rather, here, as everywhere, the cynicism and duplicity of public life were once again threatening to drain language of meaning. Halina Bortnowska, in her 1981 article, had identified Solidarity with "a general and passionate protest against the hypocrisy poisoning all communications in life," and had written, "Falsity acts like carbon monoxide in the blood: saturation leads to a cessation of life functions." It wasn't so much that the "PW" campaign or any of the regime's other propaganda barrages (such as the

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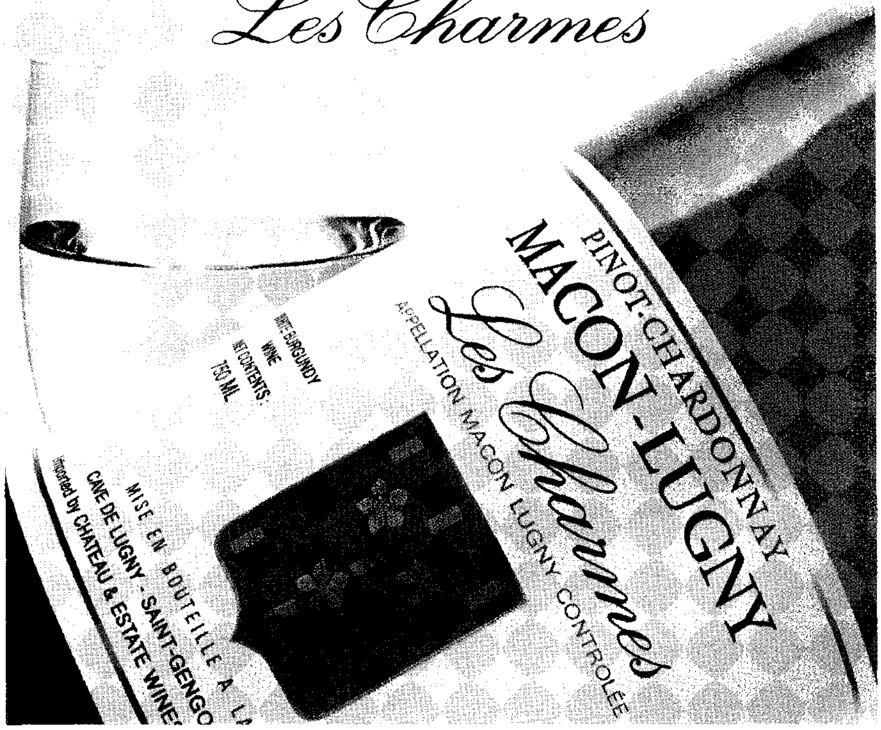

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"Celebration of Polish Motherhood," another juggernaut of the summer) were convincing anyone; rather, they were exhausting everyone. You spent so much energy fighting the regime's lies that you had little left to fight the regime. Perhaps that was the whole idea.

The "PW" campaign did have at least one humorous aspect, however. One evening, Polish television's nightly news featured a report of General Jaruzelski's visit to the exhibit at the abandoned factory. Stiffly, behind the perennial dark glasses, the General toured the various displays. At one point, the news montage found him emerging from a section of the exhibit that documents the battle of the sewers, the *Kanal;* Jaruzelski was suddenly just standing there beneath a huge, downpointing sign: "KANAL." I sat looking at the TV in my hotel, dumbfounded, imagining that millions of Poles at that very moment must have been having the same thought. Afterward, I tried to imagine how footage of Jaruzelski emerging, ratlike, from the sewers could possibly have made it onto the evening news. I envisioned the cameraman, a secret whimsical saboteur, "just happening" to frame that particular angle; his field director, a craven opportunist, only recently promoted to the job (as the replacement for a predecessor who'd refused to sign a loyalty oath) and too dumb to notice; back at the studio, an editing assistant, noticing but just following the orders of his ideologue-literalist boss to splice in that scene, that particular take ("Eagerly carry out even the most idiotic orders," No. 8 of the underground's "Basic Principles" had read. "Do not solve problems on your own. Throw that task onto the shoulders of commissars and informers. Ridiculous rules are your allies"); a bit higher up, the show's assistant director (a middle-level commissar, perhaps), noticing but wary of being the first to notice, of being thought seditious for noticing, and hence letting it pass; his boss, the news director, too preoccupied with the tortuous convolutions of the ever so subtle innuendo in the program's text to bother with its imagery; the newscaster, his eyes pinned to the text he is reading for fear of getting a single word wrong (and these words are by no means easy; they are not the sort of words that might suggest themselves), the image on the screen behind him, unfurling—Jaruzelski, the sewer, the "KANAL" sign pointing squarely at

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him—into living rooms throughout Poland.

TO repress: to press people, like good little objects, back into their boxes, and the boxes back into the wall.

The forces of repression in Poland haven't stopped at economic constrictions, loyalty oaths, reaccreditation hearings, and propaganda. In the cases of citizens who still refuse to knuckle under, the regime relies on such traditional means as military force, interrogation, arrest, and incarceration.

Over the months since martial law was imposed, several fatalities and considerably more injuries have occurred during battles between the regime's forces and its opponents. It is difficult to get accurate figures. We know, for instance, that twelve miners were killed in Wujek in December, 1981, and that at least three civilians died in Lubin on August 31st, and we know the particulars of several other confrontations as well. We do not know how many soldiers and ZOMOs have died in the various clashes. The government does not release these figures, but rumor has it that they are high, and it doesn't take much imagination to realize that the fate of a lone ZOMO, caught behind the lines of a surging crowd or cornered in a blind alley, would not be an enviable one. Nor are the government's figures on civilian casualties reliable, and not just because of the regime's obvious interest in playing down such figures. In many cases, people try to avoid letting their injured friends or relatives fall into the hands of the authorities, for fear of the consequences: casualties are taken home or to church sanctuaries to be cared for—sometimes even buried—in private, without government knowledge or interference. Still, even given the hazy state of documentation, the relative absence of massacres has been one of Polish martial law's most striking features; there have, for example, been no individual episodes as violent as those in Poznan in 1956 or in Gdansk in 1970 (or, for that matter, in Watts in 1965 or Detroit in 1967), and the regime has tried to limit overt displays of state power.

When such displays do occur, the ZOMOs have borne the brunt of the action. These twenty-five thousand crack troops are the subject of considerable speculation among average citizens, who cannot imagine what enticements would transform an otherwise normal Pole into such a symbol of

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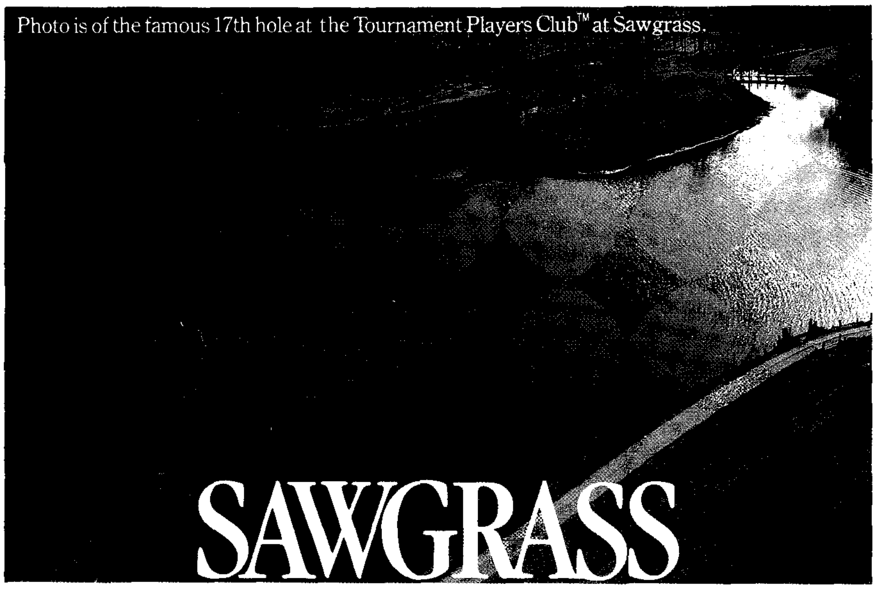
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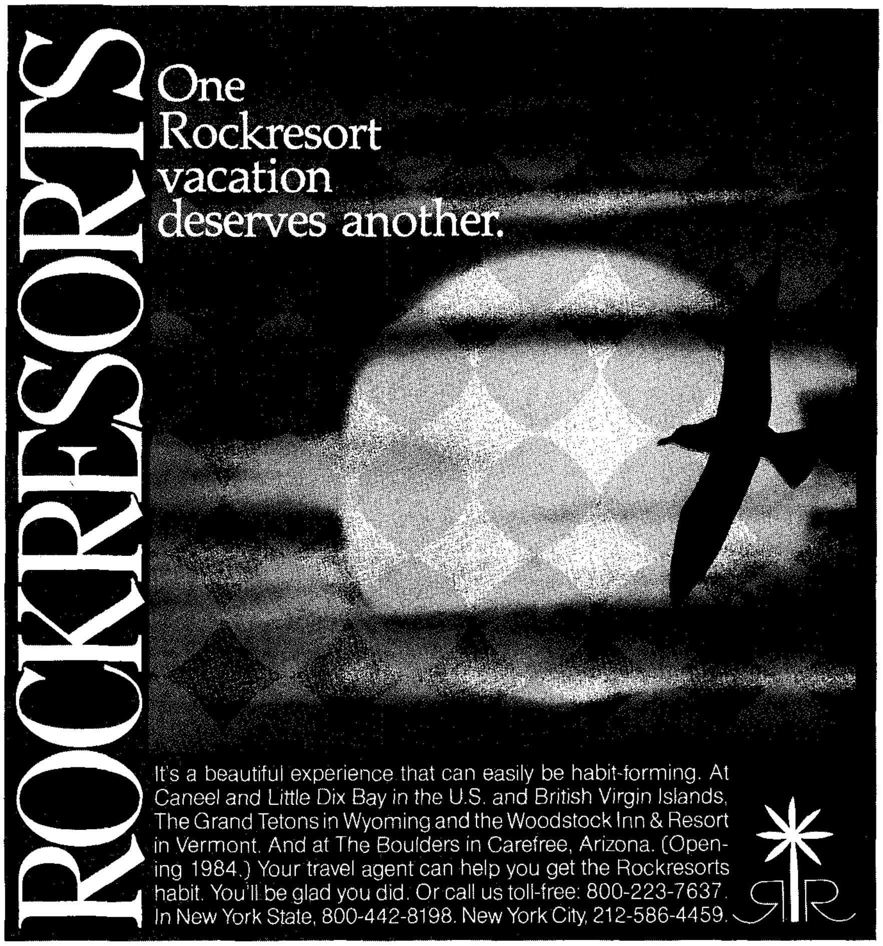
betrayal. It is known that a ZOMO private receives a salary many times higher than his Army counterpart, with bonuses for individual street actions; that the best available food supplies are lavished on ZOMO billets in towns; and that in the countryside ZOMOs live with their families in relative luxury and isolation. It is thought that many ZOMOs are of peasant stock and come from remote areas, and it is rumored that others are violent criminals who have been offered ZOMO service as an alternative to prison terms. It is also rumored, perhaps less reliably, that ZOMOs are regularly souped up with drugs in anticipation of street confrontations.

The ZOMOs are backed by an army that is made up largely of conscripts. Throughout the Solidarity period, the regime attempted to sequester those draftees who had been called up before August, 1980, and hence had no firsthand knowledge of Solidarity, from those who came in afterward. These soldiers were fed a steady diet of propaganda and misinformation during the sixteen months of Solidarity, and their contacts with family and friends were severely limited. Furthermore, the members of the classes of autumn, 1979, and spring, 1980 (Polish boys born in 1961-62), found their normal two-year service extended into a third year, so that the government was able to rely on a largely "uncontaminated" army well into 1983. It is interesting to realize that for decades to come a thin wedge of a generation will be moving through Polish history, like a small bulge through a boa constrictor: men who alone in their society did not experience the surge of Solidarity. Even with its Army thus isolated, however, the regime consistently tried to avoid situations where it would have to rely solely on these troops, since it was never sure of their loyalties. These young men are only now being released from service, and are subject to immediate recall if the situation should demand it. Solidarity's pamphleteers are going to considerable lengths to dissuade people from turning their backs on them. One piece explains, "The soldiers who blocked with tanks the gates of factories on strike and who stopped and searched us on the streets are now coming home, back to society. We must not turn away from them. This is our great opportunity. . . . Should the conscripts of 1980 return to barracks, the *Wrona* must not find in them docile executors of orders."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Meanwhile, the underground is having increasing success in smuggling pamphlets to the soldiers still in their barracks. One such piece included a poem by Ryszard Krynicki:

### Don't Shoot

Soldiers, don't shoot at us!
Don't shoot at your brothers.
We are defenseless, and you
Will have to come back to us.

Those who drafted you
And are ordering you now
To shoot
Will one day deny giving the orders.

The arrests, internments, and interrogations were probably most frequent during the first months of martial law, when the regime suspended civil liberties and instilled fear and insecurity into the entire society. Throughout the sixteen months of Solidarity, the regime's security apparatus—the thousands of police, plainclothes agents, and informers—had been held in check by the authorities and ridiculed by the population as a whole. I remember countless occasions in 1981 when friends in cafés would point out the plainclothes security agents at adjoining tables monitoring our conversations, taking our pictures. I'd suggest that maybe it would be better if we moved on, and I'd be told, "No, let them listen. Maybe they'll learn something. There's nothing they can do to us—we're ten million strong." Well, they did listen; they took their notes, compiled their files, nursed their bile. And after December 13th, with Solidarity stunned and reeling, they acted.

It's difficult to get precise figures on the internments and arrests. The regime admits to over ten thousand internments, of varying lengths; that is, cases in which individuals were preëmptively detained without charges at one of the seventy-eight internment centers that quickly sprang up all over Poland. In addition, there were thousands of arrests for violations of martial law—engaging in strikes, participating in street demonstrations, distributing leaflets, operating underground presses or radio stations, hiding materials, and so forth. Many of these cases were tried in summary military courts, and sentences were often quite severe. In New York City, the Committee in Support of Solidarity, which has for some time been monitoring the official and underground presses, occasionally releases lists of hundreds of names and sentences. Each name may represent the ruin of an entire

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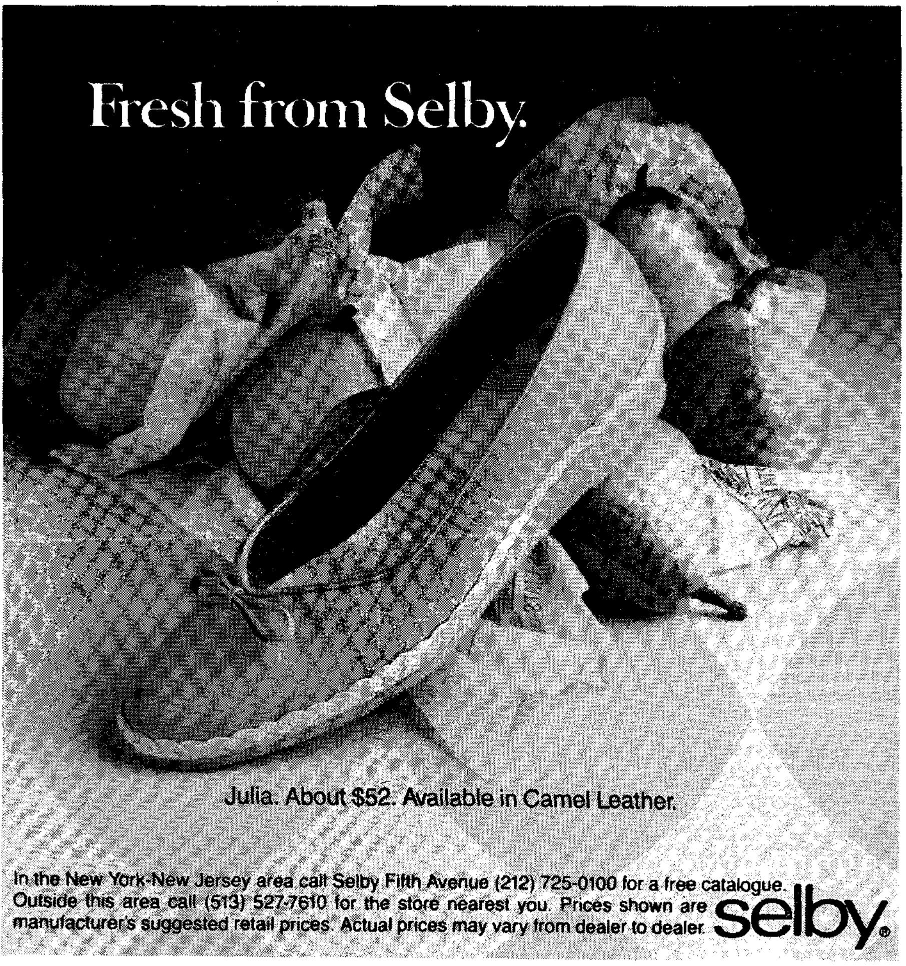

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family. The lists make unhappy reading:

Andrzej Adamczyk, Gdansk, worker at the Gdansk Repair and Installation Works. Sentence: 4½ years. Charge: Unknown.

Jan Andrzejewski, Lubliniec, worker at Production and Energy Installation Enterprise. Sentence: 3 years. Charge: Participating in a strike in December, 1981; he suffers from asthma.

Andrzej Bachorz, Bytom, employee at Trade Coöperative. Sentence: 5 years. Charge: Participating in publication of the newspaper *Biuletyn*.

Kazimierz Jasernik, Bielsko-Biala province. Sentence: 3 years. Charge: Painting Solidarity slogans.

Krzysztof Legowski, Torun, student at Kopernik University. Sentence: 3 years. Charge: Distributing leaflets.

Edward Matia, Legnica province, baker. Sentence: 1½ years. Charge: Participating in street demonstrations on August 31st or September 13, 1982.

Stanislaw Trybus, Libiaz, miner at the Janina coal mine. Sentence: 3 years. Charge: Trying to escape from Poland; desertion from his workplace after its militarization.

While I was in Warsaw, I spoke with many people who had spent time in prison or under internment. Most of them were members of the intelligentsia, and, as one of them said, "women, the ill, the elderly, and intellectuals—we all got off better than the others. We were generally better treated, because the regime wanted to be able occasionally to trot us out to auction before the Western press." A veteran of Bialoleka prison, which houses many of the most prominent internees, told me stories of long, rambling games of Monopoly, and of internees passing the time teaching each other foreign languages—especially English. A priest who was busy compiling arrest records for his district so he could supervise distribution of aid packages to the various prisons put the matter simply: "If you're an intellectual from Warsaw or Krakow, you'll have it relatively easy. If you're a worker from the provinces, it can get very hard." Even among the intelligentsia, there was an unusually high rate of tuberculosis and other diseases; the wife of Jacek Kuron, for example, died of pneumonia following several months of detention. I was unable to speak with Halina Bortnowska on this trip because, although she was out of prison, she was in the hospital, suffering from "brain inflammation"—most likely a form of meningitis, and a distressingly common illness. Among the prisoners who were not intellectuals, however, there were frequent reports of beatings. The *Uncensored Polish*

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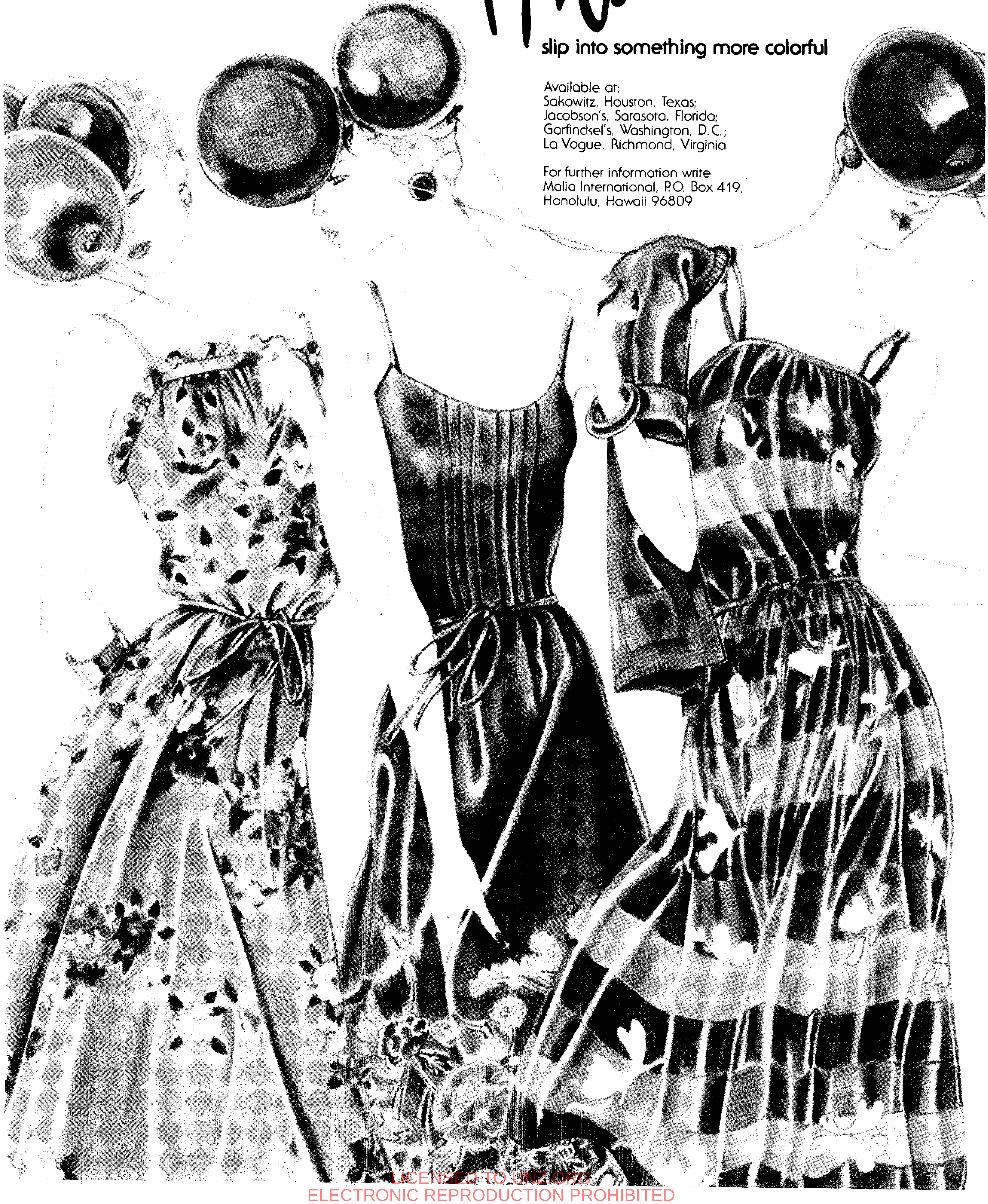
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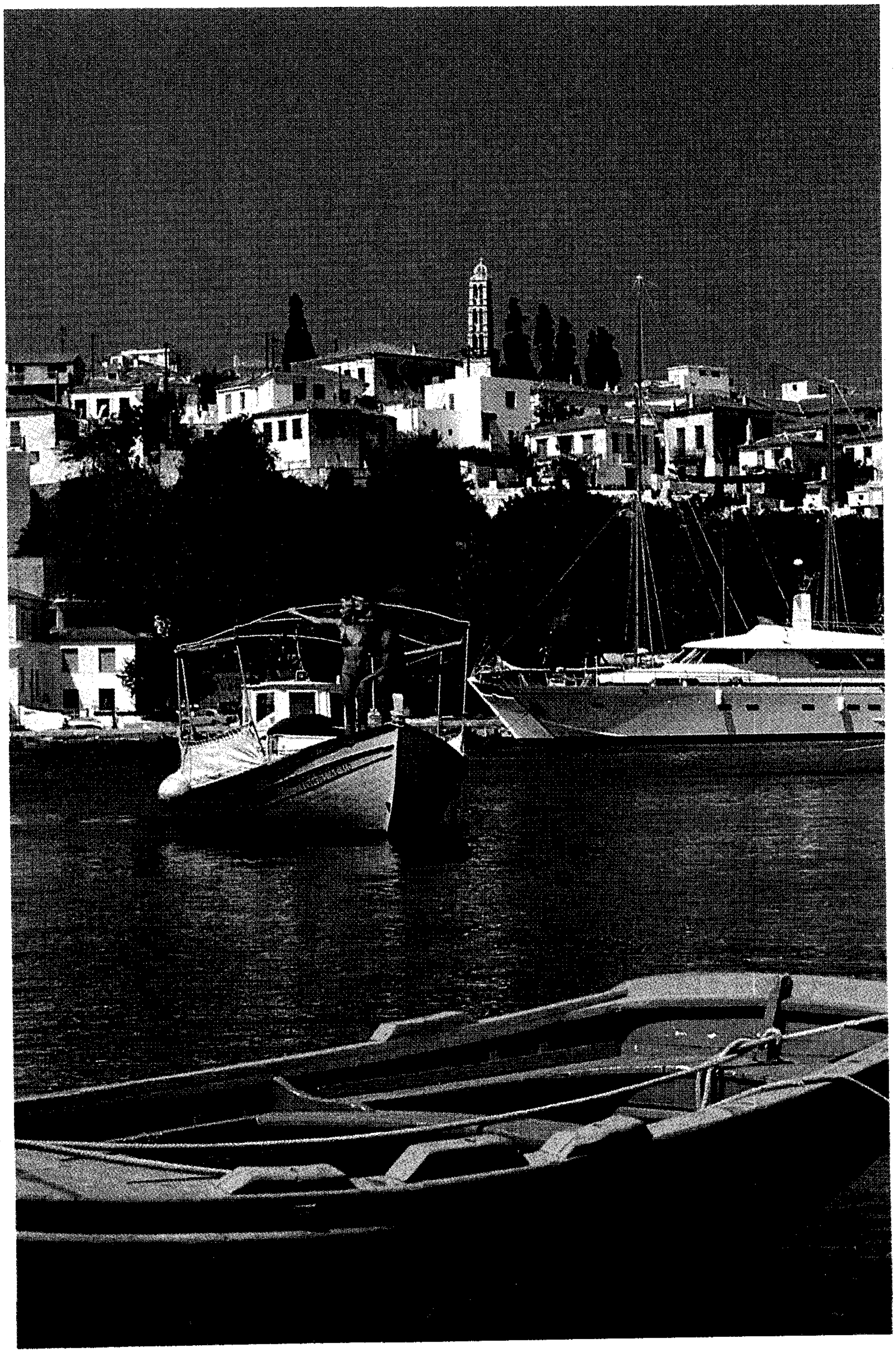

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*News Bulletin*, a London-based bimonthly digest of official and underground sources, has become one of the best surveys of information on these and other matters: the editors regularly provide thorough documentation of cases of prisoner maltreatment. In one issue, for example, they outlined the story of Jerzy Mnich, a worker in the Manifest Lipcowy coal mine, who was accused of having organized a strike there in the early days of martial law. During the strike, Mnich suffered a heart attack and was hospitalized. On January 13, 1982, he was in the hospital, on an I.V., when police barged in, pulled him off the I.V., and transferred him to Katowice police headquarters, where he was severely beaten during interrogation: "He was forced to kneel on a stool with his hands pinned by handcuffs high above his head to a grating. He was then beaten on the soles of his feet and heels. He was then treated with a dose of tear gas—straight into the eyes." Subsequent medical diagnoses revealed severe burning of his retina and increasing blindness. He was released from custody in March but remained in the hospital until August. Following his release from the hospital, he was dismissed from his job at the coal mine, on the pretext of "inability to fulfill the conditions of his employment." Owing to his partial blindness, Mnich must now live off a meagre "invalidity pension, third class." There have been countless such cases, scores of them reported in the *Bulletin*. True, Poland has perhaps been no more strict in its repression in this regard than other dictatorships, East and West (if anything, maybe even less so, in terms of the ratio of prisoners to population), but there is at the same time a particular horror in being delivered into the hands of a security apparatus whose very existence you had been helping to jeopardize just a few months earlier, and whose members you had for a time truly frightened.

The arrests and internments, an old-timer explained to me, have reverted to the Stalinist pattern; that is, they have become unnervingly random. Several people will be engaged in the same activity; two will be taken into custody by the police; one of the two will be released and the other given a heavy sentence. And no one can figure out why. The practice does succeed in sowing insecurity and suspicion throughout the society. Also, many more people are taken in for

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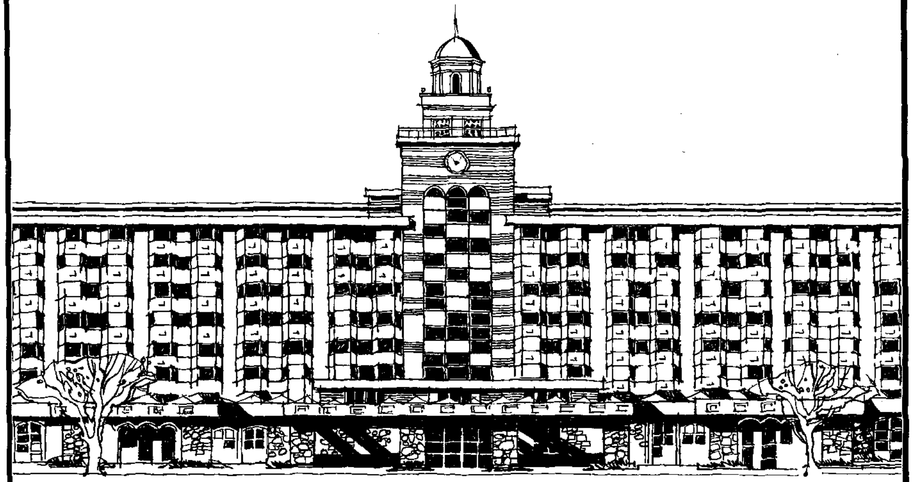

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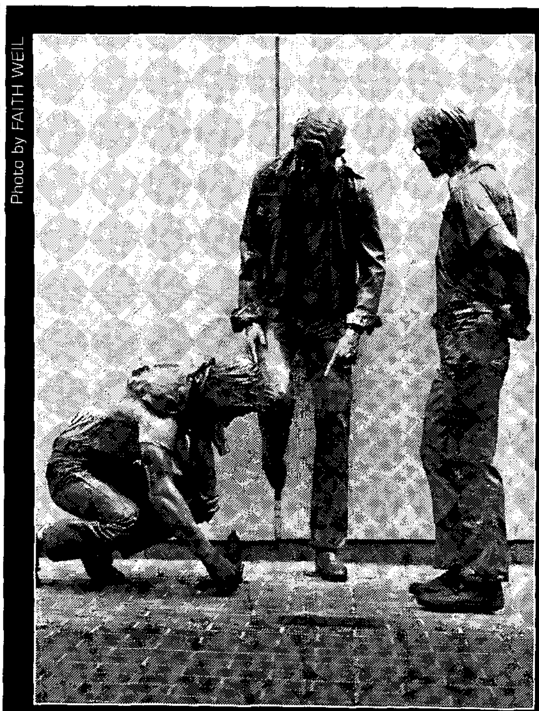

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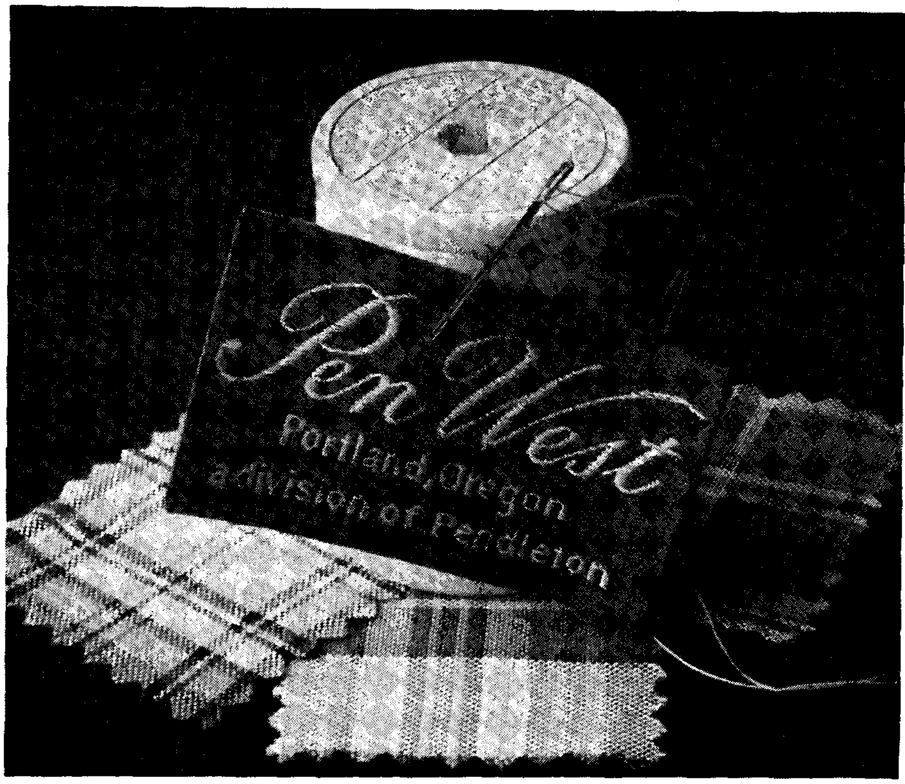
occasional interrogations than are given prolonged sentences. Again, the idea is to spread as much insecurity and provoke as many crises of conscience as possible. "You're hauled in," one woman told me. "You don't know what's going to happen. You are kept up all night. They change shifts, but *you* stay there and they keep asking you questions. Hundreds of questions. Then they throw you in an overcrowded cell for a few hours—mine had fourteen women in a room designed for two—and then they start all over. My mother, who went through the Stalinist prisons, used to advise me, 'Keep your answers short and remember everything you've said, so they can't trip you up.' It's good advice—only, you get so tired. They threaten you, they demand that you sign a piece of paper. They turn friendly—you know, that fake friendliness—and the next minute they are threatening to haul in your family. And then, for no apparent reason—you haven't signed the paper or anything—they release you. They warn you to be careful, they'll be watching and they may come pick you up again at any time."

In "Why You Are Not Signing," the article that was smuggled out of Bialoleka prison, "Andrzej Zagozda" argues that the moment of interrogation is the fulcrum of all relations in the state of repression. At that moment, everything comes down to the relationship between the interrogator and his prisoner. Of the interrogators "Zagozda" writes:

> For those people, whose gaze is dead, yet restless; whose mind is blunted, yet skilled in the art of harassment; whose soul is defiled, yet greedy for social acceptance —for those people, you are nothing but stuff to work over. They have their own particular anthropology: they believe that anyone can be convinced—that is, bribed or frightened. For them, there is only the problem of the price paid and the pain inflicted. Although they work mechanically, every slip you make, every fall, gives meaning to their life. Your capitulation is not only their professional success, but their raison d'être.

"Zagozda" continues:

> You are therefore arguing with them about the meaning of your own life, about how there is no meaning to theirs, about endowing every human life with meaning. You are continuing the argument of Giordano Bruno with the Inquisitor, of the Decembrist with the Czarist police superintendent, of Lukasinski with the Czarist exterminating angel, of Ossietzky with the blond man in the Gestapo uniform, of Mandelstam with a Bolshevik Party member in a uniform with the blue N.K.V.D. lapel. You are taking part in an argument



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that will never end—the argument of which Elzenberg says that the value of your involvement is measured not by the victory of your idea but by the value of the idea itself. In other words, you win not when you gain power but when you remain true to yourself.

"Zagozda" appears to be invoking Kant's Categorical Imperative as a strategy for revolutionary practice: You should always act as if through your action you were legislating for all mankind. Although the regime, as I have already noted, borrowing from Bortnowska, is trying to transform Polish society from a subject back into an object, "Zagozda" seems to say that if the prisoner, alone in his confrontation with the interrogator, can retain his own subjectivity, he is in a certain sense retaining it for all society. "Zagozda" concludes:

> It is over this that the battle is being waged: functionaries want to squeeze out of us a declaration that we have abandoned hope. . . . Those declarations are supposed to transform us into servile, base creatures. . . . But by refusing to engage in conversation with the functionary, by refusing to coöperate, by rejecting the status of a collaborator and informer, by choosing the human condition of a political prisoner, you are preserving hope. You throw this, your declaration of hope, like a sealed bottle into the sea—from your prison into the world, among people. If you tell at least one person, you have won.
>
> You know how keen is the feeling of desolation. You think that you are helpless in the face of this policy—a military machine that was set in motion on a December night. But you know, as you stand alone . . . you know, thanks to your favorite poet, that "the avalanche changes its course according to the stone over which it flows." And you want to be that stone that will change the course of events.

BUT in Poland today it's almost easier to be in prison. "Zagozda" in his essay says as much: "Bialoleka is a moral luxury and an oasis of freedom. . . . Indeed, I think it is easier to bear than the morally and politically complicated situation on the other side of the barbed wire." Alone, you can imagine that you alone are everything. Outside, with the others, where subjectivity was all along conceived in terms of solidarity, it's much more difficult to keep it alive by yourself. And often prisoners released from detention are thrown back upon themselves. I heard many sad stories of people who had behaved heroically in prison but were being shunned by their friends in the underground once they were out—they were too obviously under surveillance, too dangerous to be relied upon for sensitive missions. For all the solidarity that I heard cele-

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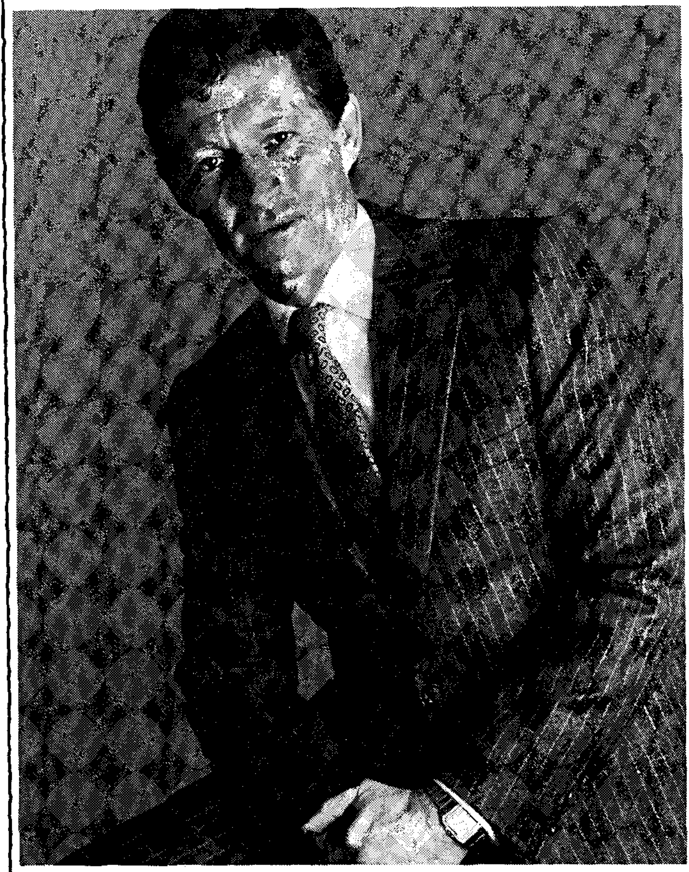

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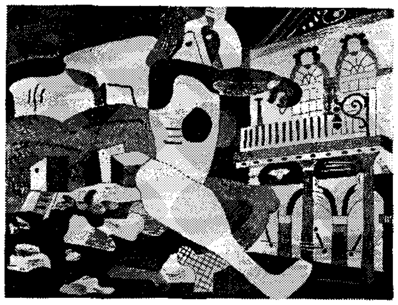

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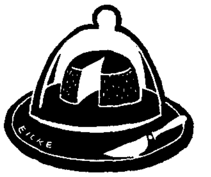
brated in Poland during my visit (the people taking care of each other, sharing their meagre livelihoods with those less fortunate), I also saw something very disturbing: Polish society is now riddled with suspicion and intrigue. One morning, a man told me he suspected that the man I was going to visit next was a collaborator—a suspicion soon repeated by this next man regarding the first. Perhaps they both were, perhaps neither. At the neighborhood level, low-life opportunists of all sorts were busy spreading rumors, accusing rivals of being underground activists or of being police agents—depending on whether they were trying to impress the police or the neighbors in their attempts at personal aggrandizement. The regime nurtures this atmosphere, plays groups off against each other, fosters the disintegration of the society's prior solidarity. Meanwhile, the general social consensus of August, 1980—a vague but confident sense of knowing what needed to be done to save the economy and renew the nation—has itself now begun to fragment. Most people haven't a clue what to do, and they sink even deeper into confusion and despair: they certainly don't know how to get rid of the regime, but, increasingly, they seem to be losing faith that they would know what to do if they ever could get rid of it.



A crucial development in the history leading up to the formation of Solidarity was the gradual forging of links between intellectuals and workers; this was the special mission, between 1976 and 1980, of the Workers' Defense Committee (KOR), a group of intellectuals who monitored the trials of worker activists, provided legal assistance when it was necessary, supported families of prisoners, and assisted in the setting up of printing presses and underground newspapers. Rebellions in 1968, 1970, and 1976 had all faltered for lack of such unity. If Polish society did recapture its subjectivity during the sixteen months of Solidarity, it was surely in part because these two classes discovered each other's common aspirations, and both joined up with Poland's other principal group, the peasants. Conversely, since the onset of martial law the regime has been trying its best to sever those tentative connections.

If the regime has had some success at this, it is partly because toward the end of the Solidarity period the bonds were already starting to come unravelled. By the second session of the Solidarity congress, in September, 1981, many angry workers were frustrated by the constant calls for moderation coming from the intelligentsia, and were beginning to ignore them. Some intellectual advisers did not get enough votes to make it onto the union's national commission at the end of the congress—notably Walesa's key adviser, the medieval historian Bronislaw Geremek. Furthermore, although there had been a great deal of interaction among workers, peasants, and intellectuals at the level of committees and problem-solving groups, there was apparently little purely social interaction—the creation, that is, of new networks of friends. Perhaps there wasn't enough time, or perhaps the inherent rifts between the groups were simply too great. One intellectual activist, who had seemed to be in the very center of things in 1981, told me a year later, "During Solidarity, we'd seen this quick mixing of the three groups, but this is largely gone now. On the morning of December 13th, I looked through my address book and I realized that I didn't have *any* street addresses of workers. My office books, of course, had phones and addresses, but I could no longer get to them. I had a few phone numbers, but the phones were down. I'd met these people countless times at committee meetings and parties, and I knew them by their first names, but they hadn't really entered my social group. Today, I've reëstablished contact with a few of the workers, but these are the activists, and it's hard to get a real reading on what's going on in the factories from people who have invested so heavily in their own plans and hopes. It's hard to believe that I could be saying this one year after the way things were in 1981, but now I really haven't the slightest idea how workers in the factories feel on any given day about any given issue." Another intellectual activist said, "The government is doing its best to cut off contacts between intellectuals and workers. When such contacts occur, it's usually the worker who suffers, not the intellectual, who may have his own contacts, and hence protection, in the West. You hesitate to put these people at risk, and solidarity therefore withers." The principal contact across these class barriers now consists of the underground newspapers—this is one reason they are con-

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sidered crucially important. There has also been a resurrection of the Flying Universities (classes for workers held in a rotating series of apartments), which characterized the months leading up to August, 1980.

In its attempt to further erode relations between workers and the intelligentsia, the regime has launched a process that may soon culminate in show trials of prominent KOR leaders. On September 3rd, following a wave of street demonstrations on August 31st, the second anniversary of the Gdansk agreements, the Chief Military Prosecutor accused KOR of being responsible for fomenting and masterminding this and other terrorist violence, and issued arrest warrants for Adam Michnik, Jan Litynski, Jacek Kuron, Henryk Wujec, Jan-Jozef Lipski, and Miroslaw Chojecki. KOR itself had by then been disbanded for almost a year; the group, which had never consisted of more than forty full-fledged members, had dissolved itself during the Solidarity congress of September, 1981. At the time, its members had noted that whereas they had formed the group, in 1976, to protect workers, it was now the workers, through Solidarity, who were protecting all of society; hence their organization had become superfluous. Of the six persons cited in the arrest warrants, one (Chojecki) had been stranded outside Poland at the time of the coup and had not returned; and another (Lipski) had spent most of his time since the coup in Polish internment camps, although he was at the moment in London undergoing emergency treatment for a very serious heart condition. The four others were confined at Bialoleka, and had been since December 13th. It was at first blush a little difficult to imagine how any of them could be held responsible for events that had taken place outside the prison walls since that date. Adam Michnik noted in a letter he smuggled out of prison a few days later, "The audacious statement that the street demonstrations of August 31st were organized by interned members of KOR (which ceased to exist a year ago) is—and I say this in spite of my indubitable sympathy for KOR—a somewhat exaggerated tribute by the prosecutor's office to the capacities of the members of KOR." (In the case of Michnik, the charge of terrorism struck me as especially outrageous. I had vivid memories of the events at Otwock, a town near Warsaw, on May 7, 1981, at the height of Solidarity time. On that day, a crowd of townspeople, furious over police mistreatment of two local youths, had converged on the police station, surrounded it, and were on the brink of setting it afire. Michnik, the only Solidarity leader in the region at the time, rushed to the scene. Despite the fact that he ordinarily talks with a severe stutter, he managed to deliver a dramatic and eloquent speech—singlehandedly calming the crowd, defusing the situation, and saving the police.)

In the course of the fall, it became evident what the regime was up to with these prosecutions. KOR was being relentlessly attacked in part because it had symbolized the unity of workers and intelligentsia. There was also the ongoing attempt to create the fiction of a Good Solidarity and a Bad Solidarity: initially, a good core of workers and worker aspirations, which had then been subverted by a secret cabal of opportunistic intellectuals with their own demonic agenda; hence the need to dissolve the old organization and start from scratch with new unions. There was, in addition, a subliminal whiff of anti-Semitism. Two of the six indicted KOR members, Michnik and Litynski, were Jewish, and a third, Lipski, although he was of pure Polish stock, had recently composed a famous essay on Polish ethnocentrism, which provided, among other things, perhaps the most lucid, balanced, and thoughtful account of native anti-Semitism ever advanced by a Pole. (Even in the early months of 1982, the regime's propagandists had been slandering Lipski for the unseemly, un-Polish "secularism" of his views—a truly astonishing charge from a supposedly atheistic Communist Party apparatus.)

A few words about anti-Semitism in Poland today—a subject that has become even more convoluted than usual during the past year. It is clear that the regime, or elements in the regime, tried to use anti-Semitic devices during the first days of the coup. On the morning of December 13th, downtown Warsaw blossomed with a profusion of abhorrent posters. I was shown the tattered remnants of one such poster by a man who had torn it off a wall near Solidarity's Warsaw headquarters that morning. Once we'd reassembled the jigsaw puzzle of pieces, the image showed a photocollage of a bearded rabbi swathed in ceremonial garb speaking into a phone, with the phone wire coursing

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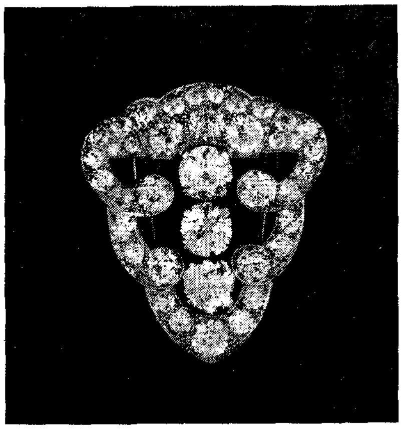

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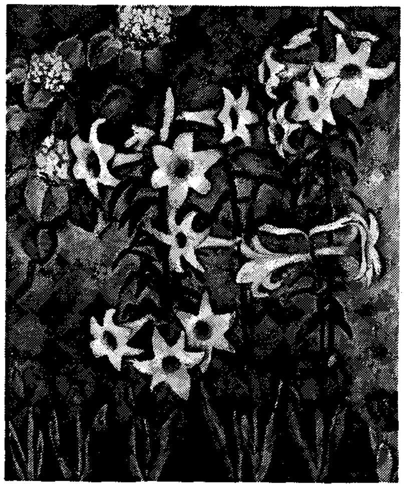

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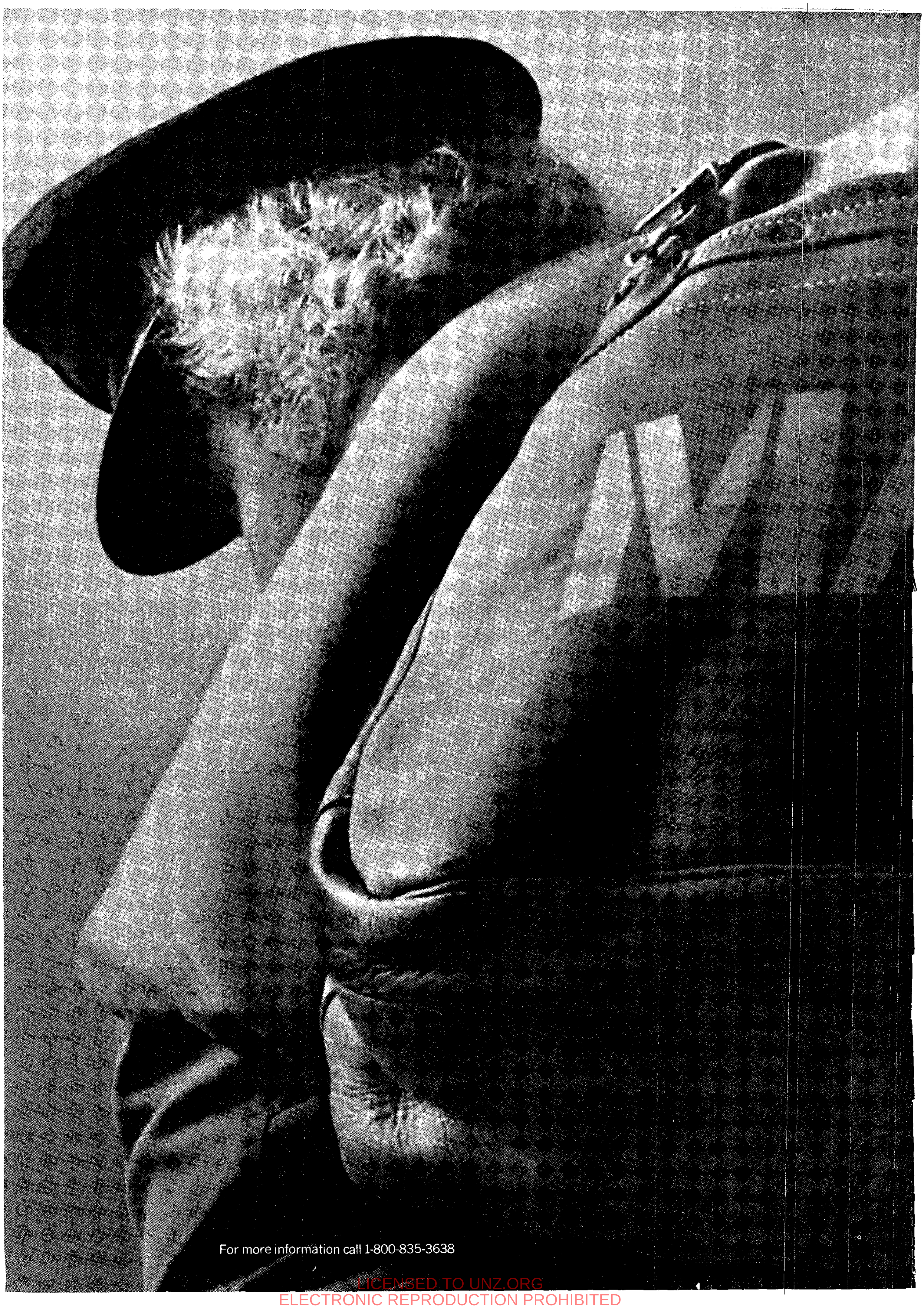

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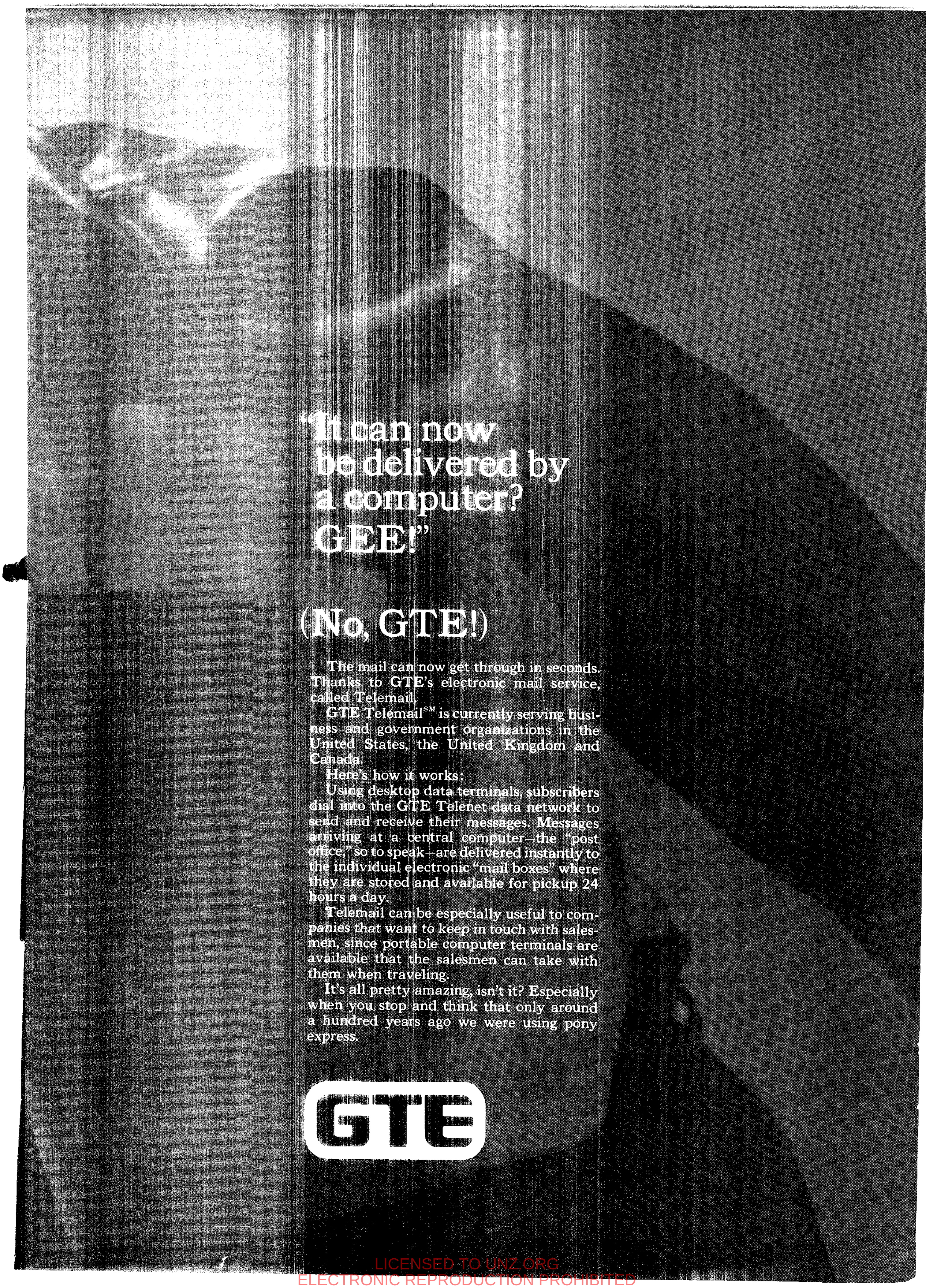

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It's all pretty amazing, isn't it? Especially when you stop and think that only around a hundred years ago we were using pony express.

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down the side and along the bottom of the poster and back up the other side into a receiver being held by Bronislaw Geremek, the noted Solidarity adviser. The headline read, "THE DOMESTICATION OF THE POLES IS ONLY BEGINNING!" The text, in a telexlike typeface, read:

> "Hello, Baruch!"
>
> "This is Bronislaw."
>
> "No need for that. To them you're Bronislaw, to us you're Baruch. Listen, Begin congratulates you for what you're doing, but he has two new instructions: (1) Rein in Walesa on a shorter leash, and (2) Fire that bastard Jurczyk or he'll blow the whistle on all of us."

A month or so before, Marian Jurczyk, a Solidarity leader from Szczecin, had made an anti-Semitic slur, to the effect that many Communist Party leaders weren't even truly Polish, and he had been immediately reprimanded by Solidarity's national committee. The Solidarity organization had had an excellent record throughout its history of educating Poles about the way previous oppressors had used the anti-Semitic canard as a device for diverting attention from real issues and fragmenting opposition. Partly because of the effectiveness of that educational campaign, partly because of the immediate firestorm of world opinion, partly because of the sheer implausibility of the slander in a country whose Jews had nearly all perished in the Holocaust or emigrated since, the regime's anti-Semitic insinuations were quickly withdrawn. "It's interesting," Roman Laba observed to me in Warsaw. "This regime is utterly without any ideological focus beyond its own survival, and is hence exactly the sort of regime that often has recourse to anti-Semitic campaigns. But except for those early slurs and now this hazy stuff surrounding the KOR trials, it has pointedly avoided anti-Semitism." The situation is a complicated one. Several leading dissidents are Jewish, but so are several of the regime's leading apologists—notably, the government spokesman Jerzy Urban. (Some people suspect that, as a Jew, Urban has specifically been put in a role where he will be drawing popular hatred, only to be summarily jettisoned later on. Urban himself, meanwhile, is not above anti-Semitic intimations. He recently lambasted the Catholic Krakow weekly *Tygodnik*

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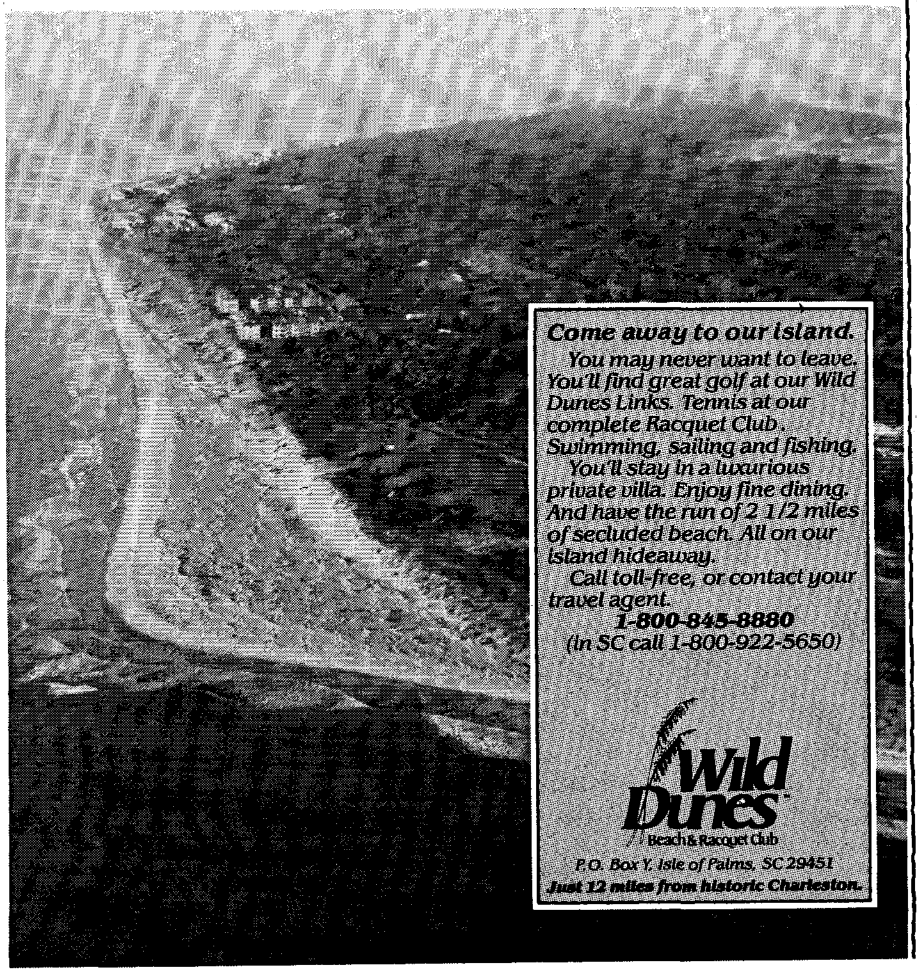
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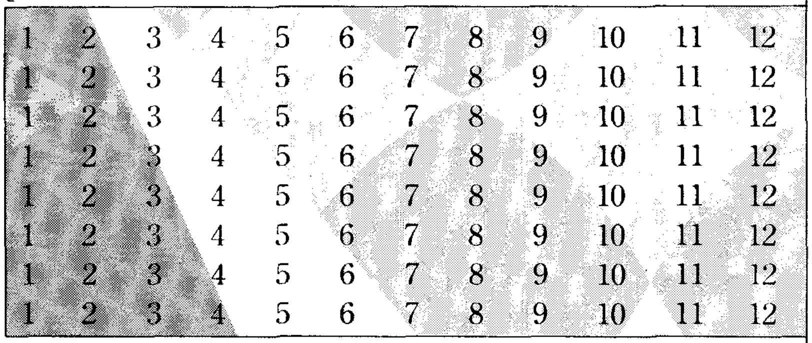
**Important factors to keep in mind** are how much you've drunk in a given period of time, how much you weigh and whether you've been eating. Your age, individual metabolism and experience with drinking are also factors. However, it simply is not true that beer or wine is less likely to make you drunk than so-called "hard" drinks. A 6-ounce glass of wine, a 12-ounce can of beer or 1½ ounces of 86-proof whiskey have about the same amount of alcohol and will have about the same effect on you.

**How to estimate your Blood Alcohol Concentration.** Although the effects of alcohol vary a great deal, the average effects are shown in the accompanying chart prepared by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Find your weight in the left-hand column and then refer to the number of drinks you have had or intend to have over a two-hour period. For example, if you weigh 160 pounds and have had four beers over the first two hours you're drinking, your Blood Alcohol Concentration would be dangerously beyond .05 percent, and your driving ability would be seriously impaired—a dangerous driving situation. Six beers in the same period would give you a BAC of over .10 percent—the level generally accepted as proof of intoxication.

**It is easier to get drunk than it is to get sober.** The effects of drinking do taper off as the alcohol passes through your body, but the drop is slow. In the example above, the person who had six beers would still have significant traces of alcohol in his blood six hours later.

### DRINKS (TWO-HOUR PERIOD)



| Weight | 1½ ozs. 86° Liquor or 12 ozs. Beer | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 120 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 140 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 160 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 180 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 200 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 220 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 240 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |

| ▨ | ☐ | ░ |
|---|---|---|
| **BE CAREFUL DRIVING BAC TO .05%** | **DRIVING IMPAIRED .05-.09%** | **DO NOT DRIVE .10% & UP** |

Source: NHTSA

The chart shows average responses. Younger people generally become impaired sooner, while older people have more vision problems at night. Tests show a wide range of responses even for people of the same age and weight. For some people, one drink may be too many.

Having a full stomach will postpone somewhat the effects of alcohol, but it will not keep you from becoming drunk.

Black coffee, cold showers, or walking around outdoors will do nothing to make you sober. Of course, someone who claims, "I'll be okay as soon as I get behind the wheel," may be making a fatal misjudgment.

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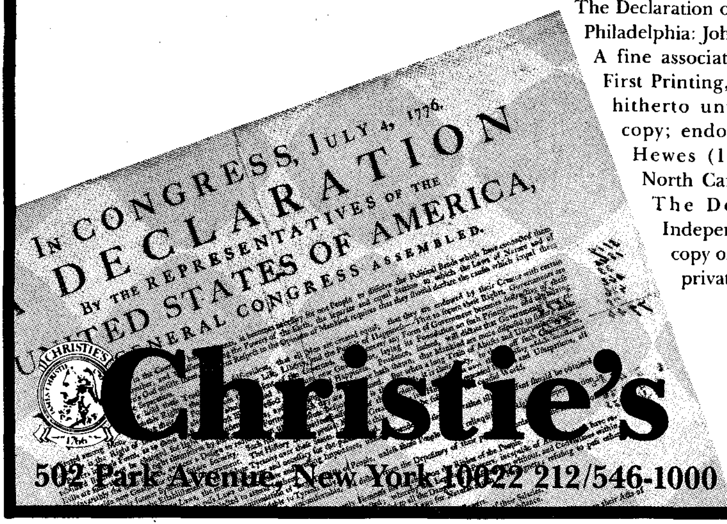
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*Powszechny*, perhaps the most widely read independent Polish journal published today, for being "idolatorily philo-Semitic.") One young Jewish professional whom I had met on my previous trips commented this time that the low-level, vestigial anti-Semitism that persists among many Poles is compounded of "complete ignorance and immense curiosity," but that he himself has never felt it as personal antipathy. He also spoke of the paradoxical fact that Poles who are vaguely anti-Semitic are nevertheless rabidly pro-Israeli. "It's almost as if they didn't connect the two—didn't realize that Israelis are Jewish. They just see Israelis as brilliant fighters against the Soviet Union's allies in that part of the world. I had people coming up to me and saying that they applauded the Beirut massacre because the dead were all Communists anyway." (Similarly, I heard tales of how during the early phases of the Falkland crisis the Poles hadn't known whom to support—both Prime Minister Thatcher and President Galtieri seemed resolutely anti-Soviet—but once the Soviet Union came out in favor of Argentina they all started rooting for Britain, and even showered the British Embassy with flowers the day after the sinking of H.M.S. Sheffield.)

Oddly, the regime's barrage of anti-KOR propaganda, anti-Semitic and otherwise, seemed to be giving the group a sort of second virginity. The workers had grown to resent KOR for having been too moderate, and here was the regime painting it as too radical. If anything, the campaign was backfiring. Still, throughout the autumn the prosecution continued to gather evidence—thirty-five volumes' worth, according to Urban—and prepare for what may become a harrowing spectacle. The maximum possible penalty, given the charges these men face, is death. (In the fifties, similar trials in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and other countries of Eastern Europe did result in capital sentences.) It is easy to imagine the regime wanting these men dead—some of them have been causing problems for a quarter of a century. Therefore, world vigilance during the next several months will be crucial. Michnik, in his September letter, urged people outside Poland "to do all within your power to insure that we have an open trial in the presence of observers and lawyers from democratic countries."

When and if the trial begins, there will be at least five defendants. On

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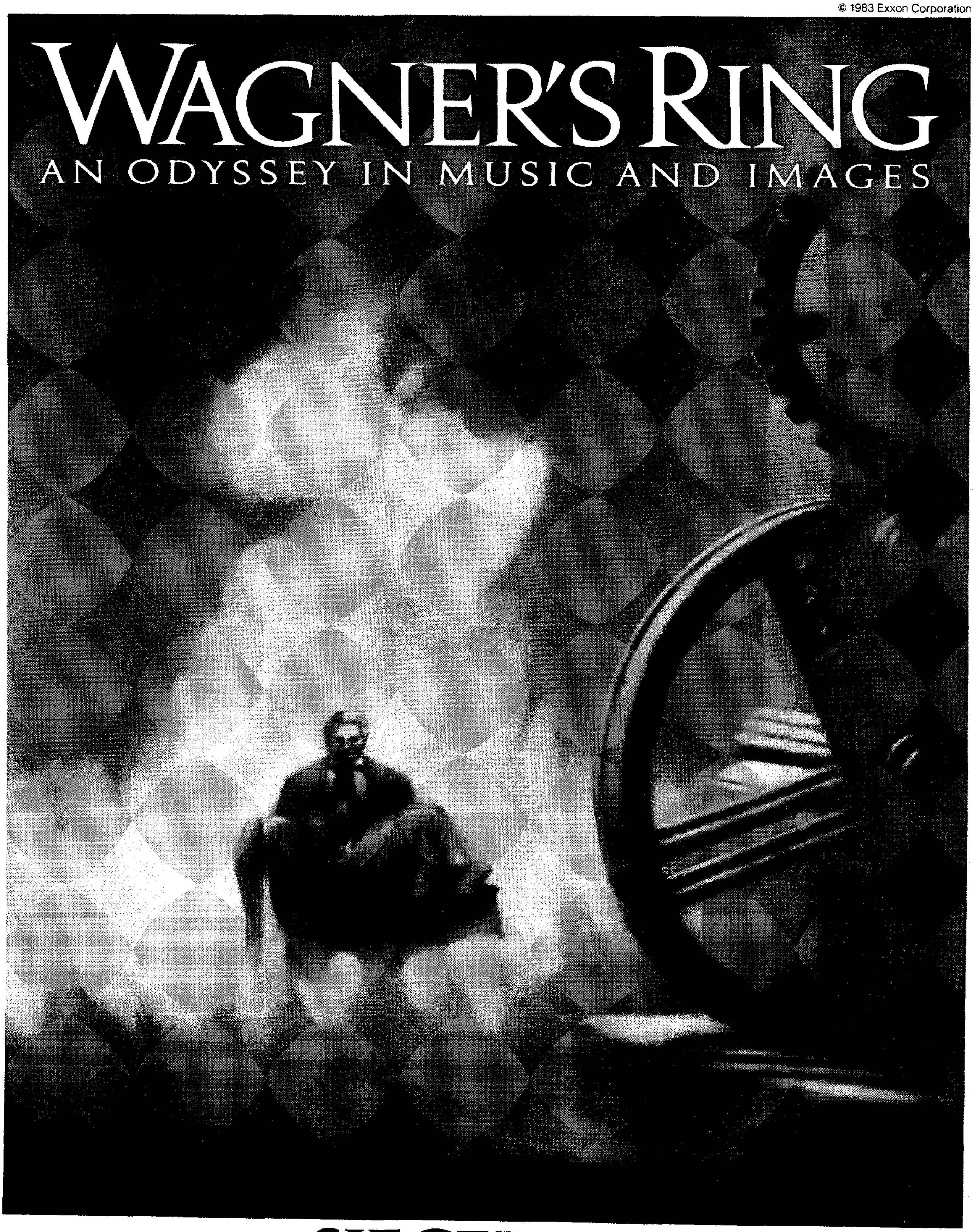
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September 15th, less than two weeks after his indictment, and despite his perilous physical condition, Jan-Jozef Lipski voluntarily boarded a plane in London to return to Warsaw. In a statement composed during his last night in London, he wrote, "KOR was both an institution and an idea, and part of the idea was that we shall pursue our aims without attempting to use force. It might be said that this is not particularly meritorious when you have no force to use anyway. But it is not quite like that. Even a small group of people can use terror, let alone such a widespread movement as that inspired by KOR. It is precisely because we have been against terror that we shall be accused of being terrorists: it is a convenient way to muddle up the image of KOR." A few paragraphs later, he recorded his belief that, despite government propaganda, "the majority of Poles will watch for news from the courtroom keeping their fingers crossed, for our sake and that of our families. God bless them, but let them not hope for better sentences, for these are already determined, or will be before the prosecutor reads the charges. You need to keep your fingers crossed that in crucial moments we should not lack courage, that nerves should not paralyze the intellect, and that we should be able to remember and associate facts correctly. The Crow will do a lot to insure that we are not heard. But we shall be heard."

Shortly before he left for Poland, when incredulous reporters asked Lipski why a man in his condition would even consider returning to face certain imprisonment and possible death, he replied, "I do not intend to become an émigré. I do not want to give the government propaganda machine the possibility of telling the workers that an intellectual will always get away, while the workers have to face the consequences of their actions alone. It is a question of solidarity."

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

*(This is the first part of a two-part article.)*

•

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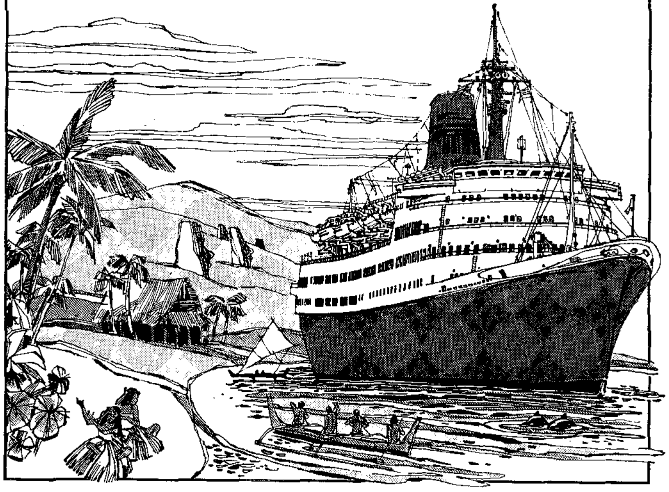

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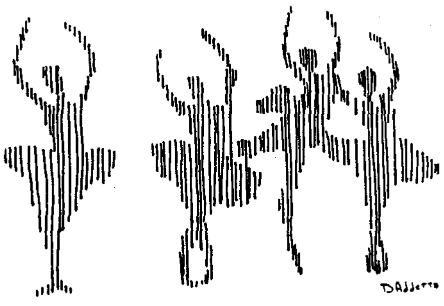
# DANCING

## *Bad News*

THE cast of Merce Cunningham's "Quartet" is four dancers (Helen Barrow, Karen Fink, Judy Lazaroff, and Rob Remley) plus Cunningham himself. Whatever this has to do with the scoring of David Tudor's sound accompaniment—Tudor's title is "Sextet for Seven"—need not detain us. What matters is Cunningham's relationship to his dancers. He has told us before (notably in "Rebus" and invariably in his Events) that he stands behind them and a little to one side—that his position as a dancer is no longer the leading one. When the curtain goes up on "Quartet," he's alone upstage left, standing with his head and torso inclined to one side. And he doesn't move around much in the course of the action; he holds his territory, advances, retreats, becomes briefly involved with the others in ways that seem unsatisfactory, and leaves before the end. You are not likely to miss anything he does, not only because of the distance between him and the other dancers but because of the closeness: for all that he now abjures broad movement and intricate footwork, he is very much a part of what they do. Some Cunningham pieces give us a full exposition of Cunningham movement. "Quartet" is one of those with a restricted palette. Though it ranges from Cunningham's personal minimalistic gesture to the more expansive, space-devouring activities of the group, the gradations in size, speed, and force combine with the variations in shape and direction to form a series of tonal clusters. At times, the movements of Cunningham and the group are actually the same; more often, they're architecturally related, the way a cupola is to a Victorian mansion. Something of the same relationship between Cunningham and the group occurred last season in "Gallopade," but whereas "Gallopade" is a wild comedy of eccentric movement "Quartet" seems to center on a tragic perception of human behavior. The amazing thing is that both pieces—both the comedy and the tragedy—appear to have been developed by Cunningham from the same strain of rhetoric.

A recurring movement in "Gallopade" is the jeté ouvert in which the body is thrown from side to side while it hangs forward in a crouch and the arms and head waggle absurdly. The open leap is missing from "Quartet," but the shape of it is constantly there, as the dancers crouch in low fondu, their arms either spread out or retracted like folded wings. When they do leap, it is apt to be in a variant of this position, with one leg bent under and the other held straight out in front. The sharp predatory profile of this image is characteristic of "Quartet" and as different from the profile of "Gallopade" as a hornet is from a squiggling worm; yet one image might plausibly become the other by metamorphosis. (If you have difficulty seeing how, think of Cunningham's material as a block of wood, with "Gallopade" becoming "Quartet" where the grain gets darker and less knotty.)

There are other motifs in "Quartet," related and unrelated to this central one. The oddest are those groupings in which bodies are sandwiched or trapped, seemingly, in revolving doors or nested one inside another in optically baffling ways. There's a crouch within a crouch within a— But we can't quite tell: all we can see is that a man seems to have caught a two-headed woman on his lap. These images, accumulating between periods of stillness, are what give "Quartet" its unsettled atmosphere. Typical Cunningham passagework—swift chaînés, long leaps and runs ending in a headlong flat fall—roils the atmosphere still further. But the specific emotional turbulence is provided by Cunningham's performance—by his gift for extremely legible yet impalpable effects. In dramatic terms, his role seems to be that of a bearer of bad tidings—a Tiresias or a Cassandra. But his message, so precise of utterance, is obscure. With sharp flicks of his arms, hands, and head, he's a man sculpting in powder. When he darts ineffectually toward the others, then away, his hands flickering distress signals, he's all emanation; no wonder they don't pay him much attention. Without the edge of panic that Cunningham gives it, "Quartet" would, I suspect, be a less involving piece, though still a disturbing and, in terms of craft, a remarkably concise one. I must also give Tudor's score and Mark Lancaster's sombre lighting their due in creating the mood I have described. The sound, low-pitched throughout, at one point brought in a thunderstorm with sluicing rain, but most of it was as indecipherable as Cunningham's message. One heard, almost subliminally, voices speaking over crackles of atmospheric static—a sound that seemed to put the people onstage in outer space. A buried civilization, perhaps, with one lone signalman prophesying doom.



The other première of the Cunningham season at the City Center was of the stage version of "Coast Zone." (A film version was shot earlier this year.) This is one of the more comprehensive works, arranged in the form of a dance suite and enlisting most of the company in a demonstration of the versatility of Cunningham technique—particularly in allegro. As sheer dancing, it is one of the pleasantest experiences Cunningham has created recently, and the large cast seemed exhilarated by all that it did. Despite the addition of several good women dancers, the company is still dominated by the men (and the men are dominated by Chris Komar, whose authoritativeness looks nearly as lunar, at times, as Cunningham's own), but the imbalance didn't show in "Coast Zone."

THE Hamburg Ballet opened at the Brooklyn Academy of Music with its production, by John Neumeier, of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It was a gala opening, attended by the Lord Mayor of Hamburg and a large German delegation. A lobby exhibit of photographs extolled the commerce and culture of Hamburg as well as its ballet company. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which has also been mounted by the Paris Opéra, has been called innovative. Here are its innovations: Titania, Oberon, and Puck double as Hippolyta, Theseus, and Philostrate, master of the revels. The mortals are placed by the designer, Jürgen Rose, in a Napoleonic imperial setting; the fairies, wearing white tights and skullcaps, are in a frost-white forest. Hermia and Lysander are played straight. Helena and Demetrius are comics; she is not

SPORTING WORLD
ADJUSTMENTS

tall, but she wears glasses, while he is a soldier, forever saluting. The music for the mortals is by Mendelssohn, the music for the fairies by György Ligeti. The rustics cavort to a mechanical organ that plays folk songs and light classics—von Suppé, that sort of thing. When the lovers get mixed up, Helena loses her glasses and Puck puts them on. He also puts on a funny hat, hangs upside down from trees, and climbs a ladder from the stage into a box full of patrons. There are various kinds of dancing: knockabout-acrobatic for the comic lovers and Puck, dinner-club adagio for the straight pair, Glen Tetley modern for the fairies, and courtly-classical for everybody when the lovers get married. This is a something-for-everyone-bring-the-family staging. At the wedding, the rustics do Pyramus and Thisbe as an extended slapstick mime scene: the hit of the show. Most of Neumeier's ideas would serve just as well—or ill—in a production of the play (and often have). A dance lover doesn't have much to work with. The choreography shows a superficial command of genre and never answers the question why Neumeier should have tried for so many contrasts in one ballet. The connections implied by the role-doubling aren't worked out in the action, and from the way the lovers maul each other in the forest it's impossible to believe they could be presented at court, let alone married there. The Germans in the audience were sympathetic to these complaints; one needed to see the all-dance works in the all-Neumeier repertory to see the real Hamburg Ballet. But the choreography in the other ballets turned out to be as cosmetic as it is in the "Dream."

"Bach Suite No. 2." As a choreographer, Neumeier seems to be wearing glasses, too. He always reveals what he's been looking at. Here it's the Paul Taylor of "Aureole" and "Airs," but where Taylor's phrasing is compressed, Neumeier's is constricted, lacking logic and momentum. It is impossible to tell how he hears the music. The Bach suite, like most of the music used in the Hamburg repertory, is on tape, and pickets from the musicians' union are at the Academy's doors. But if there had been no music at all it wouldn't have made much of a difference.

"Vaslav." Another Bach experience, set to piano selections (played live) and vaguely alluding to the legend of Nijinsky, whose diary speaks of a projected Bach ballet. Fittingly, Neumeier has made a schizophrenic piece. A female ensemble engages in footwork that appears to exercise Nijinsky's preferences in the matter of full point versus demi-point. The craftsmanly debate is laid aside for an extended male solo that seems intended to be a portrait of Nijinsky in his madness. Derivation: Hans van Manen with lashes of Béjart.

"Mahler's Third Symphony." The music has to be on tape; what pit orchestra could support this conception of a ballet? Neumeier uses the whole symphony and pads it out with a section danced in silence. His dramatic program is not Mahler's: the first movement depicts the growth of the Nazi war machine (young men change from white tights to khaki), and the rest deals in dreamy pictures of boys and girls together. Neumeier's youths and "angels" are Mahlerian inspirations who closely resemble the personae of Kenneth MacMillan's ballet to "Das Lied von der Erde." But the mixture of glossy heroics, visionary pining (the dancers do a lot of standing and staring), "Winds of War" nostalgia, and homoeroticism is Neumeier's own. He wanders so far from the music that when Mahler quotes a Spanish folk song (the famous jota aragonesa of Glinka's First Spanish Overture) he appears not to have heard it. (He must be wearing earplugs along with his glasses.) The portion of the ballet that is danced in silence is an agonized pas de trois that Neumeier dedicates to John Cranko. Cranko, Nijinsky, Tetley, MacMillan . . . For Neumeier, choreography is a pipeline to other choreographers. It's a notion that clashes oddly with another of his theories, which is that big music and big sounds make big ballets. After the Mahler superballet, I thought it best to avoid the setting of the Bach St. Matthew Passion (on Palm Sunday, yet, and with the choreographer as Christ). Is there no limit to this Bachomania? This Mahleritis? Neumeier has now done four of the Mahler symphonies. Yet no composer is as important to him as the brotherhood of choreographers. What true choreographer fears to tread on the St. Matthew Passion or to combine Mendelssohn and Ligeti? Composers are only sound men. Unmusicality, a liability and a curse throughout his profession, seems to be a point of pride to Neumeier. He's the Prometheus of unmusical choreographers.

Once one understands the place of music in Neumeier's repertory, one sees why he's so curiously unvigilant in matters of theatrical scale. The only

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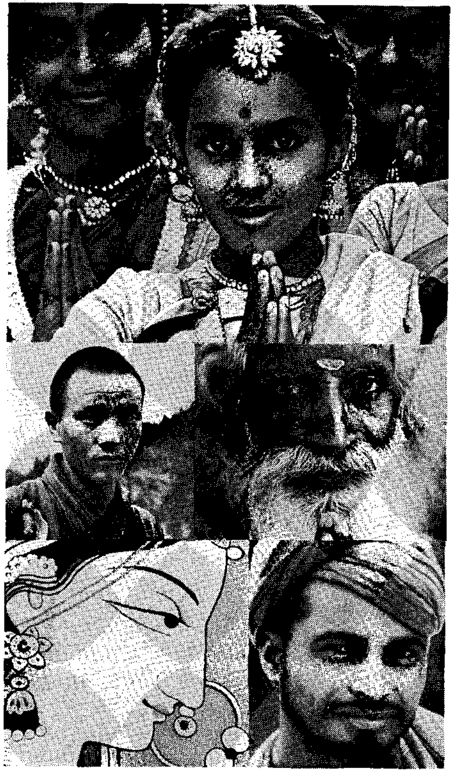

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ballet in which the music does not diminish his choreography is "Legend of Joseph," to Richard Strauss's ballet score originally composed for Nijinsky. Strauss's music has nothing on its mind but Joseph, and though Neumeier's Joseph is a male prostitute equally available to Potiphar and his wife the drama flows with a semblance of theatrical vitality. This ballet *looks* like a ballet. For what it reveals of a great composer's understanding of the proportions of dance theatre, the music is worth reviving (and comparing with Prokofiev's "Prodigal Son"). Neumeier's choreography is a string of clichés. Judith Jamison, making a guest appearance as Mme. Potiphar, did them ample justice, and she also showed her form as a veteran dancer—something she doesn't often do nowadays. It was while watching her on a stage full of younger dancers that I began to see another failing of Neumeier's—his inadequacy as a director of dancers. (The Encyclopedia of Dance and Ballet cites "the flair with which he develops his dancers" along with "the originality of his treatment of music and plots" as the reason for Neumeier's great reputation in Continental Europe.) If his movement looks small and infirm, it isn't just because of the out-of-scale music; it's because of the technical insufficiency he accepts from his dancers. Neumeier doesn't demand strong, solidly centered movement that radiates outward. He loves big leg gestures; you'd think he'd want the legs lifting from inside the lower back instead of from somewhere underneath. He loves pirouettes, but his dancers are so weak between the waist and the thigh that they can't carry their center around even once without squirming. (One of my visual memories of the Hamburg Ballet is of a million pirouettes around a twisted axis.) Flaws like this make minor blemishes of the inconsistent turnout and unworked feet that one also sees. Without a center, it isn't possible to dance expressively. But with a reasonably good figure and enough physical daring to get through the acrobatics one can do imitation dancing. It's all that Neumeier's choreography calls for.

STRONG technical criticisms of a similar nature can be applied to every other European company that has appeared so far in the Brooklyn Academy's Ballet International series. (The London Contemporary Dance Theatre is to come.) And the standard of choreography has been as low. The misery is reciprocal: the dancers aren't made to extend themselves by the choreography they're given to do; the choreography is uninspired because the dancers are dull. Companies with a lot of rehearsal time and little to rehearse always make a fine impression, but uniformity of appearance shouldn't be confused with style, and little things neatly done shouldn't be confused with good schooling, as they were in the case of the Basel Ballet. This was the most wistful of the visiting companies, with its repertory of Brand X ballets and "Giselle." The timidity of the Norwegian National Ballet, which brought us a single work, by Tetley, was offset by the calculated craziness of the Cullberg Ballet, of Sweden, which set *its* "Giselle" in a Goiterville ruled by the inmates of a mental asylum. The Dutch National Ballet was comatose, as usual—is it the world's most boring dance company? The series' most talented dancer was the Basel's Martin Schläpfer, who has the greatest natural elevation I have seen in years. But Schläpfer's form badly needs tending. It was sad seeing numbers of Americans in the Europeans' ranks. Many had had good initial training; some had left promising careers in this country to go abroad.

Company regimen, good or bad, sets its seal on dancers. A sound regimen can make unfinished dancers appear better than they are. The week of the Hamburg's opening also saw a local appearance, at Lehman College, by the Dayton Ballet—Dayton, Ohio. This is one of our oldest and most respected companies, but it has weathered its forty-five years on a modest scale. It doesn't enjoy a glittering reputation or strong financial backing. It has two or three very good soloists; it isn't packed with great dancers. But what Dayton has got—and what the European companies I have been seeing have not got—is strong artistic direction based on a knowledge of and a pride in dancing as pure expression. The European companies all seem to be trying to present dancing as a delectation for nondance-minded audiences. In Dayton, one can see such ballets as Stuart Sebastian's "Stage Struck," which at first seems to be a delectation—a backstage view of a ballet company with a lowly corps member who dreams of dancing the Swan Queen—and turns out to be a genuine dance experience. I've seen few ballets, in fact, in which a fixed contemplation

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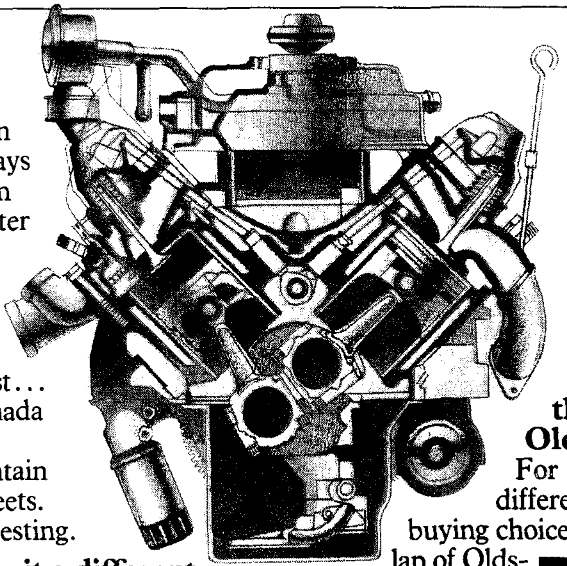

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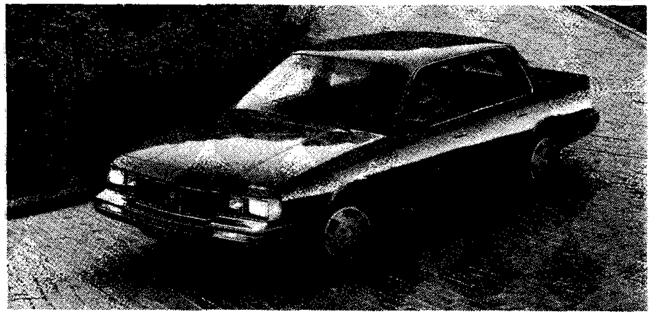

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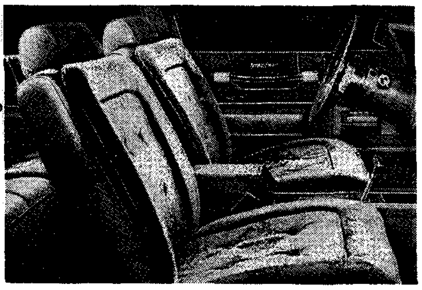

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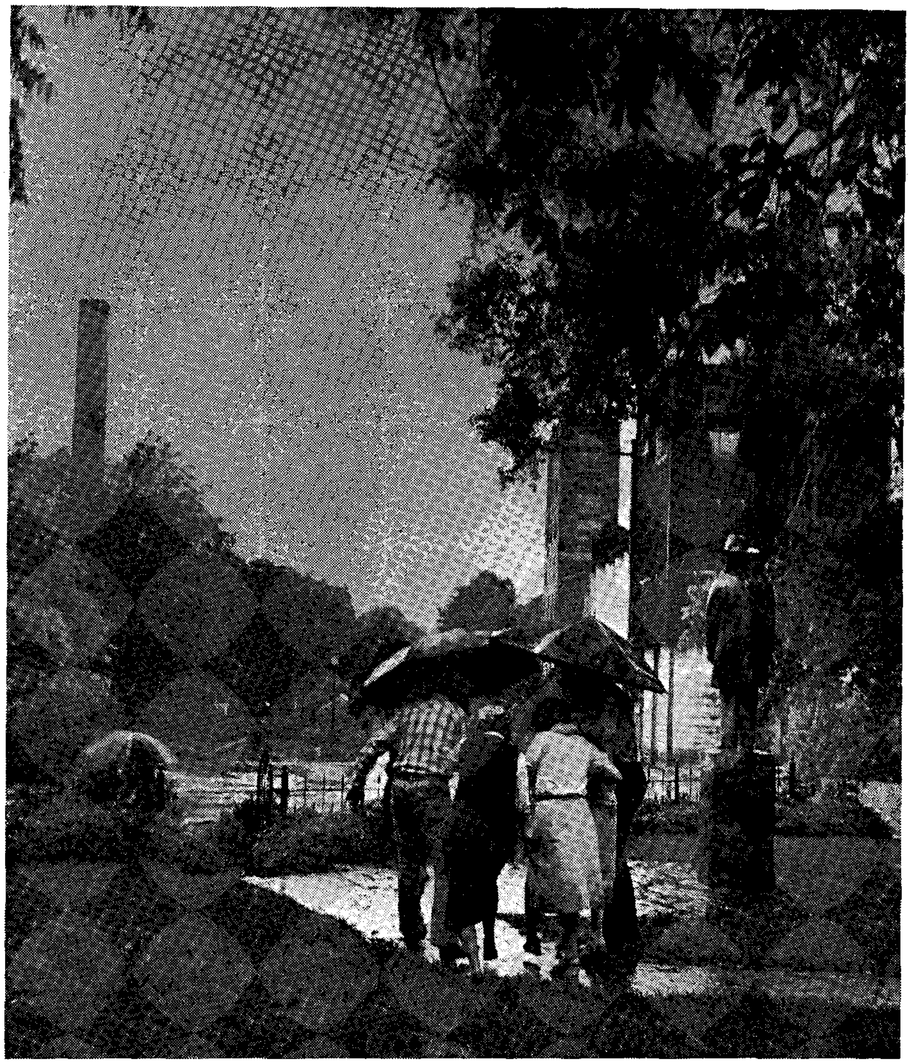

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of dance on so many levels was as real a possibility as it is in "Stage Struck." Sebastian has mounted a complex, two-act spectacle on his slender, corny little story. The aspirant gets her chance: she goes on and finishes the première when the ballerina foolishly lets herself be detained backstage. But before the big moment comes (and, amazingly, we don't see it coming) Sebastian takes us through company class, repertory rehearsal, dress rehearsal, and then through the première, which happens to be of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with its impromptu substitution of one Titania for another, and its aftermath, in which the ballerina's heart breaks to think of the role she has lost. And we can believe it, because all through "Stage Struck" we have been watching the operation of a regimen that persuades us that ballet, for every one of these dancers, is a poetic reality, not an unregulated fantasy. Sebastian, who wrote his own scenario, has staged it to a musical potpourri; he uses Mendelssohn's music for the première, but also snatches of "Swan Lake," and whole chunks of Saint-Saëns, Ibert, Roussel, Debussy, and others. His finest achievement as a craftsman may be the rehearsal sequence, in which he fabricates a repertory of ballets in several different styles, as well as a work in progress, without once opening a breach in continuity or invoking the method of some other choreographer. His tumultuous "Midsummer Night's Dream" ballet does have a Bottom who goes about reading a book, much like Armand in Neumeier's "Lady of the Camellias" for the Stuttgart Ballet. With the Hamburg fresh in mind, I couldn't help taking this figure to be a satire of Neumeier, the heavy thinker among dancers. Sebastian, the fluent and musically intelligent director-choreographer of the Dayton Ballet, could not be more unlike. —ARLENE CROCE

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## *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Saint*

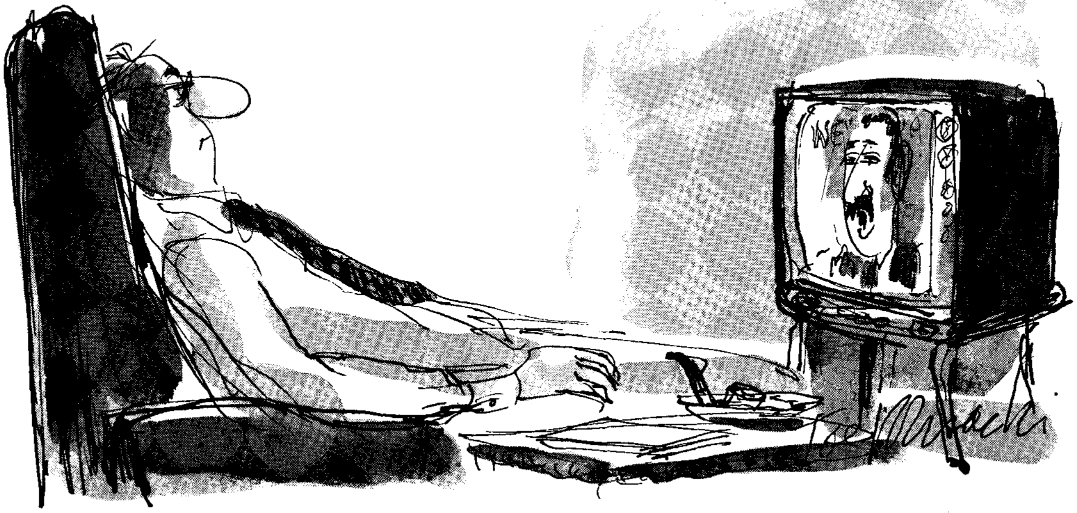
Neil Simon's "Brighton Beach Memoirs," at the Alvin, is a sentimental comedy decorated with surefire one-liners and inadvertently revealing its shallowness by means of an occasional awkward lunge in the direction of what the author evidently believes to be profundity. (In the midst of all his jokes about adolescent sex and domineering Jewish mothers in the nineteen-thirties, Simon manages to introduce the fate of European Jewry under Hitler, borrowing from that historic tragedy a weight of emotion that his ramshackle little comedy has done nothing to deserve.) Simon has acknowledged to the press that "Memoirs" has a greater autobiographical content than his other plays, and he finds, as autobiographers are wont to do, a seriousness at the heart of the play which members of the audience may perceive not as seriousness but as an exceptionally unabashed manifestation of self-approval. For the play is a posy presented to the author with love from the author, who appears unaware that he is telling the same story that hundreds upon hundreds of writers before him have written and that hundreds upon hundreds of writers after him are sure to write—the story of the gifted child who grows up to become the maker of the very work of art by which we are being entertained. Dickens, Joyce, O'Neill, Lowell, and scores of other novelists, playwrights, and poets have achieved masterpieces in this genre, but more commonly the product is narcissistic claptrap.

"Memoirs" has to do with seven members of a middle-class Jewish family in Brooklyn, whom we observe struggling to survive the dark days of the Great Depression. Remarkably, all seven of them have hearts of gold, and so do a couple of characters of some importance who remain offstage. Life is harsh, but everyone is doing his best to cope. Eugene, a.k.a. Neil, is a brilliant student and a successful wisecracker; at fifteen, he is undergoing the despairs and delights of an inexplicably delayed sexual awakening. Eugene's curiosity about girls' bodies is feverish and unassuageable, though he learns what he can from his older brother, Stanley. The object of Eugene's unspoken passion is Nora, the elder of two cousins of his; unfortunately, Nora and Eugene share nothing but the unwelcome intimacy of the only bathroom in the house. Blanche, mother of Nora and Laurie (the snooty, pampered younger cousin), is a sister of Eugene's mother, Kate. Blanche is a widow and is well aware that, the house being too small for all of them and the burden of its upkeep too heavy for Eugene's sorely overworked father, she must find a new husband as quickly as possible; by ill luck, the likeliest candidate is an Irish Catholic alcoholic, living across the street with his aged mother. To Kate, everyone who is not a Jew is a cossack (at this point in the play we come close to echoing "Abie's Irish Rose," a hit of half a century ago); the alcoholic gets into trouble and misses his first—and only—date with Blanche, and other vexations beset the family, but their essential saintliness remains undiminished. The last words of the play are a cry of joy from Eugene on having at last outdistanced the ignominious pangs of puberty.

"Memoirs" provides the occasion for a virtuoso acting performance by Matthew Broderick, as Eugene. Without him, much of the pleasing humaneness of the play would degenerate into slapstick. Elizabeth Franz is a conventional Jewish scold of a mother, Joyce Van Patten is the woebegone Blanche, and Peter Michael Goetz is often touching as the exhausted paterfamilias. Zeljko Ivanek, Jodi Thelen, and Mandy Ingber play Stanley, Nora, and Laurie, respectively. The slick direction is by Gene Saks, and the setting, costumes, and lighting—all of the highest quality—are by David Mitchell, Patricia Zipprodt, and Tharon Musser.

" 'Night, Mother," by Marsha Norman, is a very good play indeed. It has just opened at the John Golden, one of the smallest of the Broadway houses, and I hope that, thanks to favorable word of mouth as well as to innumerable favorable reviews, it will be able to enjoy a long run there. The subject of the play is assuredly a painful one—a young woman's determination to commit suicide and her mother's inability to prevent her from doing so—and in the past it would have been the common assumption that such a play was ideally unsuitable for Broadway audiences, but I take a more optimistic view of our present situation. Miss Norman has always worked closely with the Actors Theatre of Louisville, and two of the producers of " 'Night, Mother" are from that lively old river town; I suspect that Broadway isn't so terribly far behind Louisville in its ability to recognize and appreciate theatrical talent.

The only major defect in the play is its title. " 'Night, Mother" makes little sense when spoken, since both the apostrophe and the comma are silent; "night mother" might well be a descriptive term on the order of "night



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nursery," and because of one's having to stop and explain the meaning of that tiresomely abbreviated " 'night" the word of mouth that I mentioned will be less briskly eloquent than it should be. Otherwise, what a feat of immaculate writing the play is! Performed without an intermission and lasting approximately an hour and a half, it moves with the speed and grace of an arrow rushing unerringly from bow to target. The setting is the shiny, well-lit, "live-in" kitchen of a house built on the outskirts of any one of a hundred prosperous towns in the Sun Belt. Jessie, the daughter, is a good-looking, though overweight, woman, sloppily dressed, and maintaining, given the circumstances, an eerily calm demeanor; Thelma, her mother, is a spry, cranky, calculatedly obtuse woman in her late fifties. Mother and daughter live alone in the house; Jessie's father is dead, her husband has long since left her, and her teen-age son is already an itinerant petty thief and all-around bum. In a world divided between winners and losers, Jessie sees herself as a total loser. Whatever she may once have had it in her to become is no longer capable of being attained. Like the hired man in Frost's celebrated poem, she has nothing to look backward to with pride, nothing to look forward to with hope, and so she is right to perceive that the time has come for her to die. Frantically, Thelma casts about for some means of preventing Jessie from fulfilling her intention. Thelma pretends not to understand the steps that, one by one, have led Jessie to sit in that picture-book kitchen with a loaded gun in her hand; the pretense is necessary because Thelma wishes Jessie to live not for Jessie's sake but for her own. With a superb confidence in her powers, the author dispenses with the usual artifices of plot; there are no unlooked-for surprises, there is only the fact that a woman of intelligence, energy, and good will is going to end her life, and with reason. The horror we feel springs from the bleak straightforwardness of that fact; we sit spellbound on the edge of our seats, consenting and yet not consenting.

Kathy Bates as Jessie and Anne Pitoniak as Thelma give flawless performances under the direction of Tom Moore, who is as unflinching as Miss Norman in making the play march unhesitatingly to its certain, dreadful end. The setting and costumes are by

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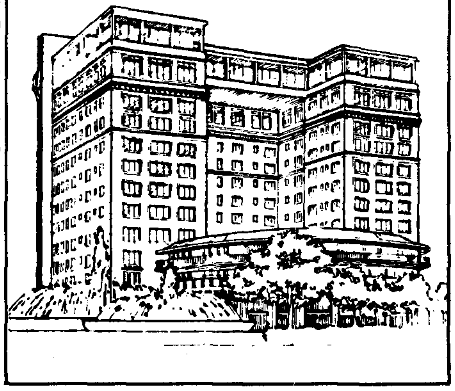

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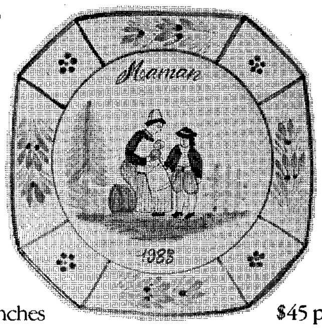

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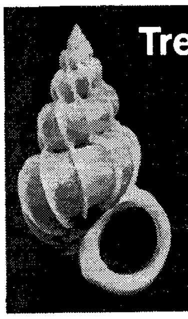

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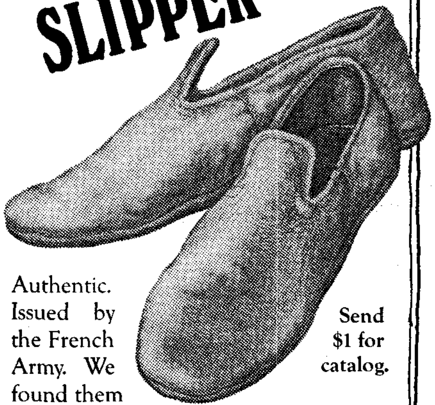
Heidi Landesman, and the appropriately pitiless lighting is by James F. Ingalls.

"K2," at the Brooks Atkinson, is like " 'Night, Mother" in having a cast of two, a single setting, no intermission, and a mighty theme, which can be briefly defined as the recognition that human beings are free to choose whether they will live or die and that this choice can be made, even under the pressure of extreme adversity, as coolly as one chooses between one brand of breakfast food and another. As for the setting of "K2," it is about as far from a kitchen in the Sun Belt as one could imagine—a narrow shelf of mingled ice and snow twenty-seven thousand feet above sea level and twelve hundred and fifty feet below the summit of K2, the second-highest mountain in the world. Two climbers have just spent a desperate night on this shelf. One of them has broken his leg; the other, if he leaves his companion soon enough, may save his own life, but the possibility of his returning with enough assistance to save his companion's life is something that can be talked about rather than believed. The play is little more than an extended conversation, but I found it unexpectedly thrilling from start to finish. I say "unexpectedly" because I have no use for mountain climbers. I think of them as sexually immature weirdos, undergoing ordeals intrinsically of little greater merit than the ordeal of running barefoot over a bed of hot coals. To scale a mountain "because it is there" is, in principle, no more laudable than eating a lollipop because it is there. Be that as it may, the two characters in "K2" have a lot to say to each other, and I was constantly aware of how much I would have liked to elbow my way into the conversation, if only it had been taking place at Mortimer's instead of in the Karakoram Range. Perhaps the author, Patrick Meyers, will find a cozier venue for his next play; meanwhile, I congratulate him and the two actors, Jeffrey De Munn and Jay Patterson, for bringing off this exceptionally difficult feat of make-believe. I also congratulate Ming Cho Lee on having designed a mountain so seemingly vast and ice-cold and inimical to life that I kept my overcoat on throughout the play. The director of "K2" is Terry Schreiber, the costumes are by Noel Borden, and the lighting is by Allen Lee Hughes.

—Brendan Gill



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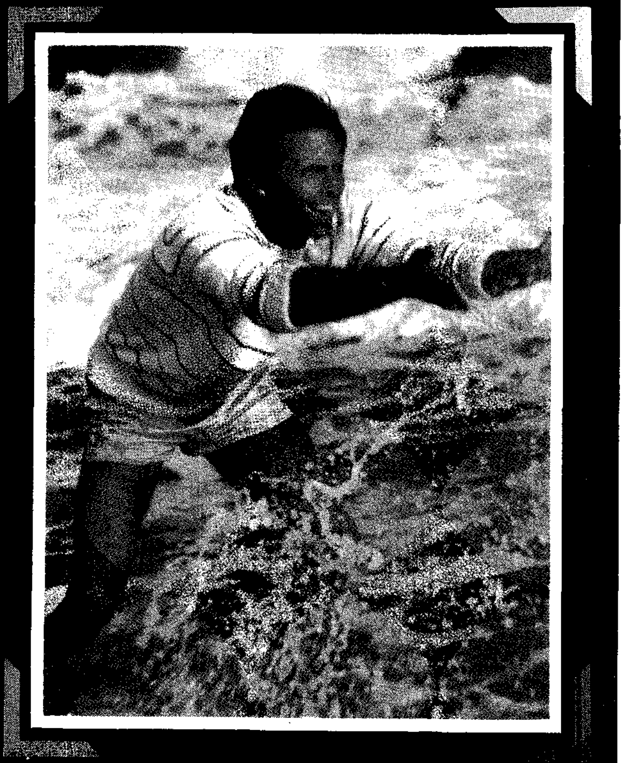

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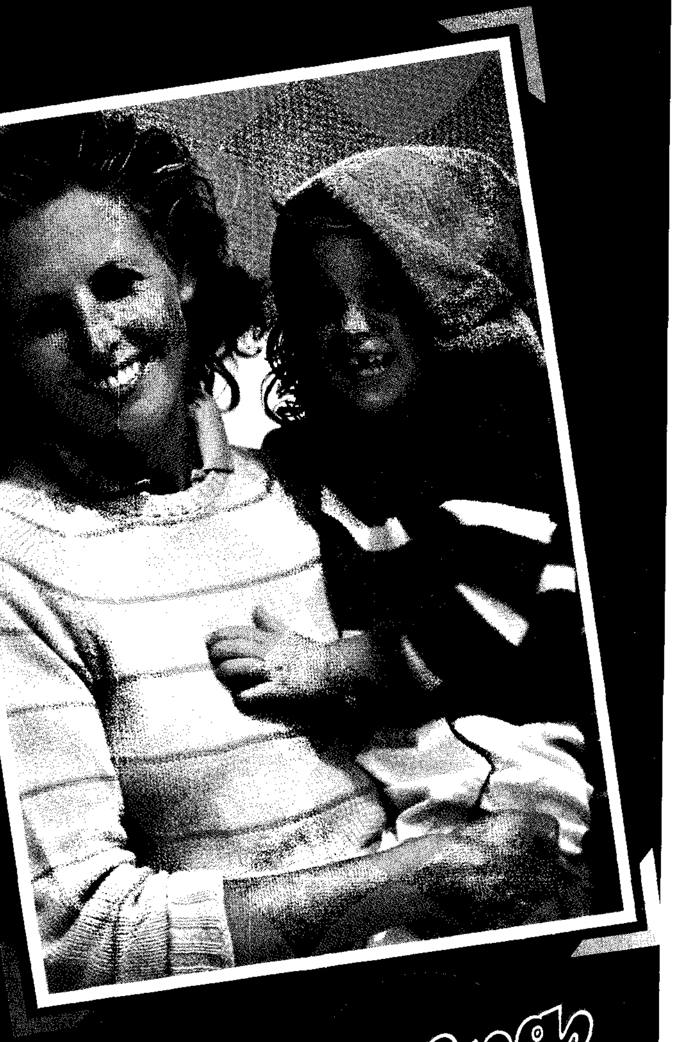

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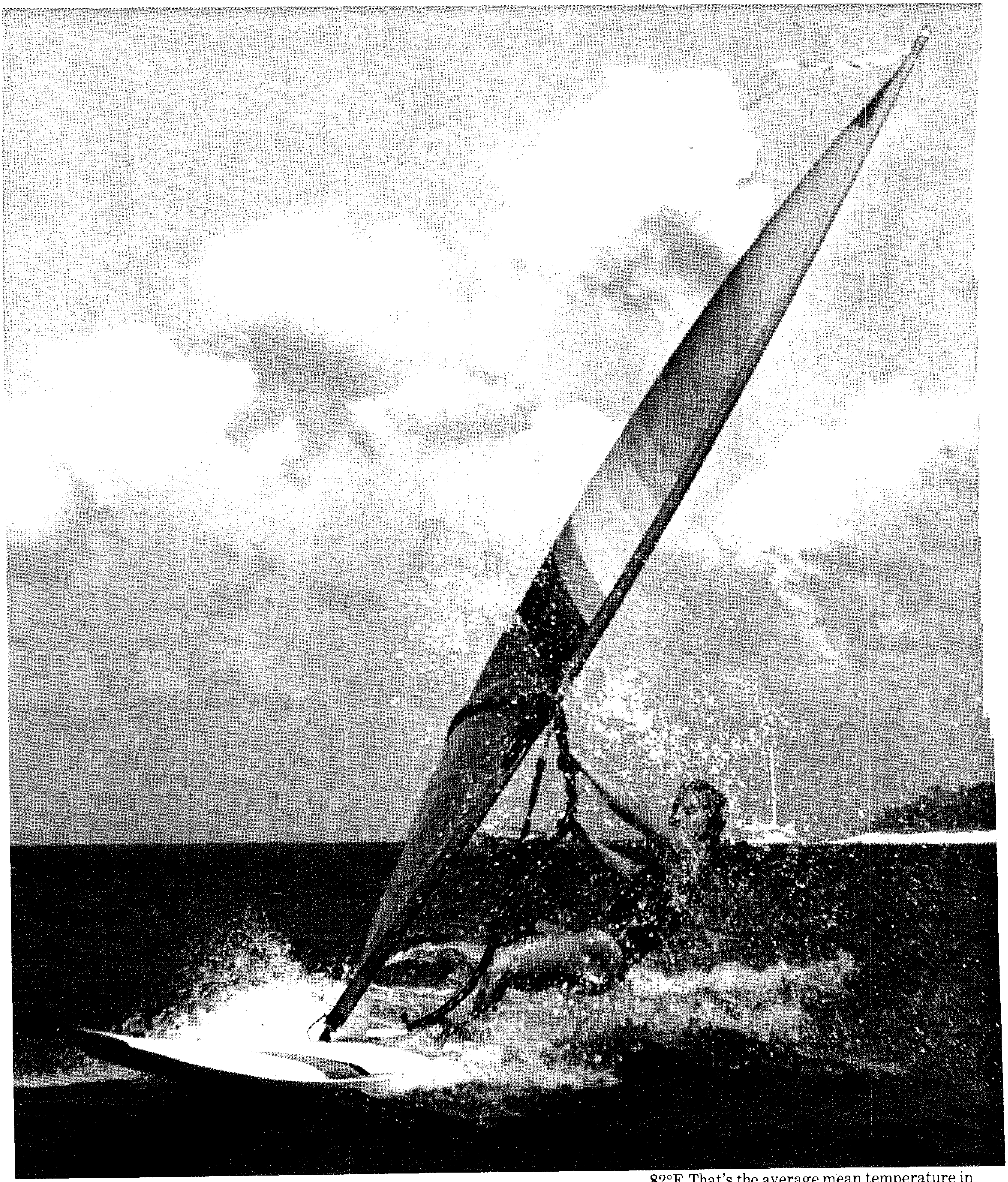

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Divine Spark*

THE Philharmonic has given concert performances of two operas this season, within the subscription series. In February, there was Schoenberg's monodrama "Erwartung," with Hildegard Behrens true, accurate, and expressive as its unhappy heroine. Zubin Mehta conducted. Last month, Janáček's last opera, "From the House of the Dead," had its American full-length première. (There was an abridged television adaptation in 1969.) This is a powerfully affecting piece that in the theatre proves overwhelming, although it is an unconventional opera. There is no plot, and next to no action. One young prisoner is a soprano role, and otherwise (apart from three phrases from a harlot) the cast is all male. The main matter appears to be the three narratives, one in each act, in which convicts recount the crimes that brought them to the Siberian prison. Much of the music is violent and some of it is bleak, and yet it shines with a strange, noble beauty. Berg's "Wozzeck," which Janáček admired, seems to have left a mark on some of it. As an epigraph to his opera Janáček placed the phrase "In every creature a spark of God." Dostoevski's "Memoirs from the House of the Dead," from which the composer adapted his libretto, is a terrible but not a depressing book. (The Russian censor's main objection to it, it seems, was that it might present too "seductive" a picture of prison life.) The opera is brief, amazingly intense, and a masterpiece.

The best introduction to it is a superb recording (London LDR 10036; two discs) conducted by Charles Mackerras, sung by Czechoslovakian artists, and played by the Vienna Philharmonic. The New York Philharmonic's performance was not on this level. It was conducted with evident passion by Rafael Kubelik, but he allowed monotonously noisy playing from the orchestra, and there was little of the fine-grained, emotionally keen, lyrical phrasing one hears from the Vienna instrumentalists. The balance was wrong. The soloists and chorus were set on a raised platform well behind the orchestra, and the perspective was dramatically and acoustically awry. Most of the singers barked or bellowed; perhaps their distance from the audience tempted them to do so. Few of them *sang*. Other things conspired, too, to make this "From the House of the Dead" less than wholly successful. The soprano role was taken, an octave down, by a tenor. The edition used, Mr. Kubelik's own, is based on the composer's autograph and is closer to Janáček's first intentions than the heavily edited version one used to hear before Mr. Kubelik's restoration appeared, some twenty years ago. But Sir Charles employs an edition closer to the composer's final intentions. Janáček's autographs (as John Tyrell explains in an essay that accompanies the London recording) were superseded by fair copies made under his supervision which include his revisions, refinements, and second thoughts; and these are heard in the recording.

The leading roles were taken by Richard Cassilly (Luka), Donald Grobe (Skuratov), and Norman Mittelmann (Shishkov). Some thought had been given to providing an appropriate atmosphere. (In "Erwartung," the "staging" was limited to Miss Behrens' wearing an elegant, beautiful dress in period style: at some performances the white dress with red roses on it specified in the libretto, at others an elegant Klimtian creation.) Players, singers, and conductor were clad all in black, not in the customary formal black and white. The lighting was gloomy: desk lamps, not overhead light, for the orchestra; light on the singers only while they stood to sing; a glow in the hall enough to read the libretto by, just (but not enough to let one glance at the text, as one might glance at subtitles, and then pay attention to the performers). This was misconceived, I think. An essential symbolic element—as anyone who has seen the opera in the theatre knows—is the wide sky overhead. The first and last of the four scenes (Act III has two) are set in a courtyard—morning light in Act I, sunshine in Act III. An eagle, wounded in Act I, soars, healed, into the sky in Act III, amid cries of "Liberty!" from the convicts. Act II is set on the banks of a broad river, lit by the evening sun, with a steppe visible in the distance. The consistently sombre, funereal Philharmonic presentation gloomed the piece and tended to extinguish the divine sparks that should shine in it.

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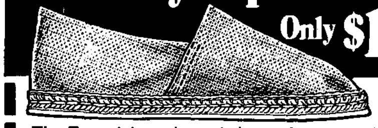

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Synek Graff and Robert T. Jones. A printed libretto was distributed gratis (and the program book contained two good essays by Mr. Jones). I trust there will be a chance soon to hear it in the theatre. Janáček's "Jenůfa" and "Kát'a Kabanová" are now—the *Times* told us recently—"part of the repertories of major companies around the world." But New York is still waiting for a professional staging of "Kát'a."

LAST month, Maurizio Pollini brought to Avery Fisher Hall a program of pieces he has played with especial success in several musical cities: Beethoven's Diabelli Variations, Webern's Opus 27 Variations, and Karlheinz Stockhausen's Piano Piece No. 10. His performance of the Diabelli was unremarkable, however—immaculately polished but lacking in wit, humor, fantasy, and suddenness. (It also could serve as a demonstration that Beethoven's indicated dynamics are literally unobservable on a modern Steinway grand, with its mighty sustaining power.) The Webern variations were bewitching. The Stockhausen brought the audience to its feet, cheering. No. 10—a work that is played in cotton mittens and calls for now palms, now arms to be smashed down on the keyboard—is the most flamboyant of the Piano Pieces and needs a creative executant to give form to its ideas. Mr. Pollini's inventions, some ferocious, some almost reticent, were as exciting as his pianism. The encores were Schoenberg's Six Little Piano Pieces, Opus 19, and the third of Beethoven's Opus 126 Bagatelles. Both were most beautifully rendered, with exquisite sonorities and with a sense of high adventure within a tiny time span.

"THE MOTHER OF US ALL" and "Porgy and Bess" are the two great American operas. A new production of "Porgy" plays in the immense Radio City Music Hall. The latest production of "Mother," put on by the Music-Theatre Group/Lenox Arts Center, is in the ninety-nine-seat theatre fitted into St. Clement's Church, on West Forty-sixth Street. It is a reduced version similar to that done in the Guggenheim Museum ten years ago: the orchestra is again a quartet—piano, organ, trumpet, and percussion—and the thirty-one roles of the original are distributed among a cast of ten. (The Guggenheim had only eight.) Except at Queens College

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in 1975, I have heard a full-scale "Mother" only in recordings: a tape of the 1947 première, at Columbia, and the New World Records album of Santa Fe's 1976 production. The première, conducted by Otto Luening, with Dorothy Dow as Susan B. Anthony, remains a performance in some respects unsurpassed. The Santa Fe show was unevenly cast; some of the singing, too broad and general, overrides the fine markings of Virgil Thomson's score. Although Thomson's orchestral ear is keen, the musical essence of his opera is not lost in a modest, continuo-accompanied realization; nor is the largeness of the issues it treats or the diversity of its characters. The work lives, like Monteverdi's "Poppea," in the vocal writing. The declamation of Gertrude Stein's fine-spun text is marvellously dexterous, subtle, and surprising—a model of American word-setting. The simple-seeming harmonies are cunningly disposed. The forms are varied and carefully proportioned. The tunes constitute what the composer has called "a memory-book of Victorian play-games and passions . . . with its gospel hymns and cocky marches, its sentimental ballads, waltzes, darned-fool ditties and intoned sermons . . . a souvenir of all those sounds and kinds of tunes that were once the music of rural America."

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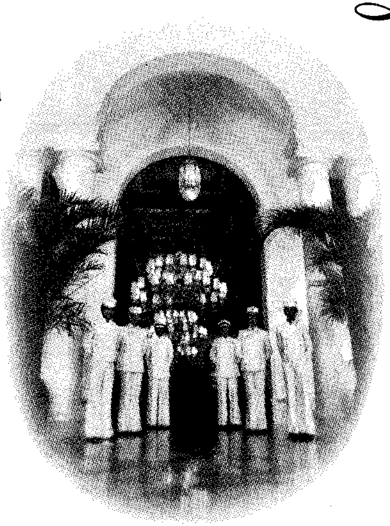

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# AROUND CITY HALL

## BEEN DOWN SO LONG IT LOOKS LIKE UP

NEW YORKERS like to think of themselves as being in the vanguard of practically everything and are taken aback when it is pointed out to them that in a number of ways they are behind the times compared with people in some other areas of the country. Many Americans elsewhere clearly share the local impression that this city's residents are far out in front—or just far out—in relation to the national norm. Among many out-of-towners there is also an impression that New York is a place where over-militant blacks and unduly liberated women have a disproportionate role in running the show, and a place where freethinkers and free-behaviorists—for example, homosexuals—converge to enjoy the acceptance they are denied in more traditional precincts. Whether or not these are valid views of what goes on in the city, such anti-establishmentarianism is not reflected on the New York political scene. Elsewhere around the country, over a hundred city and state officials are said to be openly gay, including members of the state legislature in Minnesota, a corner of the nation's heartland to which President Reagan has said that he regularly returns in order to have his memory refreshed concerning the values of the real America. An organization of homosexuals in Houston has eleven thousand politically active members. The political power of the gay community in Philadelphia is such that Frank Rizzo, that city's former mayor and now again a mayoral candidate, publicly apologized for having said that his next administration would "make Attila the Hun look like a faggot." Leaders of homosexual groups around the country often point out that not one of fifty-four congressional sponsors of a proposed 1981 federal civil-rights law for homosexuals was defeated last November. Some fifty cities and one state—Wisconsin—now have laws banning discrimination against homosexuals in housing and employment. In New York, there are no openly gay elected officials in city or state government. And a few weeks ago, for the eighth time in twelve years, the City Council here failed to pass a bill outlawing discriminatory treatment of homosexuals. With some of the nay-voters citing fear of retaliation at the polls, the bill lost by twenty-four votes to twenty, although it had the support of all three citywide officials—Mayor Edward Koch, City Council President Carol Bellamy, and Comptroller Harrison Goldin. Nor could the four-vote margin be viewed as an encouraging step in a progression toward eventual acceptance. Nine years ago, when a similar bill did not have the support of the city's mayor, Abraham Beame, the losing margin was three votes. This year, as on previous occasions, conservative Jewish leaders strongly opposed the legislation. A local rabbi, William Handler, who identified himself as representing the Union of Orthodox Rabbis, suggested the places—"under the desk . . . in the back seat of a limousine . . . in his Greenwich Village apartment"—where the three city officials who had endorsed homosexual rights could enjoy those rights with partners of their choice. (He named other individuals who, he implied, would be interested.) Rabbi Handler, unlike Rizzo, did not apologize, and, with only two exceptions, the City Council members—some of them no doubt fearful of retaliation in the form of proposals concerning their own private lives—did not speak out against the rabbi for his outrageous attack on the motives of the three political leaders.

New York similarly fails to stack up as brave-new-world country in the matter of the election of women and blacks. Of a total of seven hundred and eighty-nine American cities with populations over thirty thousand, eighty-three now have women mayors, who have been given the same chance to govern well or badly that was awarded the males who went before them. Such evidence of increasing political activism on the part of women

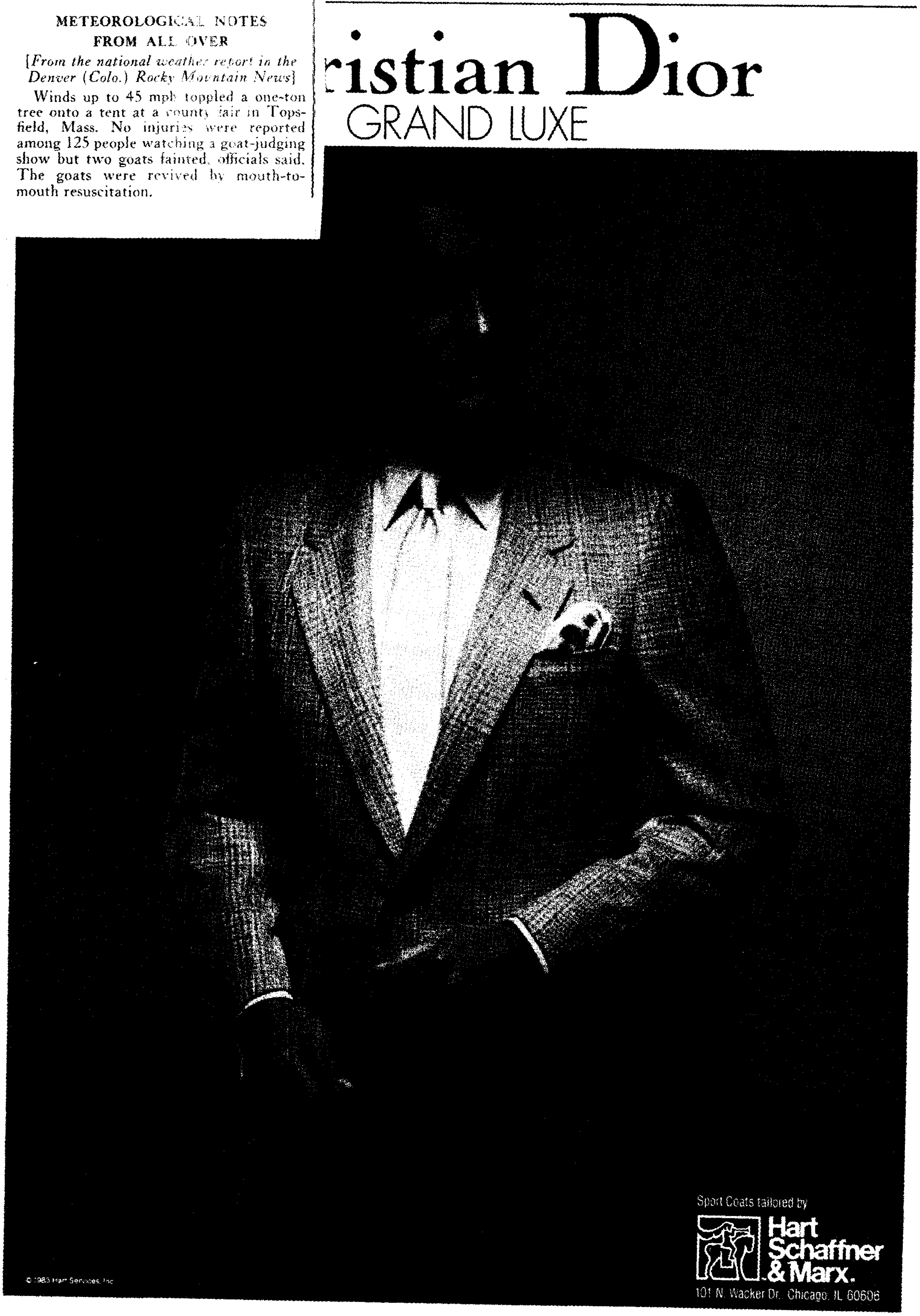
—ANDREW PORTER

•

### METEOROLOGICAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

*[From the national weather report in the Denver (Colo.) Rocky Mountain News]*

Winds up to 45 mph toppled a one-ton tree onto a tent at a county fair in Topsfield, Mass. No injuries were reported among 125 people watching a goat-judging show but two goats fainted, officials said. The goats were revived by mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.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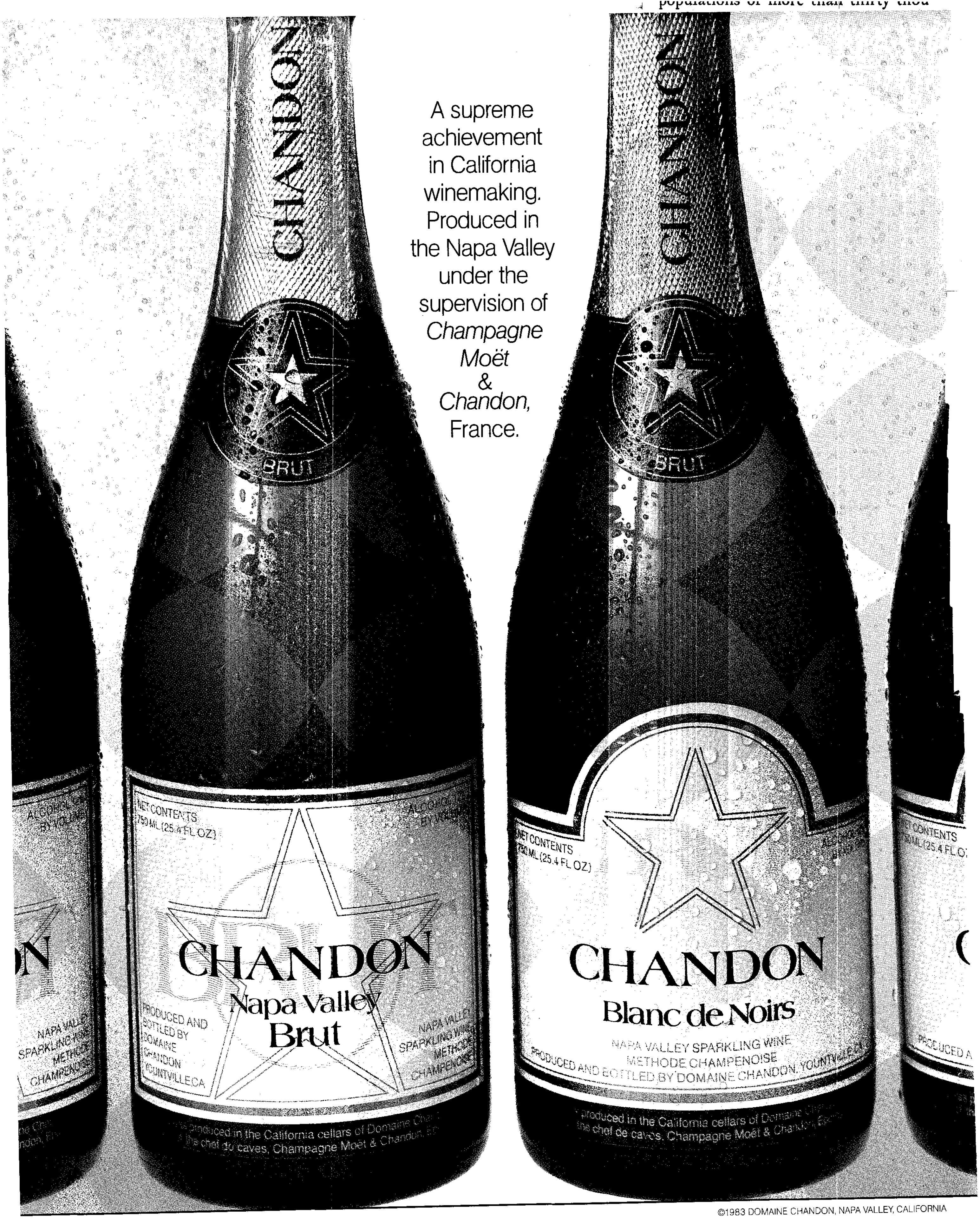
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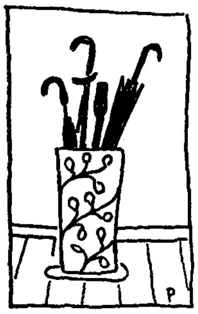
ART OF THE STATE

had been the first American black to be on the guest list at a Reagan state dinner except as one of the entertainers invited to demonstrate one way or another that they'd got rhythm. Pierce subsequently found himself on the White House invitation list so frequently that when a reporter asked, a few months later, how many parties he'd attended there he said, with a smile, that he'd lost count. A few weeks ago, the President's friend and sometime host the columnist George Will suggested that national political disaster could lie ahead for the Republicans if they did not deal with the fact that "eleven per cent of the electorate is essentially inaccessible" to the G.O.P. Meanwhile, it seems that the top job at New York's City Hall is essentially inaccessible to blacks even though the registration in this city is over five to one Democratic. The only black who ever made a serious attempt to be mayor here was former Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton. He came in fifth in the 1977 Democratic primary. In the most recent municipal election, in 1981, not a single black was on a major-party ballot for any citywide office on either Primary Day or Election Day. For black leaders here, as elsewhere, the biggest political upper in recent times was the victory of Harold Washington in the Democratic mayoral primary in Chicago. It was also the biggest downer, when this achievement in what has been called the most racially intolerant and most segregated of large American cities was compared with blacks' dismal political circumstances here. The condition is one for which many blacks blame Mayor Koch routinely—and most unfairly, in the view of the Mayor, who last month accused black leaders of racism for having accused him of racism, this being the kind of exchange that often passes for political dialogue in this town. "Welcome, Massa, to the Ole Plantation" read a mocking sign waved during one of Koch's relatively rare visits to a local black neighborhood, and Harlem's *Amsterdam News* has called some blacks who did ally themselves with him "handkerchief heads." At the moment, the fiercest confrontation between the Mayor and members of minority groups concerns his decision to give his strong backing for the post of chancellor of the city's schools to his friend Robert Wagner, Jr., now deputy mayor for policy, instead of to the present deputy chancellor for instruction, Thomas Minter, who is black. Koch critics who pointed out that recently, on the resignation of Parks Commissioner Gordon Davis, who is also black, the Mayor filled the post with another of his white friends, Manhattan Councilman Henry Stern. The critics usually did not mention that he had offered to back Davis for the chancellorship before proposing Wagner. Wagner and Minter both attended Harvard, but Wagner's degree was a B.A. (he also has an M.A. in public affairs from Princeton) while Minter's Harvard degree was a Ph.D. in education—a field in which he has spent all his professional life. The leaders of minority groups argued that the appointment of a black or Hispanic chancellor was long overdue, since children in those categories account for seventy per cent of the public-school population. As chancellor, however, Minter would not have the advantage of what might be Wagner's most valuable credential for running the school system: the fact that he knows his way around the city bureaucracy—and around the Mayor's office. Yet to Minter supporters Koch's insistence on Wagner was one more demonstration that blacks were being treated as irrelevant here. "It's unfortunate that blacks in this city cannot be proud of the Mayor and of City Hall," commented Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel, whose district includes Harlem. "Blacks have to realize more and more that there's just no doing business with Ed Koch." In response, the Mayor took the position that the chancellorship issue was being put to cynical use to further black leaders' personal ambitions. In an interview with Michael Goodwin, of the *Times*, he suggested that, as a "pragmatist," he saw little hope that white mayors in cities with substantial black populations could achieve any degree of amity with blacks, because of the hostility and intransigence of black leaders. Those who didn't agree with him, he said, should ask the white mayors of Boston and Philadelphia—and Jane Byrne, of Chicago. Nevertheless, with the nomination of Harold Washington as the Democratic mayoral candidate in Chicago—which was not, of course, tantamount to election—the prospect loomed that in the nation's largest city blacks would continue to complain of being treated as politically of little consequence by City Hall, while out in the boondocks, in America's second city and in its third city, Los Angeles, as well as in Detroit and Atlanta, City Hall was in the charge of a black mayor. If Washington were to be elected, he would succeed another symbol of historic political breakthrough—Chicago's first woman mayor. And the 1981 election of Andrew Young in Atlanta didn't even set a precedent in that town; his predecessor, Maynard Jackson, was also black.



For that matter, on the state level New York's major parties have never nominated a black for governor—let alone nearly elected one, as happened in California in the case of Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley last year. Nor has a woman served as governor in Albany. No black New Yorker has even been nominated for the United States Senate, although Massachusetts sent Edward Brooke to that legislative body in 1967. Five women have been elected to the Senate, none of them from New York; the two currently serving are from Florida and Kansas. In this state's delegation in the House of Representatives, there has been a decrease in the number of women. For several years, beginning in the early nineteen seventies, New York had three women in the House at one time. There was Bella Abzug, who gave up her seat to make an unsuccessful race for the Senate in 1976. Elizabeth Holtzman, of Brooklyn, took the same risk four years later; in 1981, she was elected district attorney of Brooklyn. Shirley Chisholm, also of Brooklyn, in 1968 became the first black woman to be elected to the House, from which she retired last year. The most recent arrival, Geraldine Ferraro, won in a Queens district in 1978. A handsome, canny woman, Congresswoman Ferraro is known in the House for doing her homework, smiling a lot, and getting along with other representatives. She is careful not to give the impression of being what, in reference to blacks, would be called uppity. "I don't want to be seen as a pushy broad," she once explained. It is not believed to have been a wholly retiring nature, however, that brought about her election as secretary of the Democratic Caucus or won her a seat on the Public Works Committee, from which she can try to make sure that her home town isn't forgotten when federal construction projects are parcelled out; nor was it

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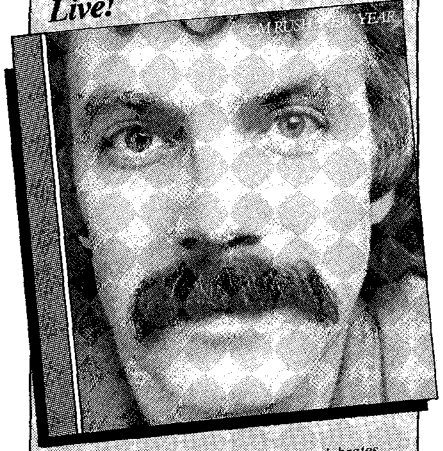

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self-deprecation that won her an appointment to the powerful Budget Committee. She is now the only woman member of the New York delegation. In the affirmative-action statistics of New York politics, there is one bright spot. In the Ninety-seventh Congress, the House delegation had two black members: Mrs. Chisholm and Rangel. Now there are three: Rangel and two newcomers from Brooklyn. It will be a long haul before the two freshmen can achieve anything resembling the influence that Rangel now wields in the House, in contrast to his apparent lack of influence at City Hall. Some of the more militant black leaders here have complained that he is more comfortable in the company of many white politicians than is seemly, but his growing power in Congress promises to be an asset to New Yorkers of all races. Rangel, who is beginning his seventh term, is the third-ranking Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee. He is chairman of a select committee on narcotics abuse, and is deputy whip of the House, and there are even observers who believe that his dream of becoming the first black Speaker, some years from now, is not utterly outlandish. The two new black representatives are Edolphus Towns, who took the seat vacated by Representative Frederick Richmond when he resigned after pleading guilty to several federal charges, and Major Owens, who won in the district that was formerly Shirley Chisholm's. Owens' victorious campaign was presided over by an alliance of anti-clubhouse blacks, Hispanics, and whites, along with some labor leaders. It was members of the same coalition who had won the district attorney's race for Elizabeth Holtzman over the opposition of the veteran Brooklyn Democratic boss Meade Esposito, and of Mayor Koch. They then helped get out some of the votes that defeated Koch in the gubernatorial primary. At least in Brooklyn, which is now nearly half black and Hispanic, there are signs of some purposeful stirring about on the plantation.

ONE circumstance that followers of city government have had to get used to in recent months is the lowered decibel level at City Hall, and especially the falling off in combat noises. Since Koch lost the gubernatorial nomination in last September's Democratic primary, there has been a near-absence of what used to be almost daily events: the sounds of the Mayor going on television to bait one adversary or another on the local, the state, or even the international scene. For example, not one word has been heard to the effect that, because of its unsympathetic treatment of Israel, the United Nations would do the city a favor if it got out of town—a proposal that engaged Koch over a period of several weeks a little more than a year ago. The annual spring ritual of the Mayor's haranguing the principals in Albany about the provisions of the state budget also did not take place this year. A couple of years back, when Koch was not satisfied with the way Hugh Carey, then the governor, and the legislators responded to the city's demands for money and accommodating legislation, the Mayor called a press conference at which he denounced the Governor as a weak and craven figure and described the legislators as "saplings," noting to reporters that he was stressing the first three letters of that word. When he was asked a couple of months ago what his plans were for approaching the people in Albany about this year's state budget and its provisions for the city, the Mayor indicated that it would be foolish and, indeed, counterproductive for him to storm up there and mix it up with the legislators who had competing interests to consider and were probably doing the best they could. When he did travel to the state capital to plead the city's case, he said to legislative-committee members at one point, very simply, "I need you." In fact, it wasn't necessary for Koch to engage in much budget combat this year, because most of the fighting was done for him by the new governor, Mario Cuomo. In answer to the complaints of upstate Republican leaders that an undue amount of state aid was going to the city in proportion to its population, Cuomo said that in his view, as far as possible, available state money should be distributed not on the basis of geography or demographics but on the basis of where there was the greatest need, and this meant that the city, with its large numbers of poor residents, came off quite well.

Just when everyone was getting used to the relative silence and atmosphere of sweet reasonableness at the Mayor's end of City Hall, a familiar shrill note was heard from that area. Three years ago, when a strike of the city's transit workers paralyzed public transportation here, Koch took up a position at the Manhattan end of the

Brooklyn Bridge and shouted out questions to the involuntary pedestrians about whether he should "cave in" to the demands of the strikers. Actually, the striking workers were employees not of the city but of a subsidiary of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, a state agency. The M.T.A. is also the agency that runs Metro-North, whose trains go back and forth between the city and suburban New York and Connecticut counties. As a result of a Metro-North strike, beginning on March 7th, more than ninety thousand commuters faced the painful daily challenge of trying to get to and from their city jobs by some other means. Twice last month, the Mayor suggested how, in his view, the transit-union members should be handled: Metro-North should sell all its trains, putting the workers out of a job, which would serve them right, and then the railroad could start all over with a new crew. Richard Ravitch, the head of the M.T.A., suggested that the Mayor's contribution was not helpful, really; and Koch's perennial adversary Victor Gotbaum, the executive director of District Council 37, which includes a hundred and ten thousand municipal workers but not the M.T.A. employees, proposed that those who did not have any direct responsibility for solving the problem—a category in which he included himself as well as the Mayor—might better shut up and let those on the front lines try to work things out. The Mayor's reprise of his yelling-at-transit-workers routine was taken by many Koch watchers as a signal that the City Hall noise level would soon be back to normal.

MARCH 19th was the date of the Inner Circle show—the musical satire on New York politicians and political events which is staged every year by present and former City Hall reporters, who play the roles of politicians. In commemoration of the Mayor's mishap in the primary, its title this year was "Koch on the Rocks." By tradition, the reporters' performance is followed by an epilogue, also known as the Mayor's rebuttal, in which whoever is mayor puts on a show of his own with the support of principals from a current Broadway show. Koch's choice this year was the musical "Nine," which was irresistible for a number of reasons, one being the fact that he had lost the primary to an Italian-American; its hit song, whose title represents advice given to a young

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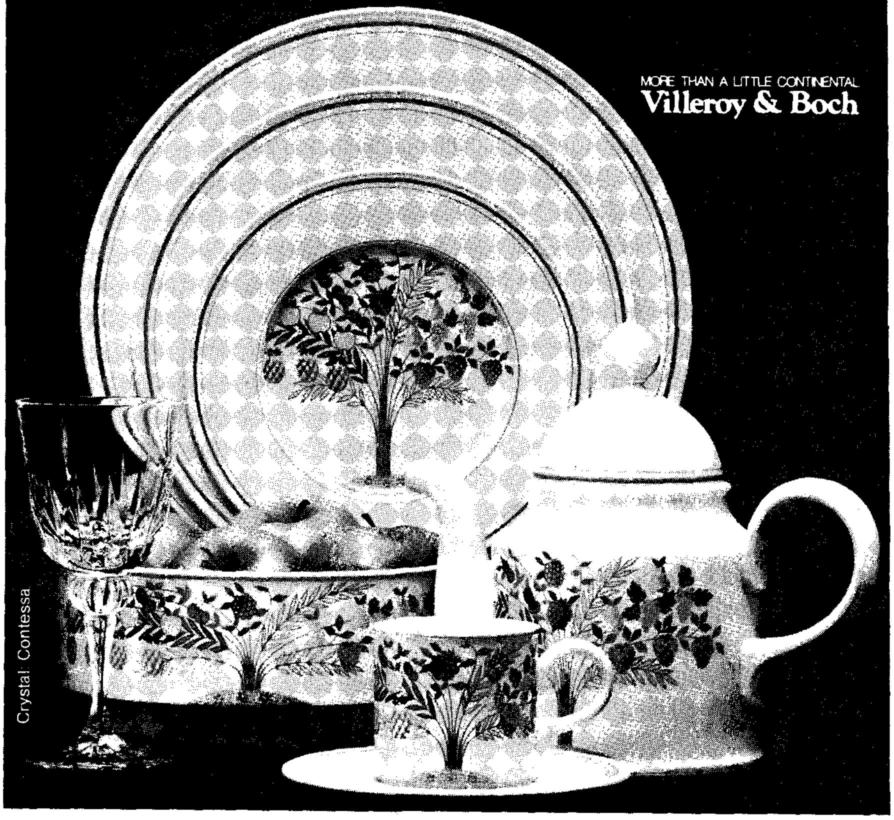

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person on how to get ahead in the world, is "Be Italian." The Mayor had taken along some "Nine" tapes—the rebuttal script was essentially that show's lines and lyrics, slightly altered for City Hall relevance—on his recent eight-day tour of the Middle East. Following his return, on March 4th, there were what Maury Yeston, the composer of "Nine," described as "five days of intensive rehearsal" at, among other places, Gracie Mansion and City Hall.

In the previous Inner Circle shows put on since Koch became mayor, he had usually got off easy, because Governor Carey's hairpin personality and often bizarre behavior had made him an ideal target for reporters' satire. The jabs became so heavy-handed that in 1982 Carey stayed away from the show. That year, the reporters saluted his record of taking immense political risks in the interests of principle, the greatest risk of all being his vetoing of every capital-punishment law that came before him on the ground that he did not believe in "the politics of death." Jim Ryan, of WNBC-TV, played Carey, singing special lyrics to the tune of "My Way" ("Be true unto yourself, No matter what the opposition. The state should not snuff out a life, No matter what—that's my position"). As Ryan sang, at both the dress rehearsal and the regular performance, to the astonishment of the reporters onstage, a large share of the fourteen hundred or so people in each of the two audiences—politicians, businessmen, civic leaders—slowly rose to their feet, applauding, in Carey's honor. This year, with Carey out of office, Koch became the central target, and was played by Ryan, a star performer among the reporters. According to Ryan-Koch, the way to be mayor was simply to "razzle-dazzle 'em" ("Ask 'How am I doing?' every chance you get. They will forget, You ain't done nothing yet"), and, when one's image got stale, to "hop a chopper bound for Israel." Carey also stayed away from this year's performance, but Cuomo—who a few days earlier had vetoed the latest death-penalty bill passed by the state legislators—was present, along with his wife, Matilda. In the show, Cuomo was let off lightly; after all, he had been in office only two and a half months.

During his first term at City Hall, the Mayor so regularly denounced people he disapproved of as "wackos"—sometimes spelled "whackos"—that a reporter for the *News* asked some editors of dictionaries of American slang whether this apparent coinage of a new word might win Koch a footnote in their next editions. The answers were "Could be." Among those the Mayor called wackos were Billy Carter, New Yorkers who disagreed with his low opinion of some judges, and a transit worker who objected to his Brooklyn Bridge routine. It was possibly a signal of the Mayor's reduced political fortunes that in this year's Inner Circle show the word was applied to Koch himself.

It seems likely that the first woman will be sworn in as President of this nation of pioneers many decades after women were welcomed as heads of state in India, Israel, Great Britain, and other places. Some political commentators are convinced that the first woman President will be someone who reached that height because male politicians concluded that it was all right to let her serve as Vice-President, since in that office, they assumed, her abilities, such as they were, would never be put to the real test. There is no current evidence that any woman will soon become mayor of New York except as the result of similar inadvertence. By the terms of the city charter, the president of the City Council—that is, Carol Bellamy—would have become mayor if Koch had moved on to Albany as governor. In "Koch on the Rocks," Miss Bellamy (actually Mary Alice Williams, of Cable News Network) sang a song entitled "When Will I Be Mayor?," which included the plaintive lines: "Egg on my face. Wacko blew the race. Now I'm stuck right here." In the epilogue, the Mayor, who is also stuck right here, made fun of his last year's presumption that he could easily win everything he wanted, including the governorship: "I would like the universe to get down on its knees and say, 'Edward, whatever you please . . . we'll arrange it.' "

The Koch performance, and especially its finale, was a smash. Toward the end of the epilogue, there was discussion on the stage of the Mayor's need for consolation because of last September's events, and the judgment that was rendered was "You need something physical." An actress identified as Carol Bellamy then appeared. Actually, it was Anita Morris, who then moved into what may be the most notorious number from "Nine." Wearing a black, very openwork jump suit and striking mostly horizontal poses, she wriggled, kicked, and revolved for the Mayor's titillation as he leaned in to follow her every move, at one point getting on all fours to be closer to the action. There was colorful language to match the alleged Miss Bellamy's body language. The performance "could have put pink cheeks on a burlesque crowd," said the *Post*, which ran accompanying pictures to prove its point. A few days before the 1977 mayoral election, John Corry wrote in a *Times Magazine* article, "It is hard to imagine him getting drunk, say, or telling—or perhaps understanding—a dirty joke." There appeared to have been a few changes in the Koch persona in the intervening years. If the Mayor's Inner Circle act did nothing else, it seemed to prove that he had really meant it when he had said he would never again try to be elected governor—an upward move that, it had been assumed, might have raised the question of national office. Although there may be evidence of less rigid attitudes toward affirmative action in some areas of the boondocks, it did not seem likely that upstate voters in, say, Oswego who had held Koch's celebrated *Playboy* interview against him—not to mention voters in Peoria—would be in a hurry to support for head of state or nation a candidate who had been photographed on all fours nuzzling up to a near-naked lady show-biz performer.

During his 1980 Inner Circle rebuttal performance, Koch put on an Afro wig and made fun of black New Yorkers who were upset over the closing of municipal hospitals—a number that caused Representative Rangel to get up and leave the ballroom. No one walked out this year on Koch and his friends from "Nine." Governor Cuomo commented afterward that he thought the Mayor had "gone too far," particularly in his linking of Carol Bellamy to Miss Morris's graphic performance. Yeston, the composer, said later that there had been some talk of identifying Miss Morris as Bella Abzug. It is perhaps just as well that this notion was rejected; the former Manhattan Representative *is* seen as a pushy broad, and she is believed to pack a mean wallop. The comments of Miss Bellamy, who was in the audience, were entirely polite. If she was not amused at the assumption, which the Mayor had obviously gone along with, that the city's second-highest official, next in line for mayor, would have nothing better to do than to take off most of her clothes and pose provocatively to oblige the city's top officeholder, she did not say so. The evening's events could possibly cross her mind in connection with the next close Board of Estimate vote on some legislation for which the Mayor has laid his power and prestige on the line—and close votes, in which he has had to engage in heavy negotiations for support from Miss Bellamy, among others, have been increasingly frequent since the primary result destroyed the impression of his political invulnerability. A few of Miss Bellamy's partisans did wonder whether, in a city where the mayor was a woman and the second-highest-ranking official was a man, the spectacle of someone identified as the second-highest official staging a near-naked performance for the titillation of the mayor would be considered such a scream—or whether it would be put on at all.

KOCH has taken quite well—publicly, at any rate—the growing recognition of Cuomo as a national figure—the news, for example, that Charles Manatt, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has been talking with the new Governor about giving the keynote address at next year's Democratic National Convention. Last month, Manatt became deeply concerned that if Democratic voters failed to elect Harold Washington mayor of Chicago the nation's blacks might turn against the Party in 1984. He formed a task force whose members would visit Chicago to try to persuade voters—especially those in white ethnic communities—to vote as loyal Democrats. Among those he called on to fend off this prospective backlash were former Vice-President Walter Mondale, Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy, Maryland Senator Paul Sarbanes, and New York's Cuomo and Representative Ferraro. Koch was not invited to go along—a move that seemed well advised after his remarks about the white mayors' burden in cities such as Chicago. Meanwhile, Victor Gotbaum scheduled a March 31st fund-raising luncheon for Washington at District Council 37's headquarters, a few blocks from City Hall. Many of those on the luncheon list added up to a virtual roster of Koch adversaries, some of whom he had called worse things than

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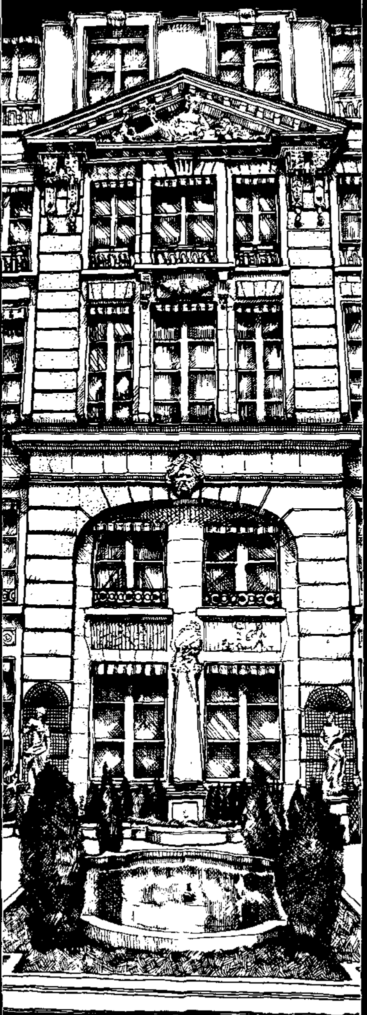

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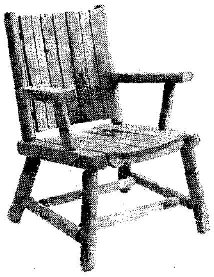

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wacko. Among them were Rangel; Felix Rohatyn, the Lazard Frères partner; Assemblyman Albert Vann, who is the major figure in Brooklyn's resurgent black political movement; M.T.A. chairman Ravitch; Manhattan Assemblyman Angelo Del Toro, the head of the state legislature's Black and Puerto Rican Caucus; Carol Bellamy; and Governor Cuomo. At the beginning, some of the guests, particularly the blacks, had felt that Koch should not be invited, but this affront to the city's Democratic mayor would hardly have been in keeping with the Democratic unity that the group was urging on others. At the luncheon, the speech by Cuomo, the first politician to be introduced, was clearly directed toward white ethnic Democratic voters far beyond Chicago. To those opposing a candidate just because he was black, New York's first Italian-American governor asked, "Didn't our ancestors struggle against the bigots and self-appointed aristocrats who lumped them together as 'micks' or 'wops' or 'kikes' or 'krauts' or 'Polacks'?" The speech of Assemblyman Vann, who had been chosen to introduce guest-of-honor Washington, also did not dwell only on politics in Chicago. "New York," he told the crowd, "needs an example of a mayor who will govern with sensitivity, who will govern with fairness." Koch was not on hand to hear Vann's remarks. Immediately after his own speech, in which he said, "We cannot sit calmly by and allow passions of the moment, some ugly in nature, to determine the outcome," he had left, explaining that he had to get back to City Hall. He expressed his regrets for not being able to stay and hear what Washington had to say, but added that, if asked, he would help the candidate in any way he could.

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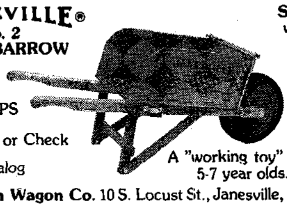

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THE incredible career of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is so well known that little that is new can be said about it today. But its very beginnings are now to be experienced on records, with the issue of Mozart's first opera, "Apollo et Hyacinthus," performed by a distinguished cast including Edith Mathis, Cornelia Wulkopf, Arleen Augér, and Hanna Schwarz, with the Chamber Orchestra of the Mozarteum Orchestra of Salzburg, conducted by Leopold Hager (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 129; four sides). The opera was written when Mozart was eleven years old, and, not surprisingly, it's very conservative in approach; it is an opera seria, completely Baroque in feeling, and is sung in Latin. Still, "Apollo et Hyacinthus" is a perfectly good example of its genre, beautifully written for voices, with much fioritura and a solid enough orchestral accompaniment. It is, of course, on a homosexual theme—the love of Apollo for the youth Hyacinth, whom he accidentally kills. But if one reads Mozart's letters one finds that he is about as sophisticated in matters of sex as any modern, and he treats his theme with dignity and understanding. The performance is all that could be wished. Miss Mathis's coloratura technique is flawless even in the matter of trills, and the other members of the cast are excellent.

CIMAROSA's Quartets for Flute and Strings—that is, for flute, violin, viola, and cello—have been recorded, apparently for the first time, by the Amphion Quartet (Desto 7203; single disc). This is eighteenth-century music, soothing to the ear, and it is well performed except for a very few passages of slightly out-of-tune flute playing.

As the standard classics become overrecorded, there seems to be no end of exhumations of earlier music played on instruments of the time. This description fits a recording entitled "Dances: A Renaissance Revel," which has been issued by Nonesuch (Digital 79039; single). It offers performances by the Calliope Ensemble, consisting of treble and bass viols, vielle, tenor and bass sackbut, recorder, cornets, krummhorns, pipe, and tabor. The multitalented performers are Lucy Bardo, Lawrence Benz, Allan Dean, and Ben Harms, and among the composers represented are Michael Praetorius, Pierre Attaignant, Henry VIII of England, Francisco de la Torre, and Heinrich Isaac. The music is a bit quaint to modern ears, but it is performed with great enthusiasm.

Berlioz' "Béatrice et Bénédict," an opera loosely based on Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," has been previously recorded a couple of times, but it would be difficult to find a superior version to the one just issued by Deutsche Grammophon (2707 130; four sides). It has an all-star cast: Yvonne Minton, Placido Domingo, Ileana Cotrubas, Nadine Denize, Roger Soyer, John Macurdy, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with the chorus of the Orchestre de Paris and the Orchestre de Paris itself, under the baton of Daniel Barenboim. It is one of Berlioz' late works, and contains a certain amount of spoken dialogue.

An anthology entitled "Rare Works for Virtuoso Violin" has recently been issued by Desto (7204; single). The violinist is a Rumanian, Lola Bobescu, and she is accompanied on the piano by Serge Bemant. Miss Bobescu is a stylish violinist with an admirable technique. The rare works (actually, some of them are not so rare) are Rachmaninoff's Vocalise, Opus 34, No. 14; Wieniawski's Légende, Opus 17; the Sicilienne of von Paradis; de Sarasate's "Zapateado," Opus 23, No. 2; Raff's Cavatine in A Flat, Opus 85, No. 3; the Gavotte from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide;" Vieuxtemps's Reverie, Opus 22, No. 2; Fauré's Andante in B Flat, Opus 75; and Ramos's "Gato" ("Danse Argentine"). All these works are performed in a Szigeti-like style, and several of them are recorded here apparently for the first time.

Janáček's "Taras Bulba" has been recorded by the Vienna Philharmonic, with Charles Mackerras conducting (London LDR-71021; single). It has many rivals on records, but this one is especially stirring. Bulba was, of course, a Cossack who led an invasion of Poland.

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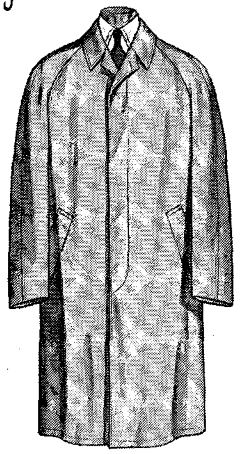

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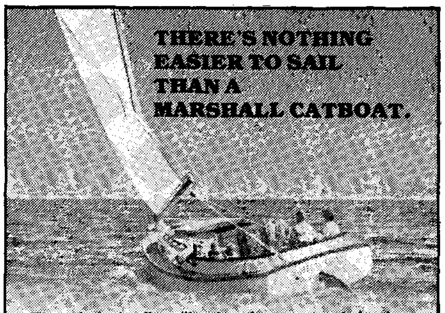

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de Lassus (1532-94) have been recorded by the Alsfelder Vocal Ensemble, under the direction of Wolfgang Helbich (Telefunken Digital 6.42632 AZ; single). The madrigals are sung in Latin or in Italian, with excellent diction and almost unbelievable accuracy of intonation for an a-cappella group, and the music is, as one might expect, very fine for its period.

ONE of the most delightful discs to turn up lately is "A Little Street Music," performed by the Cambridge Buskers (Deutsche Grammophon 2536 414). The Buskers are two people—Michael Copley, on flute, recorder, and piccolo, and Dag Ingram, on accordion. The range of the anthology they present is certainly remarkable, stretching from Rossini's "William Tell" Overture to music by Scott Joplin, and the ability of the two performers is outstanding, to say the least. Highly recommended.

A collection called simply "Famous Waltzes" has been issued on a digital disc by Philips (6514 067; single). It contains rousing performances by the Vienna Volksoper Orchestra, under Franz Bauer-Theussl, of such things as Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," Josef Lanner's "Die Schönbrunner," and Josef Strauss's "Dynamiden."

A group of very rare works for organ and piano has been recorded by Thomas Richner, piano, and John Rose, organ (Towerhill Records, 6000 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. 90028; T-1016; single). The works are Marcel Dupré's Variations on Two Themes for Piano and Organ, and his "In Dulci Jubilo;" César Franck's Prelude, Fugue, and Variation; and three chorales by J. S. Bach. The performances are generally adequate, sometimes more.

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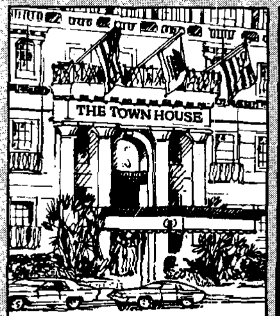

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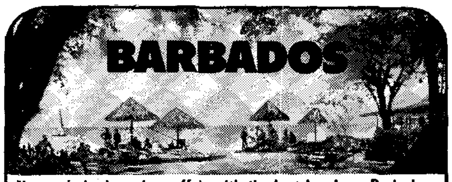

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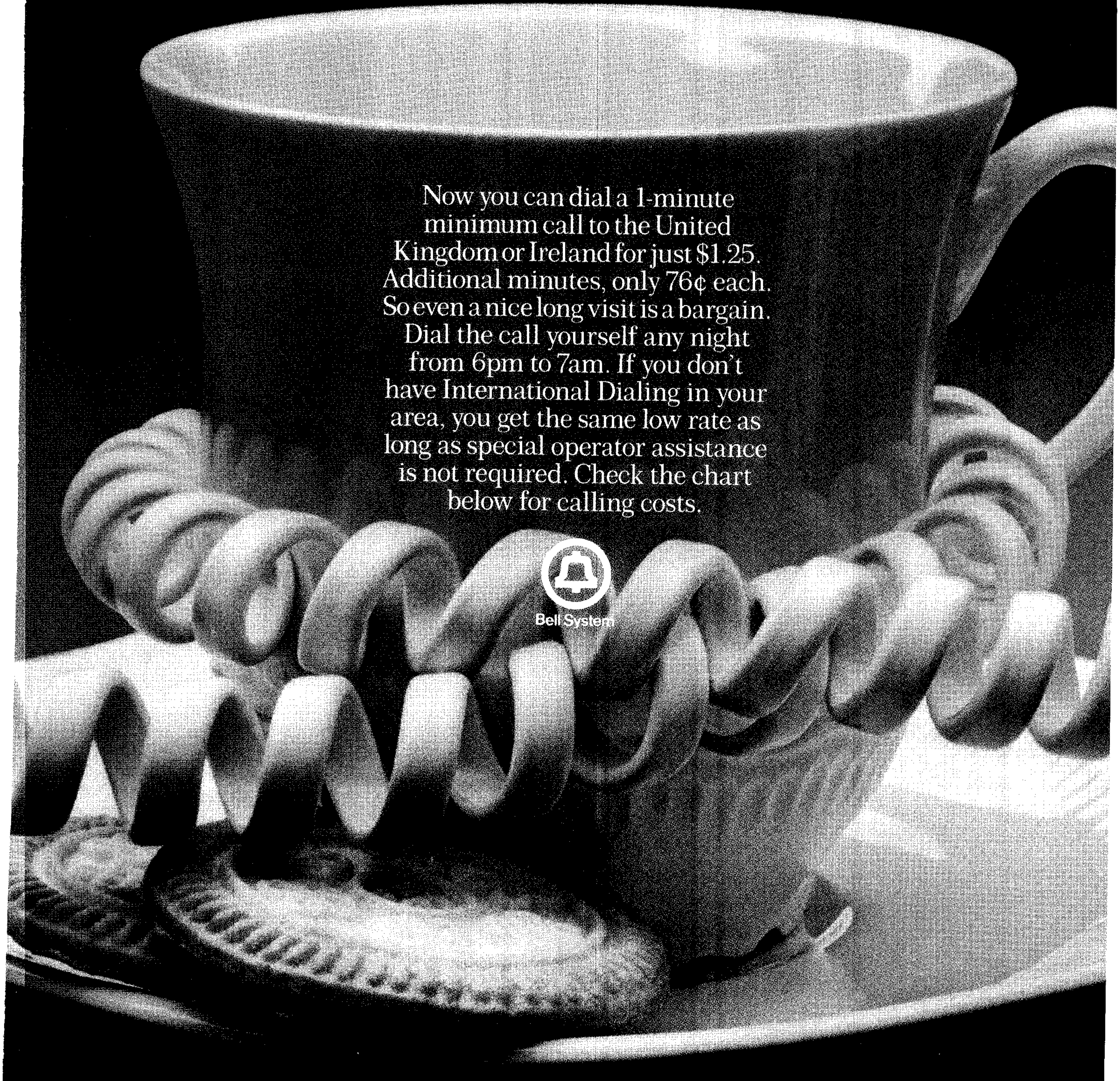

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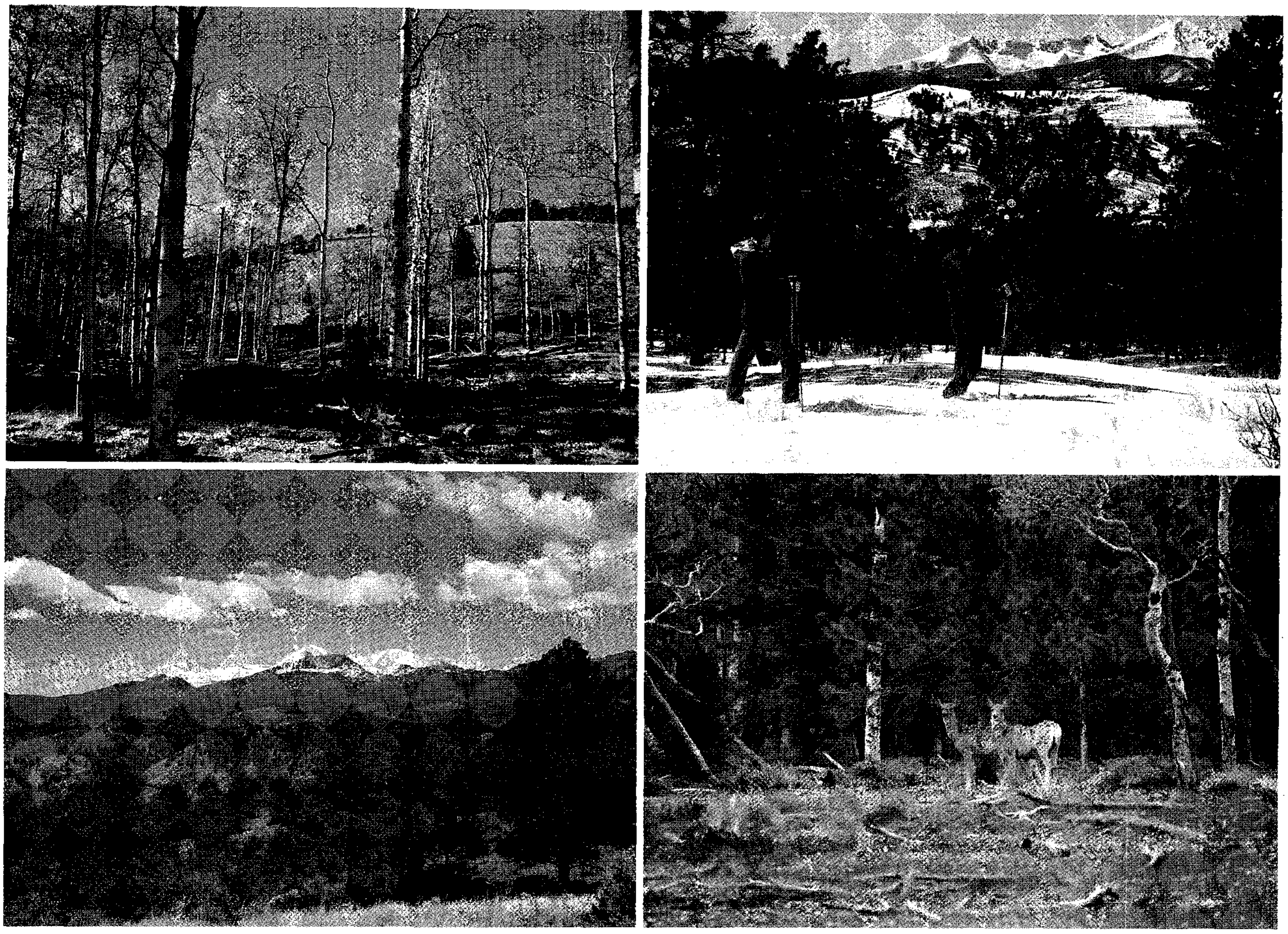

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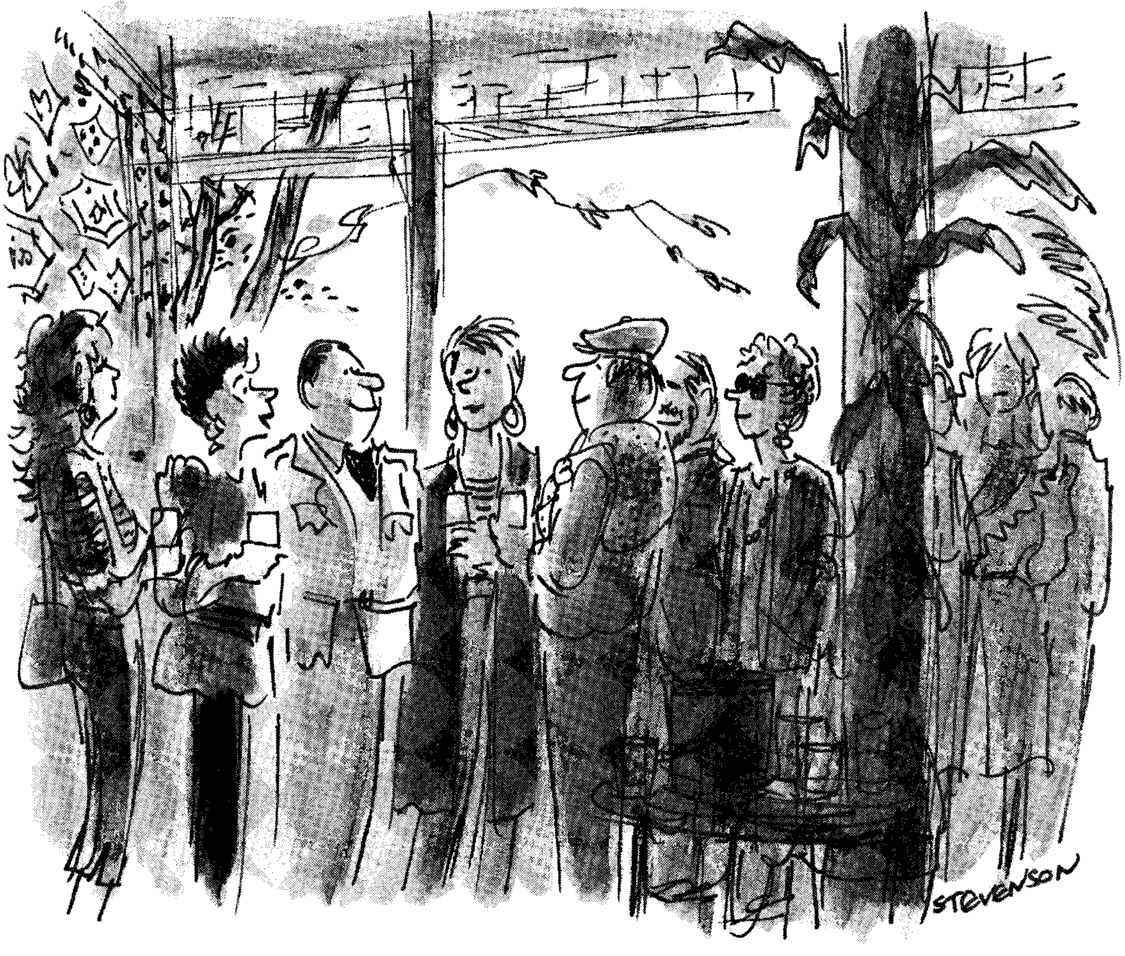
# BOOKS

## *Larks*

As every reader of Jane Austen knows, young ladies in the nineteenth century were expected to have a nodding acquaintance with the arts, and preferably an aptitude for one of them. Mary Bennet's singing delighted only her mother, but Diana Sperling's watercolors are quite another matter. "Mrs. Hurst Dancing and Other Scenes from Regency Life 1812-1823" (St. Martin's; $25) is a collection of seventy watercolors, with captions by the artist, from two of Diana Sperling's sketchbooks. The accompanying text is by Gordon Mingay, and Elizabeth Longford has written a foreword. Born in 1791, the second of five children, Diana lived with her family at Dynes Hall, in Essex, a fine but not a grand estate of five hundred acres. Her older sister, Harriet, married when she was twenty-two; the young couple lived at Tickford Park, in nearby Buckinghamshire, and made frequent visits to Dynes Hall, with Mrs. Van Hagen, Harriet's mother-in-law, in tow. Mrs. Sperling, unlike mamas in Jane Austen, apparently did not spend every waking moment in pursuit of suitable husbands for Diana and her younger sister, Isabella; they both married late, when they were in their forties.

The Sperlings belonged to the minor gentry—evidently less ambitious than the major gentry, since they had more fun. There were servants, but not an excessive number. The young people pitched in and made the lavender water and rolled the grass (the roller pulled by a donkey), among other non-debilitating tasks. The sophisticated world of London did not intrude on the daily rounds of country life. Indeed, nothing of the outside world intruded—not even the Napoleonic Wars. The high point of the eleven years covered in this book is a military review at Dynes Hall of the officers of the 13th Light Dragoons, a year after Waterloo, and that is the only reference to outside troubles. But the Sperlings weren't escaping—they were simply untouched by the decline of the cloth trade, or the riots of the unemployed, or war. Happily, the introduction and the running commentary by Mr. Mingay, who is a professor of agrarian history at the University of Kent, fill in some of the familial and historical background of the charming scenes painted by Diana.

Just to look at the cover of this book raises the spirits. Mrs. Hurst, whoever she may be, is hopping around the floor all by herself, in front of a huge window that's draped and swagged in miles of peach material. A young couple is dancing; two ladies fan themselves, evidently done in by their exertions on the dance floor. A gentleman is carrying a decanter of something with which to refresh the exhausted dancers; another young girl is playing the harpsichord. It's not a dance—they're dancing for the fun of it. Diana Sperling's watercolors show a freewheeling, impromptu world, not high society. People slog through mud and snow; they sometimes ride two on a donkey; the trees aren't pruned. The clothes are graceful, and the interiors—with their beautiful windows, doors, panelling, mantels, fanlights, Sheraton furniture—are so distinguished that the slaphappy country life looks all the more comic. Everyone is fully dressed, whether gardening, donkey racing, rolling the pitch, gathering fruit, wallpapering a room, or chasing a chicken around the farmyard. Hats are worn at all times, even by the farm workers (except indoors, where only the married ladies wear them). The first watercolor is of the family at dinner. The chairs don't match, and there is evidently no assigned seating. Harriet's husband, Henry, has just arrived, clutching a satchel, and is about to sit down at the



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head of the table; a servant holds Henry's coat; Brother Charles, elbows out, is shovelling in the food; Harriet is feeding a dog tidbits; Mr. Sperling (Pappy) sits catercorner on his chair and eyes his son-in-law; Mrs. Sperling (Mum) is installed on a blue sofa at the foot of the table, a birdcage (with parrot) and a long-handled brush beside her. It's a scene unconstrained by formality.

The young people at Dynes Hall, with their cousins and friends, did things together: the separation of the sexes did not seem to prevail in their world. Aside from performing small domestic tasks, they played battledore and shuttlecock, they swam (for pleasure, rather than for health), they skated, and, inevitably, they spent a great deal of time on horses and donkeys—riding, hunting, racing, coursing, and just getting about. Horses and donkeys do not make cameo appearances in these pages; they appear in half the drawings. Sometimes they are pulling carriages; usually they are being ridden, more or less. The horses are skittish, the donkeys stubborn. Either there were not enough horses to go around at Dynes Hall or, because of their size, donkeys were considered more suitable for ladies to ride. In any case, the ladies are usually mounted on donkeys, thus providing a running gag throughout the book: the obstinate donkeys and Sister Isabella, who is constantly falling off whatever beast she has been on. Tumbles are a major source of humor: if Isabella isn't sailing through the air, Brother Harry is falling off his horse into the ornamental lake, or one of the sisters has slipped on the grass (but held on to her parasol), or the plank on which three people were sitting has just collapsed. Whether or not the others got as much pleasure out of these small events as the artist, the joie de vivre in both prose and paintings is infectious. Scene: Charles and another man, in full fig, enveloped by smoke, burning a wasps' nest, assisted by a very small farmhand. Caption: "The besieging of the Lou Chou Islands and dispersing the inhabitants by fire—This memorable event took place September 17th 1818 . . . under the command of Carolus the bold in which they were totally routed and forced to fly for succour and for safety and their house taken away in a bucket." (Carolus the bold was Charles.)

The artist has not completely mastered perspective and scale, but she makes up in style what she lacks in

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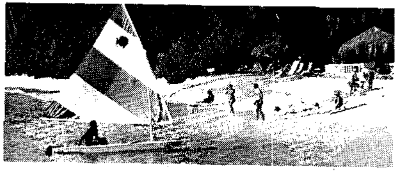

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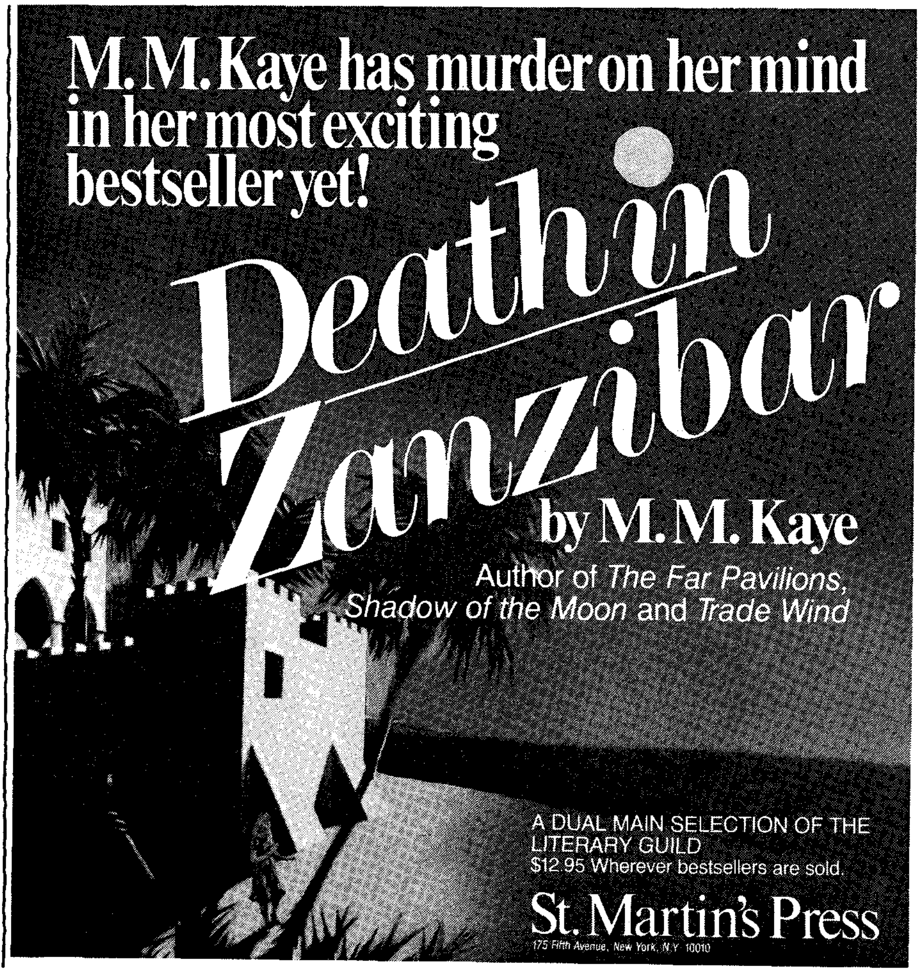
skill. In fact, her very inexpertness enhances the general air of gaiety about these pictures. The elongated figures give an elegant and slightly disembodied look to people and animals alike. Feet are not firmly planted on the floor. Even the horses and donkeys are on their toes, and though their legs don't always sort out, the animals are as graceful as the human beings. The colors are muted (the English light), except for a judicious use of bright red in many of the pictures: the ladies' cloaks, a chair cover, a waistcoat. Diana is irrepressible. No one is fat, nobody sulks, the gentlemen have long, shapely legs. Pappy and Mum play chess while all the others kick up their heels, as well they should. It's an enchanting world of high-spirited, willowy people in large and handsome houses.

Scene: Mrs. Sperling and the maid, who holds a basket, toe dancing on what looks like a molding. Caption: "Mrs. Sperling murdering flies—assisted by her maid who received the dead and wounded." Scene: Mrs. Van Hagen dressing. Mrs. Van, on one toe, her other leg on high, is about to swing a clothes brush at a spider. Caption: "Mrs. Van murdering a spider. September 10th 1816." Scene: Donkeys eating from a trough. Caption: "The Table D'Hote de Bouriques!" (Diana is fond of adding exclamation points to unastonishing captions: "Isabella fishing!" "Sheltering from a heavy shower of rain!" "October 6th 1816: Slippery Grass!")

A caption that might well have an exclamation point is "Harry in his morning dress followed by his Tailor—" Why Harry is being trailed down the road by his tailor, who carries a large bolt of fabric, not even Mr. Mingay can explain. But he tells us everything else we might want to know—about matters economic and military and about gardening, skating, coursing, clothing, and even prices. A year at a French finishing school in Dunkerque cost eighteen pounds and fifteen shillings for room and board, washing, and dancing, with an extra guinea for French and arithmetic, and another for wine instead of beer with meals. Whereas a pack of hounds could cost two thousand pounds or more, and the Quorn, one of the most famous packs, cost the Master of Hounds six thousand pounds a year to maintain. People ate only two meals a day: breakfast, at about nine, and dinner, at five; little was eaten in between. There is quite a long passage on the electrify-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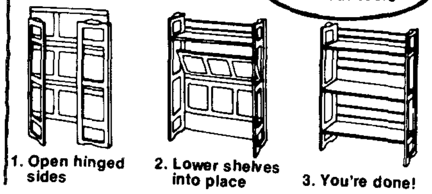
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ing machine—a thrilling phenomenon by which electric shocks could be passed through a string of people holding hands. The lore is as detailed and fascinating as the sketches.

These watercolors have the elegance of children dancing unobserved. In a postscript, Mr. Mingay writes that Diana Sperling left a third sketchbook, covering the years 1823-33—a far more sober collection, in which she painted scenery and buildings instead of people. After her marriage, in 1834, she apparently stopped drawing altogether. Oh, no! No more larks! —MARY D. KIERSTEAD

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

ALMOST FAMILY, by Roy Hoffman (Dial; $14.95). A thoughtful first novel, set in Alabama, about two women: a black housekeeper and her Jewish employer. The story begins with their first meeting, in 1946, at an all-Jewish Mardi Gras party (the black woman is helping a friend in the kitchen), and goes on to chronicle their exceptional friendship (based on their shared interests and worries as young mothers and wives) and their sometimes separate but equally valid disgust with all sorts of bigotry, from local customs decreeing strict Jewish quotas at the country club and barring Jewish children from public-school clubs to state laws mandating segregated buses, water fountains, and lunch counters. Both women witness, and their children participate in, some of the local sit-ins and riots inspired by current events (Brown v. Board of Education, in 1954; the march on Selma, in 1965; Martin Luther King's assassination, in 1968), but Mr. Hoffman never lets facts flatten his characters; he has made them too human—too strong or too stubborn—for that.

THE END OF THE WORLD NEWS, by Anthony Burgess (McGraw-Hill; $15.95). The labored cleverness of this patchwork parable begins with a foreword in which an exhausted (and fictional) literary executor explains that the late-lamented (and unnamed) author left him a shopping bag containing "one bulky typescript, which has been processed into the work you have now before you." The cleverness extends to the jacket blurb ("On this occasion the author himself, who is past all

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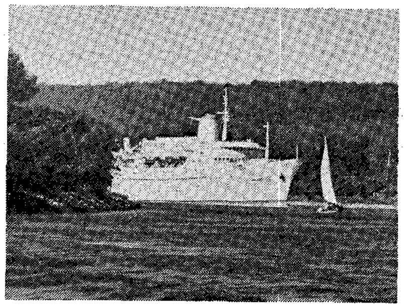

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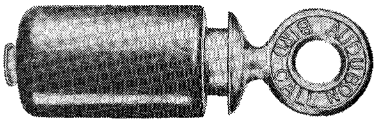

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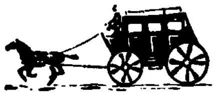

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shame, is acting as his own puffer"), which predicts that writers will soon have to appease the offspring of a generation of television-dial flippers ("The family of the middle and late 1980s will have to be a three-screen family"). Literary equivalents of three such screens (flipped as by a restless viewer) present in the pages that follow a docu-drama about Sigmund Freud (co-starring Jung, Adler, and Ferenczi); the libretto of a musical, set in Manhattan in 1917, about Trotsky; and a sci-fi thriller featuring a spaceship that lifts off from Kansas in the distant future, in the nick of time. Mr. Burgess's point seems to be that the end of the world—as man knows and makes it—is the oldest news in the world. Maybe a "mini-series" enthusiast will stay tuned—eyes glazed—to the end.

THE SKATING PARTY, by Marina Warner (Atheneum; $10.95). Miss Warner's new novel, her second, is in certain agreeable respects an old-fashioned novel. That is to say, it is stylistically neat and polished (as opposed to "original"), its characters (never self-consciously "on-stage") develop before our eyes into people, and the story it tells has a beginning, a climax, and a resolution. The setting is an English university town on a January day, the cast includes a middle-aged professor and his wife, their seventeen-year-old son, and a young woman student with whom the professor is having an affair, and the action evolves from an ice-skating outing on the town's rarely frozen river. Within the limits she has set for herself, Miss Warner is entirely and most enjoyably successful.

AUTHOR FROM A SAVAGE PEOPLE, by Bette Pesetsky (Knopf; $12.95). A darkly humorous novel about a brilliant ghostwriter who is other than overjoyed when an eminent client of hers wins, with "his" first book, the Nobel Prize. The ghostwriter could easily expose the fraud—she larded the text with scenes from the lives of her mother and her aunt—but she would prefer to see the book praised and reprinted rather than discredited and remaindered. Mrs. Pesetsky's novel, which covers about three weeks of tense negotiations before the ceremony in Sweden (the ghostwriter wants the prize money and a hefty monthly stipend; her client wants to buy her silence

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—*Eugenia Thornton, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

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Ursula Perrin

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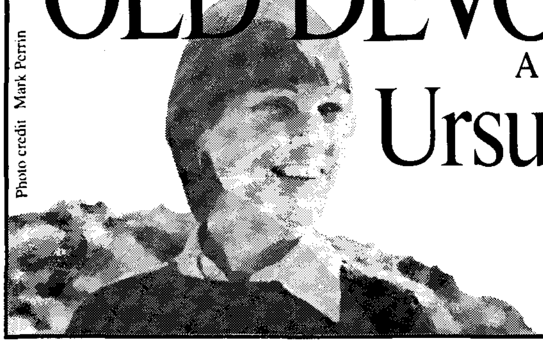

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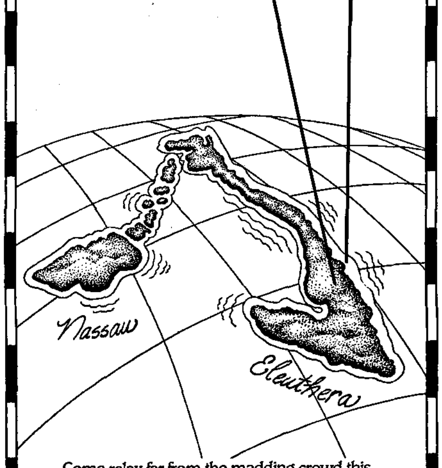

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with one lump sum), is larded with some telling scenes from the life of the ghostwriter, a victim turned victimizer. It begins in a hospital emergency room, where she has just been patched up after a mugging; she returns home to cook and clean for a batch of bratty children; and her second ex-husband drops by for free meals and for money (he has already made off with her car). These scenes are effective because Bette Pesetsky makes them move; and they help explain the ghostwriter's edgy glee, which peaks in a concluding scene that will appease all but the most vengeful readers.

### GENERAL

IN THE SPIRIT OF CRAZY HORSE, by Peter Matthiessen (Viking; $20.95). The author regards as a miscarriage of justice the two consecutive life sentences imposed on Leonard Peltier, an American Indian, for the deaths of two F.B.I. agents who were shot on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in 1975. Although the fatal encounter occurred in South Dakota, Mr. Matthiessen is concerned with the status of American Indians throughout this country. He tells us about the American Indian Movement (AIM), which has tried to unite all tribes, and has also attracted scattered, detribalized members, who have responded to its teaching that acculturation has failed and Indians should return to their traditional religion. The F.B.I. regarded the movement as revolutionary, and Mr. Matthiessen discusses the agency's harrying of Indian leaders. Another topic here is the arrogation of Indian lands, and the likelihood that companies that have exploited mineral rights have polluted large areas, perhaps irreversibly. Indians are shown to be victims of lawlessness, like urban ghetto dwellers. Mr. Matthiessen's sympathies are evident, but he is neither gullible nor uncritical. He realistically portrays individuals, landscapes, customs, and problems that, though wholly American, are unfamiliar to most American citizens.

THE FIRST ELIZABETH, by Carolly Erickson (Summit; $19.95). Longer on gossip—or social history—than on government, this is a diverting but idiosyncratic account of England's great queen. The preoccupations of Elizabeth as ruler—taxes, Parliament, administration—

receive far less attention than the details of her romantic life, her clothing, jewels, and cosmetics, and her spats and tantrums. The author, an American scholar, is neither displeasing nor inexact, but her approach misses the Queen's uniqueness and her historical importance.

THE GOEBBELS DIARIES: 1939-1941, translated from the German and edited by Fred Taylor, with a foreword by John Keegan (Putnam; $17.95). These diaries afford a day-to-day view of the activities of Hitler's Propaganda Minister in the years of Nazi Germany's greatest triumphs. Goebbels controlled all sources of information and entertainment. No work was permitted to be apolitical—we see him doctoring newsreels and also commissioning musical themes for radio programs and choosing symphonic conductors. His busyness brings out the invasive quality of Nazism, while his explanations of technique suggest how boring the output must have been; he records counselling his subordinates on the need for constant repetition of a few motifs, and he repeatedly attacks any effort that strikes him as "intellectual"—one of his gravest terms of criticism. He doubted the Germans' will to endure a long war, and feared everyone he hated—Jews, Slavs, royalty and nobility, Christians and clergymen. Goebbels had little genuine empathy, and was reduced to sentimentality; his oleaginous domesticity is repellent.

THE USE OF SPEECH, by Nathalie Sarraute, translated from the French by Barbara Wright (Braziller; $10.95 cloth, $5.95 paper). A keen, and keenly diverting, collection of ten proto-fictions—not quite short stories, but not essays, either. They might perhaps be thought of as meditations that are the germs of fiction. Each one derives from a common expression—for example, "my dear" employed to suggest anything but endearment. Mme. Sarraute educes worlds from these phrases, and for the most part they are worlds at war. Readers may enjoy her wit even while laughing at themselves—for most of us have fenced or fought with these terms, whether or not we recognized what we were doing. The translation is excellent idiomatic English.

NOTE: "Takes: Stories from The Talk of the Town," by Lillian Ross, has been published by Cong-

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### MYSTERY AND CRIME

SPYTRAP, by William Crisp (Pantheon; $12.95). A first novel, set in Vienna. The action, as so often before, involves an American agent and his Russian counterpart, friendly acquaintances on the social surface, dedicated antagonists below. But there is news here: the hero and narrator is the Russian—an interesting, sympathetic, entirely human character, a decent man who is also a patriotic functionary. The story in which Mr. Crisp plunges him is equally unusual, it is told with taste and verve, and there is for good measure a delectable Bulgarian girl. Mr. Crisp is an American businessman resident in Vienna, and he shows us the authentic sights—a wine garden in the Vienna woods, the traffic on the Schwarzenbergplatz, the McDonald's off the Ringstrasse. The point of view, too, is interestingly different—in a discussion of technology, our hero defends America: "They make good colour TV sets."

BANKER, by Dick Francis (Putnam; $14.95). Mr. Francis's new novel is in his later manner—long (nearly three hundred pages), slow (nothing much happens for almost a hundred pages), and full of foolishness. The title refers to young Tim Ekaterin, an investment banker, who persuades his firm to lend a horse breeder five million pounds so he can buy a famous race horse and put him at stud. It is then up to Tim to protect the bank's investment, and, with evil lurking all around the great horse, he is called upon to perform a certain number of heroics and solve a particularly tedious puzzle. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

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The mill is on a damned tidal pond; its undershot water wheel was powered by the release of water impounded during high tide.—*"A Field Guide to American Architecture," by Carole Rifkind.*

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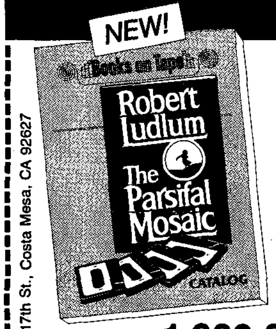

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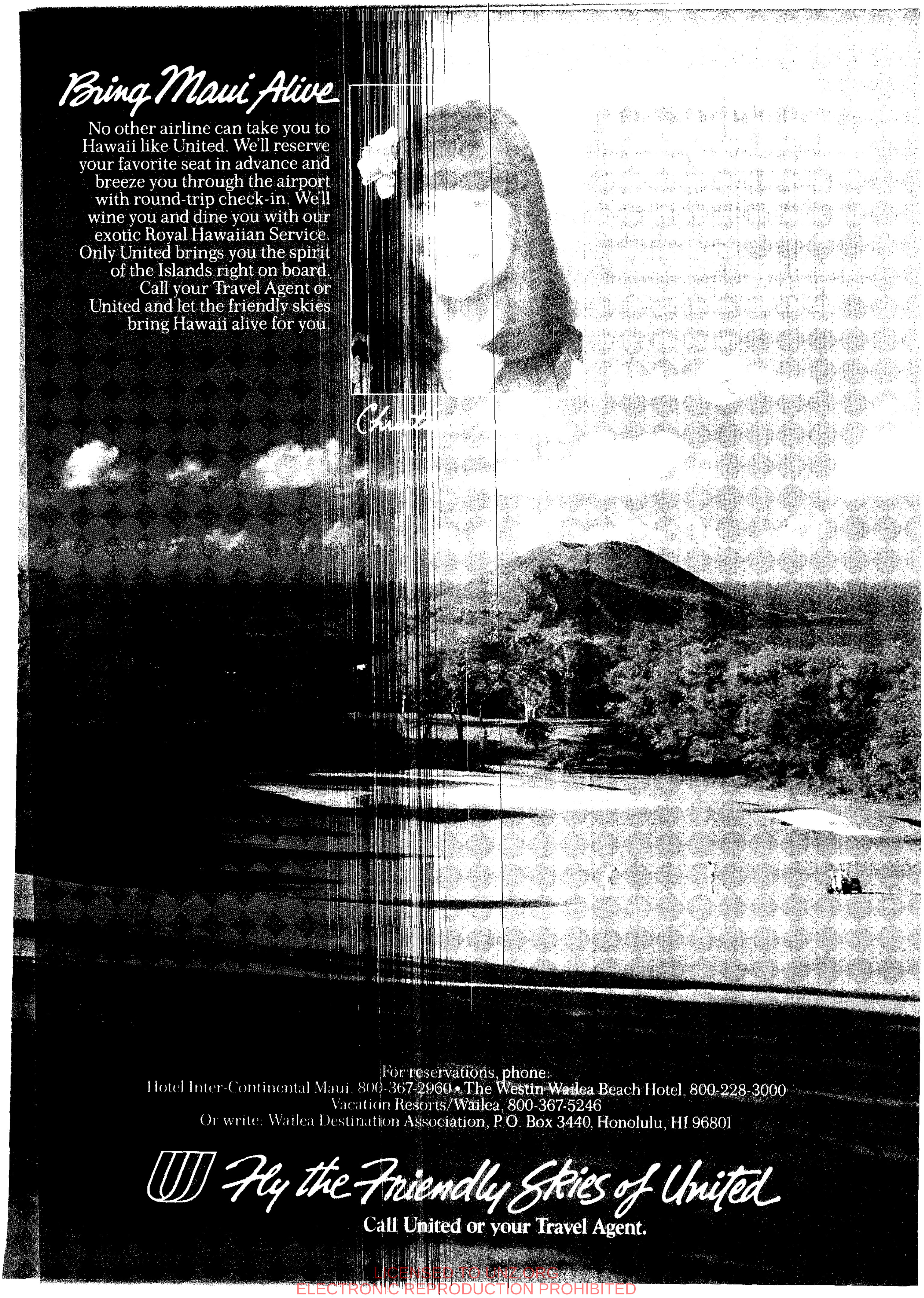

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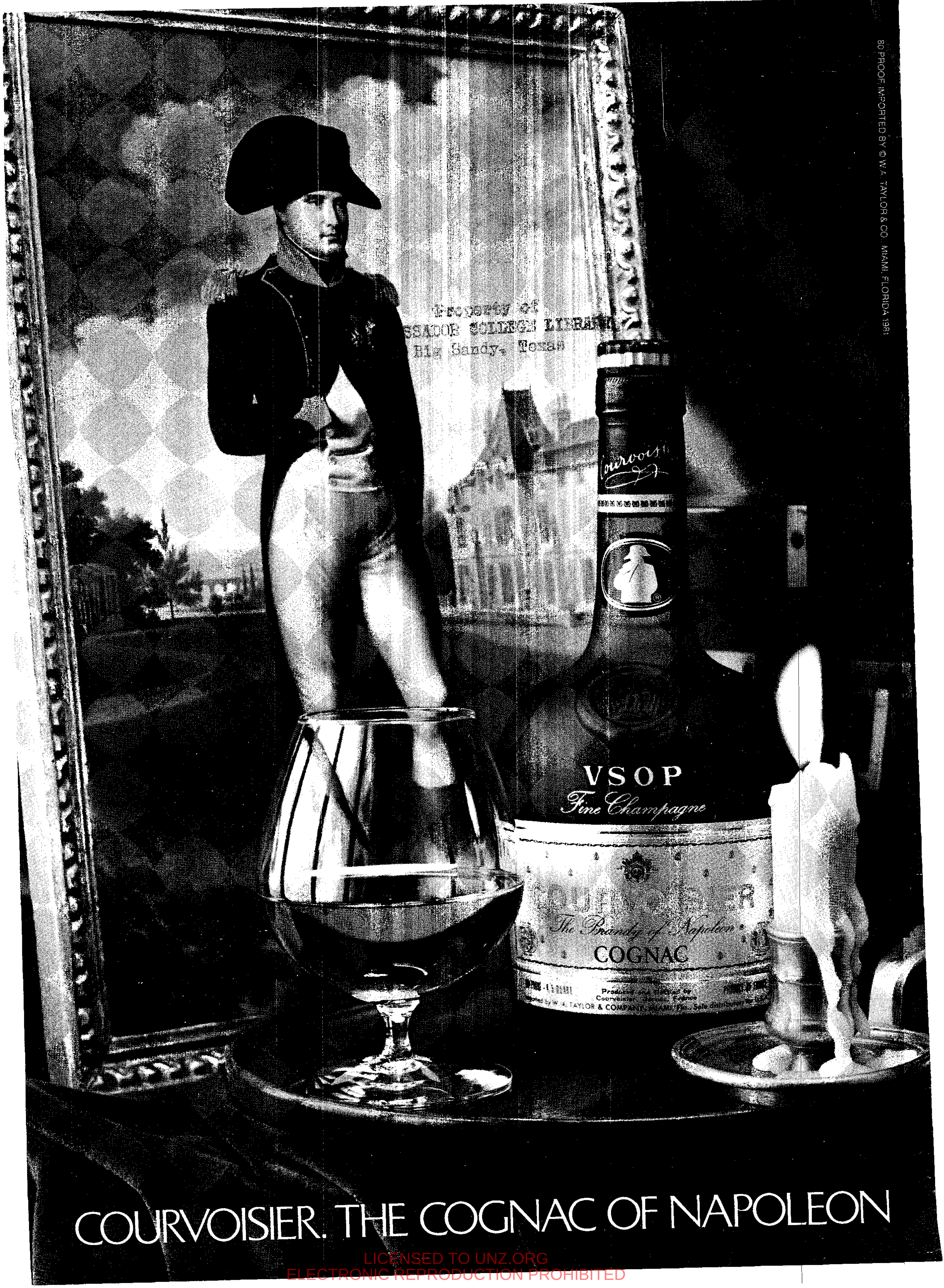
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